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MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

XI.

DESCENSUS AVERNI.

MALBONE stood one morning on the pier behind the house. A two days' fog was dispersing. The southwest breeze rippled the deep blue water; sailboats, blue, red, and green, were darting about like white-winged butterflies; sloops passed and repassed, cutting the air with the white and slender points of their gaff-topsails. The liberated sunbeams spread and penetrated everywhere, and even came up to play (reflected from the water) beneath the shadowy, overhanging counters of dark vessels. Beyond, the atmosphere was still busy in rolling away its vapors, brushing the last gray fringes from the low hills, and leaving over them only the thinnest aerial veil. Lower down the bay, the pale tower of the crumbling fort was now shrouded, now revealed, then hung with floating lines of vapor as with banners.

Hope came down on the pier to Malbone, who was looking at the boats. He saw with surprise that her calm

brow was a little clouded, her lips compressed, and her eyes full of tears.

"Philip," she said, abruptly, "do you love me?"

"Do you doubt it?" said he, smiling, a little uneasily.

Fixing her eyes upon him, she said, more seriously: "There is a more important question, Philip. Tell me truly, do you care about Emilia?"

He started at the words, and looked eagerly in her face for an explanation. Her expression only showed the most anxious solicitude.

For one moment the wild impulse came up in his mind to put an entire trust in this truthful woman, and tell her all. Then the habit of concealment came back to him, the dull hopelessness of a divided duty, and the impossibility of explanations. How could he justify himself to her when he did not really know himself? So he merely said, "Yes."

"She is your sister," he added, in an explanatory tone, after a pause; and despised himself for the subterfuge. It is amazing how long a man may be

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false in action before he ceases to shrink from being false in words.

"Philip," said the unsuspecting Hope, "I knew that you cared about her. I have seen you look at her with so much affection; and then again I have seen you look cold and almost stern. She notices it, I am sure she does, this changeableness. But this is not why I ask the question. I think you must have seen something else that I have been observing, and if you care about her, even for my sake, it is enough."

Here Philip started, and felt relieved.

"You must be her friend," continued Hope, eagerly. "She has changed her whole manner and habits very fast. Blanche Ingleside and that set seem to have wholly controlled her, and there is something reckless in all her ways. You are the only person who can help her."

"How?"

"I do not know how," said Hope, almost impatiently. "You know how. You have wonderful influence. You saved her before, and will do it again. I put her in your hands."

"What can I do for her?" asked he, with a strange mingling of terror and delight.

"Everything," said she. "If she has your society, she will not care for those people, so much her inferiors in character. Devote yourself to her for a time."

"And leave you?" said Philip, hesitatingly.

"Anything, anything," said she. "If I do not see you for a month, I can bear it. Only promise me two things. First, that you will go to her this very day. She dines with Mrs. Ingleside."

Philip agreed.

"Then," said Hope, with saddened tones, "you must not say it was I who sent you. Indeed you must not. That would spoil all. Let her think that your own impulse leads you, and then she will yield. I know Emilia enough for that."

Malbone paused, half in ecstasy, half in dismay. Were all the events of life combining to ruin or to save him?

This young girl, whom he so passionately loved, was she to be thrust back into his arms, and was he to be told to clasp her and be silent? And that by Hope, and in the name of duty?

It seemed a strange position, even for him who was so eager for fresh experiences and difficult combinations. At Hope's appeal he was to risk Hope's peace forever; he was to make her sweet sisterly affection its own executioner. In obedience to her love he must revive Emilia's. The tender intercourse which he had been trying to renounce as a crime must be re-baptized as duty. Was ever a man placed, he thought, in a position so inextricable, so disastrous? What could he offer Emilia? How could he explain to her his position? He could not even tell her that it was at Hope's command he sought her.

He who is summoned to rescue a drowning man, knowing that he himself may go down with that inevitable clutch around his neck, is placed in some such situation as Philip's. Yet Hope had appealed to him so simply, had trusted him so nobly! Suppose that, by any self-control, or wisdom, or unexpected aid of Heaven, he could serve both her and Emilia, was it not his duty? What if it should prove that he was right in loving them both, and had only erred when he cursed himself for tampering with their destinies? Perhaps, after all, the Divine Love had been guiding him, and at some appointed signal all these complications were to be cleared, and he and his various loves were somehow to be ingeniously provided for, and all be made happy ever after.

He really grew quite tender and devout over these meditations. Phil was not a conceited fellow, by any means, but he had been so often told by women that their love for him had been a blessing to their souls, that he quite acquiesced in being a providential agent in that particular direction. Considered as a form of self-sacrifice, it was not without its pleasures.

Malbone drove that afternoon to Mrs.

Ingleside's charming abode, whither a few ladies were wont to resort, and a great many gentlemen. He timed his call between the hours of dining and driving, and made sure that Emilia had not yet emerged. Two or three equipages beside his own were in waiting at the gate, and gay voices resounded from the house. A servant received him at the door, and, taking him for a tardy guest, ushered him at once into the dining-room. He was indifferent to this, for he had been too often sought as a guest by Mrs. Ingleside to stand on any ceremony beneath her roof.

That fair hostess, in all the beauty of her shoulders, rose to greet him, from a table where six or eight guests yet lingered over flowers and wine. The gentlemen were smoking, and some of the ladies were trying to look at ease with cigarettes. Malbone knew the whole company, and greeted them with his accustomed ease. He would not have been embarrassed if they had been the Forty Thieves. Some of them, indeed, were not so far removed from that fabled band, only it was their fortunes, instead of themselves, that lay in the jars of oil.

"You find us all here," said Mrs. Ingleside, sweetly. "We will wait till the gentlemen finish their cigars, before driving."

"Count me in, please," said Blanche, in her usual vein of frankness. "Unless mamma wishes me to conclude my weed on the Avenue. It would be fun, though. Fancy the dismay of the Frenchmen and the dowagers!"

"And old Lambert," said one of the other girls, delightedly.

"Yes," said Blanche. "The elderly party from the rural districts, who talks to us about the domestic virtues of the wife of his youth."

"Thinks women should cruise with a broom at their mast-heads, like Admiral somebody in England," said another damsel, who was rolling a cigarette for a midshipman.

"You see we do not follow the English style," said the smooth hostess to Philip. "Ladies retiring after dinner!

After all, it is a coarse practice. You agree with me, Mr. Malbone?"

"Speak your mind," said Blanche, coolly. "Don't say yes if you'd rather not. Because we find a thing a bore, you've no call to say so."

"I always say," continued the matron, "that the presence of woman is needed as a refining influence."

Malbone looked round for the refining influences. Blanche was tilted back in her chair, with one foot on the rung of the chair before her, resuming a loud-toned discourse with Count Posen as to his projected work on American society. She was trying to extort a promise that she should appear in its pages, which, as we all remember, she did. One of her attendant nymphs sat leaning her elbows on the table, "talking horse" with a gentleman who had an undoubted professional claim to a knowledge of that commodity. Another, having finished her manufactured cigarette, was making the grinning midshipman open his lips wider and wider to receive it. Mrs. Ingleside was talking in her mincing way with a Jew broker, whose English was as imperfect as his morals, and who needed nothing to make him a millionaire but a turn of bad luck for somebody else. Half the men in the room would have felt quite ill at ease in any circle of refined women, but there was not one who did not feel perfectly unembarrassed around Mrs. Ingleside's board.

"Upon my word," thought Malbone, "I never fancied the English after-dinner practice, any more than did Napoleon. But if this goes on, it is the gentlemen who ought to withdraw. Cannot somebody lead the way to the drawing-room, and leave the ladies to finish their cigars?"

Till now he had hardly dared to look at Emilia. He saw with a thrill of love that she was the one person in the room who appeared out of place or ill at ease. She did not glance at him, but held her cigarette in silence and refused to light it. She had boasted to him once of having learned to smoke at school.

"What's the matter, Emmy?" burst in Blanche. "Are you under a cloud, that you don't blow one?"

"Blanche, Blanche," said her mother, in sweet reproof. "Mr. Malbone, what shall I do with this wild girl? Such a light way of talking! But I can assure you that she is really very fond of the society of intellectual, superior men. I often tell her that they are, after all, her most congenial associates. More so than the young and giddy."

"You'd better believe it," said the unabashed damsel. "Take notice that whenever I go to a dinner-party I look round for a clergyman to drink wine with."

"Incorrigible!" said the caressing mother. "Mr. Malbone would hardly imagine you had been bred in a Christian land."

"I have, though," retorted Blanche. "My esteemed parent always accustomed me to give up something during Lent,—champagne, or the New York Herald, or something."

The young men roared, and, had time and cosmetics made it possible, Mrs. Ingleside would have blushed becomingly. After all, the daughter was the better of the two. Her bluntness was refreshing beside the mother's suavity; she had a certain generosity, too, and in a case of real destitution would have lent her best ear-rings to a friend.

By this time Malbone had edged himself to Emilia's side. "Will you drive with me?" he murmured in an undertone.

She nodded slightly, abruptly, and he withdrew again.

"It seems barbarous," said he aloud, "to break up the party. But I must claim my promised drive with Miss Emilia."

Blanche looked up, for once amazed, having heard a different programme arranged. Count Posen looked up also. But he thought he must have misunderstood Emilia's acceptance of his previous offer to drive her; and as he prided himself even more on his English than on his gallantry, he said no more. It was no great matter. Young

Jones's dog-cart was at the door, and always opened eagerly its arms to anybody with a title.

XII.

A NEW ENGAGEMENT.

Ten days later Philip came into Aunt Jane's parlor, looking excited and gloomy, with a letter in his hand. He put it down on her table without its envelope,—a thing that always particularly annoyed her. A letter without its envelope, she was wont to say, was like a man without a face, or a key without a string,—something incomplete, preposterous. As usual, however, he strode across her prejudices, and said,—

"I have something to tell you. It is a fact."

"Is it?" said Aunt Jane, curtly. "That is refreshing in these times."

"A good beginning," said Kate. "Go on. You have prepared us for something incredible."

"You will think it so," said Malbone. "Emilia is engaged to Mr. John Lambert." And he went out of the room.

"Good Heavens!" said Aunt Jane, taking off her spectacles. "What a man! He is ugly enough to frighten the neighboring crows. His face looks as if it had fallen together out of chaos, and the features had come where it had pleased Fate. There is a look of industrious nothingness about him, such as busy dogs have. I know the whole family. They used to bake our bread."

"I suppose they are good and sensible," said Kate.

"Like boiled potatoes, my dear," was the response. "Wholesome, but perfectly uninteresting."

"Is he of that sort?" asked Kate.

"No," said her aunt. "Not uninteresting, but ungracious. But I like an ungracious man better than one like Philip, who hangs over young girls like a soft-hearted avalanche. This Lambert will govern Emilia, which is what she needs."

"She will never love him," said Kate,

"which is the one thing she needs. There is nothing which could not be done with Emilia by any person with whom she was in love; and nothing can ever be done with her by anybody else. No good will ever come of this, and I hope she will never marry him."

With this unusual burst, Kate retreated to Hope. Hope took the news more patiently than any one, but with deep solicitude. A worldly marriage seemed the natural tendency of the Ingleside influence, but it had not occurred to anybody that it would come so soon. It had not seemed Emilia's peculiar temptation; and yet nobody could suppose that she looked at John Lambert through any glamour of the affections.

Mr. John Lambert was a millionaire, a politician, and a widower. The late Mrs. Lambert had been a specimen of that cheerful hopelessness of temperament that one finds abundantly developed among the middle-aged women of country towns. She enjoyed her daily murders in the newspapers, and wept profusely at the funerals of strangers. On every occasion, however felicitous, she offered her condolences in a feeble voice that seemed to have been washed a great many times and to have faded. But she was a good manager, a devoted wife, and was more cheerful at home than elsewhere, for she had there plenty of trials to exercise her eloquence, and not enough joy to make it her duty to be doleful. At last her poor, meek, fatiguing voice faded out altogether, and her husband mourned her as heartily as she would have bemoaned the demise of the most insignificant neighbor. After her death, being left childless, he had nothing to do but to make money, and he naturally made it. Having taken his primary financial education in New England, he graduated at that great business university, Chicago, and then entered on the public practice of wealth in New York.

Aunt Jane had perhaps done injustice to the personal appearance of Mr. John Lambert. His features were irregular,

but not insignificant, and there was a certain air of slow command about him, which made some persons call him handsome. He was heavily built, with a large, well-shaped head, light whiskers tinged with gray, and a sort of dusty complexion. His face was full of little curved wrinkles, as if it were a slate just ruled for sums in long division, and his small blue eyes winked anxiously a dozen different ways, as if they were doing the sums. He seemed to bristle with memorandum-books, and kept drawing them from every pocket, to put something down. He was slow of speech, and his very heaviness of look added to the impression of reserved power about the man. All his career in life had been a solid progress, and his boldest speculations seemed securer than the legitimate business of less potent financiers. Beginning business life by peddling gingerbread on a railway train, he had developed such a genius for the management of railways as some men show for chess or for virtue; and his accumulating property had the momentum of a planet.

He had read a good deal in his earlier days, and had seen a great deal of men. His private morals were unstained, he was equable and amiable, had strong good sense, and never got beyond his depth. He had travelled in Europe and brought home many statistics, some new thoughts, and a few good pictures selected by his friends. He spent his money liberally for the things needful to his position, owned a yacht, bred trotting-horses, and had founded a theological school.

He submitted to these and other social observances from a vague sense of duty as an American citizen; his real interests lay in business and in politics. Yet he conducted these two vocations on principles diametrically opposite. In business he was more honest than the average; in politics he had no conception of honesty, for he could see no difference between a politician and any other merchandise. He always succeeded in business, for he thoroughly understood its principles; in politics

he always failed in the end, for he recognized no principles at all. In business he was active, resolute, and seldom deceived; in politics he was equally active, but was apt to be irresolute, and was deceived every day of his life. In both cases it was not so much from love of power that he labored, as from the excitement of the game. The larger the scale the better he liked it; a large railroad operation, a large tract of real estate, a big and noisy statesman,—these investments he found irresistible.

On which of his two sets of principles he would manage a wife remained to be proved. It is the misfortune of what are called self-made men in America, that, though early accustomed to the society of men of the world, they often remain utterly unacquainted with women of the world, until those charming perils are at last sprung upon them in full force, at New York or Washington. John Lambert at forty was as absolutely ignorant of the qualities and habits of a cultivated woman as of the details of her toilet. The plain domesticity of the wife of his youth he understood and prized; he remembered her household ways as he did her black alpaca dress; indeed, except for that item of apparel, she was not so unlike himself. In later years he had seen the women of society; he had heard them talk; he had heard men talk about them, wittily or wickedly, at the clubs; he had perceived that a good many of them wished to marry him, and yet, after all, he knew no more of them than of the rearing of humming-birds or orchids,—dainty tropical things which he allowed his gardener to raise, he keeping his hands off, and only paying the bills. Whether there was in existence a class of women who were both useful and refined,—any intermediate type between the butterfly and the drudge,—was a question which he had sometimes asked himself, without having the materials to construct a reply.

With imagination thus touched and heart unfilled, this man had been bewitched from the very first moment by Emilia. He kept it to himself, and

heard in silence the criticisms made at the club-windows. To those perpetual jokes about marriage, which are showered with such graceful courtesy about the path of widowers, he had no reply; or at most would only admit that he needed some elegant woman to preside over his establishment, and that he had better take her young, as having habits less fixed. But in his secret soul he treasured every tone of this girl's voice, every glance of her eye, and would have kept in a casket of gold and diamonds the little fragrant glove she once let fall. He envied the penniless and brainless boys, who, with ready gallantry, pushed by him to escort her to her carriage; and he lay awake at night to form into words the answer he ought to have made when she threw at him some careless phrase, and gave him the opportunity to blunder.

And she, meanwhile, unconscious of his passion, went by him in her beauty, and caught him in the net she never threw. Emilia was always piquant, because she was indifferent; she had never made an effort in her life, and she had no respect for persons. She was capable of marrying for money, perhaps, but the sacrifice must all be completed in a single vow. She would not tutor nor control herself for the purpose. Hand and heart must be duly transferred, she fancied, whenever the time was up; but till then she must be free.

This with her was not art, but necessity; yet the most accomplished art could have devised nothing so effectual to hold her lover. His strong sense had always protected him from the tricks of matchmaking mammas and their guileless maids. Had Emilia made one effort to please him, once concealed a dislike, once affected a preference, the spell might have been broken. Had she been his slave, he might have become a very unyielding or a very heedless despot. Making him her slave, she kept him at the very height of bliss. This king of railways and purchaser of statesmen, this man who

made or wrecked the fortunes of others by his whim, was absolutely governed by a reckless, passionate, inexperienced, ignorant girl.

And this passion was made all the stronger by being a good deal confined to his own breast. Somehow it was very hard for him to talk sentiment to Emilia; he instinctively saw she disliked it, and indeed he liked her for not approving the stiff phrases into which alone he could force his unaccustomed emotions. Nor could he find any relief of mind in talking with others about her. It enraged him to be clapped on the back and congratulated by his compeers; and he stopped their coarse jokes, often rudely enough. As for the young men at the club, he could not bear to hear them mention his darling's name, however courteously. He knew well enough that for them the betrothal had neither dignity nor purity; that they held it to be as much a matter of bargain and sale as their worst amours. He would far rather have talked to the theological professors whose salaries he paid, for he saw that they had a sort of grave, formal tradition of the sacredness of marriage. And he had a right to claim that to him it was sacred, at least as yet; all the ideal side of his nature was suddenly developed; he walked in a dream; he even read Tennyson.

Sometimes he talked a little to his future brother-in-law, Harry, — assuming, as lovers are wont, that brothers see sisters on their ideal side. This was quite true of Harry and Hope, but not at all true as regarded Emilia. She seemed to him simply a beautiful and ungoverned girl whom he could not respect, and whom he therefore found it very hard to idealize. Therefore he heard with a sort of sadness the outpourings of generous devotion from John Lambert.

"I don't know how it is, Henry," the merchant would gravely say, "I can't get rightly used to it, that I feel so strange. Honestly, now, I feel as if I was beginning life over again. It ain't a selfish feeling, so I know there's

some good in it. I used to be selfish enough, but I ain't so to her. You may not think it, but, if it would make her happy, I believe I could lie down and let her carriage roll over me. By —, I would build her a palace to live in, and keep the lodge at the gate myself, just to see her pass by. That is, if she was to live in it alone by herself. I could n't stand sharing her. It must be me or nobody."

Probably there was no male acquaintance of the parties, however hardened, to whom these fine flights would have seemed more utterly preposterous than to the immediate friend and prospective bridesmaid, Miss Blanche Ingleside. To that young lady, trained sedulously by a devoted mother, life was really a serious thing. It meant the full rigor of the marriage market, tempered only by dancing and new dresses. There was a stern sense of duty beneath all her robing and disrobing; she conscientiously did what was expected of her, and took her little amusements meanwhile. It was supposed that most of the purchasers in the market preferred slang and bare shoulders, and so she favored them with plenty of both. It was merely the law of supply-and-demand. Had John Lambert once hinted that he would accept her in decent black, she would have gone to the next ball as a Sister of Charity; but where was the need of it, when she and her mother both knew that, had she appeared as the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, she would not have won him? So her only resource was a cheerful acquiescence in Emilia's luck, and a judicious propitiation of the accepted favorite.

"I would n't mind playing *Virtue Rewarded* myself, young woman," said Blanche, "at such a scale of prices. I would do it even to so slow an audience as old Lambert. But you see, it is n't my line. Don't forget your humble friends when you come into your property, that's all." Then the tender coterie of innocents entered on some preliminary consideration of wedding dresses.

When Emilia came home, she dismissed the whole matter lightly as a

settled thing; evaded all talk with Aunt Jane, and coolly said to Kate that she had no objection to Mr. Lambert, and might as well marry him as anybody else.

"I am not like you and Hal, you know," said she. "I have no fancy for love in a cottage. I never look well in anything that is not costly. I have not a taste that does not imply a fortune. What is the use of love? One marries for love, and is unhappy ever after. One marries for money, and perhaps gets love after all. I dare say Mr. Lambert loves me, though I do not see why he should."

"I fear he does," said Kate, almost severely.

"Fear?" said Emilia.

"Yes," said Kate. "It is an unequal bargain, where one side does all the loving."

"Don't be troubled," said Emilia. "I dare say he will not love me long. Nobody ever did!" And her eyes filled with tears which she dashed away angrily, as she ran up to her room.

It was harder yet for her to talk with Hope, but she did it, and that in a very serious mood. She had never been so open with her sister.

"Aunt Jane once told me," she said, "that my only safety was in marrying a good man. Now, I am engaged to one."

"Do you love him, Emilia?" asked Hope, gravely.

"Not much," said Emilia, honestly.

"But perhaps I shall, by and by."

"Emilia," cried Hope, "there is no such thing as happiness in a marriage without love."

"Mine is not without love," the girl answered. "He loves me. It frightens me to see how much he loves me. I can have the devotion of a lifetime, if I will. Perhaps it is hard to receive it in such a way, but I can have it. Do you blame me very much?"

Hope hesitated. "I cannot blame you so much, my child," she said, "as if I thought it were money for which you cared. It seems to me that there must be something beside that, and yet—"

"O Hope, how I thank you," interrupted Emilia. "It is not money. You know I do not care about money, except just to buy my clothes and things. At least, I do not care about so much as he has,—more than a million dollars, only think! Perhaps they said two million. Is it wrong for me to marry him, just because he has that?"

"Not if you love him."

"I do not exactly love him, but O Hope, I cannot tell you about it. I am not so frivolous as you think. I want to do my duty. I want to make you happy too: you have been so sweet to me."

"Did you think it would make me happy to have you married?" asked Hope, surprised, and kissing again and again the young sad face. And the two girls went up stairs together, brought for the moment into more sisterly nearness by the very thing that had seemed likely to set them forever apart.

XIII.

DREAMING DREAMS.

So short was the period between Emilia's betrothal and her marriage, that Aunt Jane's sufferings over trousseau and visits did not last long. Mr. Lambert's society was the worst thing to bear.

"He makes such long calls!" she said, despairingly. "He should bring an almanac with him to know when the days go by."

"But Harry and Philip are here all the time," said Kate, the accustomed soother.

"Harry is quiet, and Philip keeps out of the way lately," she answered. "But I always thought lovers the most inconvenient thing about a house. They are more troublesome than the mice, and all those people who live in the wainscot; for though the lovers make less noise, yet you have to see them."

"A necessary evil, dear," said Kate, with much philosophy.

"I am not sure," said the complain-

ant. "They might be excluded in the deed of a house, or by the terms of the lease. The next house I take, I shall say to the owner, 'Have you a good well of water on the premises? Are you troubled with rats or lovers?' That will settle it."

It was true, what Aunt Jane said about Malbone. He had changed his habits a good deal. While the girls were desperately busy about the dresses, he beguiled Harry to the club, and sat on the piazza, talking sentiment and sarcasm, regardless of hearers.

"When we are young," he would say, "we are all idealists in love. Every imaginative boy has such a passion, while his intellect is crude and his senses indifferent. It is the height of bliss. All other pleasures are not worth its pains. With older men this ecstasy of the imagination is rare; it is the senses that clutch or reason which holds."

"Is that an improvement?" asked some juvenile listener.

"No!" said Philip, strongly. "Reason is cold and sensuality hateful; a man of any feeling must feed his imagination; there must be a woman of whom he can dream."

"That is," put in some more critical auditor, "whom he can love as a woman loves a man."

"For want of the experience of such a passion," Malbone went on, unheeding, "nobody comprehends Petrarch. Philosophers and sensualists all refuse to believe that his dream of Laura went on, even when he had a mistress and a child. Why not? Every one must have something to which his dreams can cling, amid the degradations of actual life, and this tie is more real than the degradation; and if he holds to the tie, it will one day save him."

"What is the need of the degradation?" put in the clear-headed Harry.

"None, except in weakness," said Philip. "A stronger nature may escape it. Good God! do I not know how Petrarch must have felt? What sorrows life brings! Suppose a man

hopelessly separated from one whom he passionately loves. Then, as he looks up at the starry sky, something says to him: 'You can bear all these agonies of privation, loss of life, loss of love,—what are they? If the tie between you is what you thought, neither life nor death, neither folly nor sin, can keep her forever from you.' Would that one could always feel so! But I am weak. Then comes impulse, it thirsts for some immediate gratification; I yield, and plunge into any happiness since I cannot obtain her. Then comes quiet again, with the stars, and I bitterly reproach myself for needing anything more than that stainless ideal. And so, I fancy, did Petrarch."

Philip was getting into a dangerous mood with his sentimentalism. No lawful passion can ever be so bewildering or ecstatic as an unlawful one; for that which is right has all the powers of the universe on its side, and can afford to wait. But the wrong, having all those vast forces against it, must hurry to its fulfilment, reserve nothing, concentrate all its ecstasies upon today. Malbone, greedy of emotion, was drinking to the dregs a passion that could have no to-morrow.

Sympathetic persons are apt to assume that every refined emotion must be ennobling. This is not true of men like Malbone, voluptuaries of the heart. He ordinarily got up a passion very much as Lord Russell got up an appetite,—he, of Spence's Anecdotes, who went out hunting for that sole purpose, and left the chase when the sensation came. Malbone did not leave his more spiritual chase so soon, it made him too happy. Sometimes, indeed, when he had thus caught his emotion, it caught him in return, and for a few moments made him almost unhappy. This he liked best of all; he nursed the delicious pain, knowing that it would die out soon enough, there was no need of hurrying it to a close. At least, there had never been need for such solicitude before.

Except for his genius for keeping his own counsel, every acquaintance of

Malbone's would have divined the meaning of these reveries. As it was, he was called whimsical and sentimental, but he was a man of sufficiently assured position to have whims of his own, and could even treat himself to an emotion or so, if he saw fit. Besides, he talked well to anybody on anything, and was admitted to exhibit, for a man of literary tastes, a good deal of sense. If he had engaged himself to a handsome schoolmistress, it was his fancy, and he could afford it. Moreover she was well connected, and had an air. And what more natural than that he should stand at the club-window and watch, when his young half-sister (that was to be) drove by with John Lambert. So every afternoon he saw them pass in a vehicle of lofty description, with two wretched appendages in dark blue broadcloth, who sat with their backs turned to their master's, kept their arms folded, and nearly rolled off at every corner. Hope would have dreaded the close neighborhood of those Irish ears; she would rather have ridden even in an omnibus, could she and Philip have taken all the seats. But then Hope seldom cared to drive on the Avenue at all, except as a means of reaching the ocean, whereas with most people it appears the appointed means to escape from that spectacle. And as for the footmen, there was nothing in the conversation worth their hearing or repeating, and their presence was a relief to Emilia, for who knew but Mr. Lambert himself might end in growing sentimental?

Yet she did not find him always equally tedious. Their drives had some variety. For instance, he sometimes gave her some lovely present before they set forth, and she could feel that, if his lips did not yield diamonds and rubies, his pockets did. Sometimes he conversed about money and investments, which she rather liked; this was his strong and commanding point; he explained things quite clearly, and they found, with mutual surprise, that she also had a shrewd little brain for those matters, if she

would but take the trouble. Sometimes he insisted on being tender, and even this was not so bad as she expected, at least for a few minutes at a time; she rather enjoyed having her hand pressed so seriously, and his studied phrases amused her, besides their evident sincerity. It was only when he wished the conversation to be brilliant and intellectual, that he became intolerable; then she must entertain him, must get up little repartees, must tell him lively anecdotes, which he swallowed as a dog bolts a morsel, being at once ready for the next. He never made a comment, of course, but at the height of his enjoyment he gave a quick, short, stupid laugh, that so jarred upon her ears, she would have liked to be struck deaf rather than hear it again.

At these times she thought of Malbone, how gifted he was, how inexhaustible, how agreeable, with a faculty for happiness that would have been almost provoking had it not been contagious. Then she looked from her airy perch and smiled at him at the club-window, where he stood in the most negligent of attitudes, and with every faculty strained in observation. A moment and she was gone. Then all was gone, and a mob of queens might have blocked the way, without his caring to discuss their genealogies, even with old General Le Breton, who had spent his best (or his worst) years abroad, and was supposed to have been confidential adviser to most of the crowned heads of Europe.

For the first time in his life Malbone found himself in the grasp of a passion too strong to be delightful. For the first time his own heart frightened him. He had sometimes feared that it was growing harder, but now he discovered that it was not hard enough.

He knew it was not merely mercenary motives that made Emilia accept John Lambert; but what troubled him was a vague knowledge that it was not mere pique. He was used to dealing with pique in women, and had found it the most manageable of weaknesses.

It was an element of spasmodic conscience which he saw here, and which troubled him.

Something told him that she had said to herself: "I will be married, and thus do my duty to Hope. Other girls marry persons whom they do not love, and it helps them to forget. Perhaps it will help me. This is a good man, they say, and I think he loves me."

"Think?" John Lambert had adored her when she had passed by him without looking at him; and now, when the thought came over him that she would be his wife, he became stupid with bliss. And as latterly he had thought of little else, he remained more or less stupid all the time.

To a man like Malbone, self-indulgent rather than selfish, this poor, blind semblance of a moral purpose in Emilia was a great embarrassment. It is a terrible thing for a lover, when he detects conscience among the armory of weapons used against him; and faces the fact that he must blunt a woman's principles to win her heart. Philip was rather accustomed to evade conscience, but he never liked to look it in the face and defy it.

Yet if the thought of Hope at this time came over him, it came as a constraint, and he disliked it as such, and the more generous and beautiful she was, the greater the constraint. He cursed himself that he had allowed himself to be swayed back to her, and so had lost Emilia forever. And thus he drifted on, not knowing what he wished for, but knowing extremely well what he feared.

XIV.

THE NEMESIS OF PASSION.

Malbone was a person of such ready emotional nature, and such easy expression, that it was not hard for Hope to hide from herself the gradual ebbing of his love. Whenever he was fresh and full of spirits, he had enough to overflow upon her and every one. But when other thoughts and cares were weighing on him, he could not share

them, nor could he at such times, out of the narrowing channel of his own life, furnish more than a few scanty drops for her.

At these times he watched with torturing fluctuations the signs of solicitude in Hope, the timid withdrawing of her fingers, the questioning of her eyes, the weary drooping of her whole expression. Often he cursed himself as a wretch for paining that pure and noble heart. Yet there were moments when a vague inexpressible delight stole in; a glimmering of shame-faced pleasure as he pondered on this visible dawning of distrust; a sudden taste of freedom in being no longer fettered by her confidence. By degrees he led himself, still half-ashamed, to the dream that she might yet be somehow weaned from him, and leave his conscience free. By constantly building upon this thought, and putting aside all others, he made room upon the waste of his life for a house of cards, glittering, unsubstantial, lofty, until there came some sudden breath that swept it away; and then he began on it again.

In one of those moments of more familiar faith which still alternated with these cold, sad intervals, she asked him, with some sudden impulse, how he should feel if she loved another? She said it, as if guided by an instinct, to sound the depth of his love for her. Starting with amazement, he looked at her, and then, divining her feeling, he only replied by an expression of reproach, and by kissing her hands with an habitual tenderness that had grown easy to him, — and they were such lovely hands! But his heart told him that no spent swimmer ever transferred more eagerly to another's arms some precious burden beneath which he was consciously sinking, than he would yield her up to any one whom she would consent to love, and who could be trusted with the treasure. Until that ecstasy of release should come, he would do his duty, — yes, his duty.

When these flushed hopes grew pale, as they soon did, he could at least play with the wan fancies that took their

place. Hour after hour, while she lavished upon him the sweetness of her devotion, he was half consciously shaping with his tongue some word of terrible revealing that should divide them like a spell, if spoken, and then recalling it before it left his lips. Daily and hourly he felt the last agony of a weak and passionate nature,—to dream of one woman in another's arms.

She too watched him with an ever-increasing instinct of danger, studied with a chilly terror the workings of his face, weighed and reweighed his words in absence, agonized herself with new and ever new suspicions; and then, when these had grown insupportable by their numbers, seized them convulsively and threw them all away. Then, coming back to him with a great overwhelming ardor of affection, she poured upon him more and more in proportion as he gave her less.

Sometimes in these moments of renewed affection he half gave words to his remorse, accused himself before her of unnamed wrong, and besought her to help him return to his better self. These were the most dangerous moments of all, for such appeals made tenderness and patience appear a duty; she must put away her doubts as sins, and hold him to her; she must refuse to see his signs of faltering faith, or treat them as mere symptoms of ill health. "Should not a wife," she asked herself, "cling the closer to her husband in proportion as he seemed alienated through the wanderings of disease? And was not this her position?" So she said within herself, and meanwhile it was not hard to penetrate her changing thoughts, at least, for so keen an observer as Aunt Jane. Hope, at length, almost ceased to speak of Malbone, and revealed her grief by this evasion, as the robin reveals her nest by flitting from it.

Yet there were times when he really tried to force himself into a revival of this calmer emotion. He studied Hope's beauty with his eyes, he pondered on all her nobleness. He wished to bring his whole heart back to her,—or at

least wished that he wished it. But hearts that have educated themselves into faithlessness must sooner or later share the suffering they give. Love will be avenged on them. Nothing could have now recalled this epicure in passion, except, possibly, a little withholding or semi-coquetry on Hope's part, and this was utterly impossible for her. Absolute directness was a part of her nature; she could die, but not *manœuvre*.

It actually diminished Hope's hold on Philip, that she had at this time the whole field to herself. Emilia had gone for a few weeks to the mountains, with the household of which she was a guest. An ideal and unreasonable passion is strongest in absence, when the dream is all pure dream, and safe from the discrepancies of daily life. When the two girls were together, Emilia often showed herself so plainly Hope's inferior, that it jarred on Philip's fine perceptions. But in Emilia's absence the attraction of temperament, or whatever else brought them together, resumed its sway unchecked; she became one great magnet of enchantment, and all the currents of the universe appeared to flow from the direction where her eyes were shining. When she was out of sight, he needed to make no allowance for her defects, to reproach himself with no overt acts of disloyalty to Hope, to recognize no criticisms of his own intellect or conscience. He could resign himself to his reveries, and pursue them into new subtleties day by day.

There was Mrs. Meredith's house, too, where they had been so happy. And now the blinds were pitilessly closed, all but one where the Venetian slats had slipped, and stood half open as if some dainty fingers held them, and some lovely eyes looked through. He gazed so long and so often on that silent house,—by day when the scorching sunshine searched its pores, as if to purge away every haunting association,—or by night when the mantle of darkness hung tenderly above it, and seemed to collect the dear remembrances again,—that

his fancy by degrees grew morbid, and his pictures unreal. "It is impossible," he one day thought to himself, "that she should have lived in that room so long, sat in that window, dreamed on that couch, reflected herself in that mirror, breathed that air, without somehow detaching invisible fibres of her being, delicate films of herself, that must gradually, she being gone, draw together into a separate individuality an image not quite bodiless, that replaces her in her absence, as the holy Theocrite was replaced by the angel. If there are ghosts of the dead, why not ghosts of the living also?" This lover's fancy so pleased him that he brought to bear upon it the whole force of his imagination, and it grew stronger day by day.

To him, thenceforth, the house was haunted, and all its floating traces of herself, visible or invisible, — from the ribbon that he saw entangled in the window-blind to every intangible and fancied atom she had imparted to the atmosphere, — came at last to organize themselves into one phantom shape for him and looked out, a wraith of Emilia, through those relentless blinds. As the vision grew more vivid, he saw the dim figure moving through the house, wan, restless, tender, lingering where they had lingered, haunting every nook where they had been happy once. In the windy moanings of the silent night he could put his ear at the keyhole, and could fancy that he heard the wild signals of her love and her despair.

THE MISSION OF BIRDS.

WHEN it was announced last spring that the city government of Boston, through the Committee of the City Council on Public Squares, was making arrangements for the introduction of the European House-Sparrow into the Common and the Public Garden, one of our fellow-citizens was at the pains to wait upon his Honor the Mayor, and remonstrate against what he was pleased to call an unwise experiment. He spoke of their introduction as an experiment, either ignorant or forgetful of the entire success that had attended their naturalization in New York and the adjacent towns and cities of New Jersey. It was unwise and absurd, he said, because if the object were to destroy or to keep down destructive insects, this would be better accomplished by the cultivation of insectivorous birds, among which the European House-Sparrow was not classed, &c. As if the *insectivores* of authors actually did devour the "insects injurious to vegetation," and were the only family of birds that did so!

Such was the sum and substance of his protest against what we then regarded, and still regard, as a very important step in the right direction, and one which we sincerely trust the casualties of the past season have only delayed, but have not arrested. Had the remonstrance come from an unintelligent person, or from one with no scientific pretensions, we would not have attached any particular importance to so total a want of appreciation of the subject upon which such decided opinions were given. But here the case was far otherwise. The remonstrant was a gentleman of high scientific reputation in branches of culture closely interwoven in interest with the suppression of noxious insects. To the *dicta* of such an one, speaking as with authority, some importance is naturally attached. The mere fact that one from whom we seem to have the right to expect a more accurate knowledge in such matters showed himself so utterly at fault is of itself a pregnant suggestion. It awakes a train of reflections

touching the whole subject of birds, the seeming evil done, and the often unseen or unappreciated benefits conferred by them. How absolutely wanting in information nearly all of us are, — even the best informed in other respects, — in regard to the real practical economic value to mankind of the whole feathered race! How limited our knowledge! How short-sighted our views! We are as yet, with only here and there a most rare exception, unlearned even in the alphabet of this science! Even our systematists, with all their supposed knowledge of their subject, have but added to our confusion, and have only led us astray, when they have attempted to divide the feathered tribe into *insectivores*, supposed to feed only on insects, *granivores*, as if they ate nothing but seeds, *omnivores*, who are supposed to devour a little of everything, and so on. Herein the danger of a little learning is clearly made manifest. Naturally enough, our friend the Sparrow aforesaid is mentioned as a grain-eating bird. And while we cannot, with a conscientious regard for the truth, venture to deny his occasional indiscretions in this direction, it is none the less absurd, and in the face of positive evidence, for us, or for any one, to rush to the extreme conclusion in the opposite direction, and declare that seeds are his exclusive, or even his principal, food. More than this, we are equally in error if, misled by this nomenclature, we suppose that the Sparrow and all his clan of gross-feeders, who belong to all orders, and have no exclusive groups, do not devour at least as many insects, especially the more injurious ones, as the families which the scientific world believes *par excellence* insect-eaters.

The fact is, all our systems that attempt any such arbitrary classification are absurd, untenable, founded in error, and, of course, only lead to confusion and hopeless entanglement. Of all the eight or nine thousand species that inhabit the globe, the proportion cannot be very large of those which are supposed to be exclusively insect-eaters.

The number is yet smaller, — indeed, we almost doubt if there are positively known to be any birds of any kind, — which are not, at certain periods of their lives, largely insectivorous. This is certainly true in regard to nearly all those generally known in our books as *granivores*, while all genera of birds known to our systematists as omnivorous are, without exception, the most active, persistent, and valuable destroyers of those insects from whose ravages our gardens, our parks, our lawns, and our farms would have, but for their intervention, the most to apprehend. To this large variety of birds, to which we can give no more significant name than that of gross-feeders, the world is most indebted for keeping within any limits those destructive insects which would otherwise make earth uninhabitable.

We shall offer no other apology than our own shortcomings for raising our voice in behalf of the entire race of feathered creatures, nearly all of which we believe to be life-long benefactors to the human race. Our incompetence to do justice to this self-imposed task we fully admit *ab initio*. But some one must make a beginning; and how can we better serve the cause we have at heart than by thus venturing to appeal, in behalf of our clients, the unappreciated birds, to a few facts, not to be gainsaid, which point unerringly to the great hidden *arcana*, in reserve for future explorers of a boundless and almost untrodden field of research? The need of light upon this question is but too painfully apparent. When we hear of such a protest from such a source as we have just named, — or when we find one of our most honored and esteemed scientific men passing by in total and oblivious silence the most complete and triumphant vindication of the Sparrow, made only a few years since under the auspices of the Senate of France, — or when one who styles himself "Curator of Zoology in the Massachusetts State Cabinet," in the year of our Lord 1867, in his "Birds of New England," pronounces

wholesale denunciations against the mischievous and destructive character of such birds as the Crow, the Blue-Jay, the Purple Grackle, and the like, — we cannot hold our peace.

We do not propose to attempt an exhaustive treatise on this subject. Nor can we discriminate in favor of this or against that class, family, or genus of birds. We know but too little in regard to any, and may not therefore venture to speak with much positiveness as to their relative merits or demerits. In regard, however, to a few points of some moment, we feel secure, both through our own observations, and yet more through those of others far more trustworthy. Of these points we shall venture to write, and shall essay to vindicate the claims to our grateful consideration even of some of those species which have been most complained of, and are most subject to unfavorable prejudice.

And here we would premise: The mischief which these birds do is often of daily occurrence, is open, palpable, and not to be gainsaid. And yet these very birds are often really our greatest benefactors. Let us take up first for our consideration the Robin. Where will you find, hereabouts, one more complained of, more generally denounced, than he? Is he not, by common consent, pronounced by most of our fruit-growers the pest of horticulturists? Does he not steal our cherries, plunder our strawberries, strip our currant-bushes, pilfer our raspberries, help himself to our choicest grapes, and, if we have some rare Shepardia berries, will not the glutton take the whole? And does he not, some one else will add, attack and spoil our handsomest pears? In reply to the last charge we cannot respond affirmatively. We do not believe it, and if it were true, we would say to whoever made this charge: "My dear sir, it only serves you right. You should not leave summer pears on the tree long enough to become so soft as to tempt a bird to peck at them. Your fruit should have been gathered when so hard that no bird could molest

it, and thus you would have saved your pears and improved their quality!" But we are getting off our track, and will return to the Robin.

With the exception of the pear-accusation, which we believe to be bosh, we admit the truth of all these charges, — but what then? What do they prove? Simply that the worst traits in the character of the Robin are those which, unfortunately for his reputation, are the most apparent, and which are brought home to the notice of all who have fruit to be plundered, while his beneficial deeds escape the general observation. The Robin is eminently one of those who delight in doing good by stealth, but alas! he is very rarely put to the blush by finding it fame. The world, as a general thing, is but too prompt to recognize the mischief he does, but knows little or nothing of his good deeds, far overbalancing his faults.

Fortunately for the reputation of the Robin, careful and faithful friends have looked into his record, and the result of their investigations prove him to be an invaluable friend to the farmer, and demonstrate by indisputable evidence that his services are of an indispensable importance. Nearly eleven years since, the very same gentleman who this last summer signalized his imperfect knowledge of birds by protesting against the European Sparrow's coming to Boston, because it was not an insect-eater, at a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society introduced a motion in favor of the presentation of a petition to the State Legislature, in the name of the Society, praying for the repeal of all legislation for the protection of the Robin. After an animated discussion, in which it was shown that the Robin was not even then without strong friends, the Society, instead of adopting the motion, very wisely voted to look into the matter before they thus committed themselves, and referred the whole subject of the habits of the Robin to a select committee, who were desired to make a very thorough investigation. Fortunately at the head of this committee

was placed J. W. P. Jenks, Esq. of Middleboro', an ardent and zealous friend of the bird. He entered upon his duties with an alacrity and an interest, and completed them with a fidelity and a thoroughness that reflect upon him the highest credit. The leisure hours of an entire year were devoted by this gentleman to a careful and minute investigation of the subject committed to his charge. Day by day, and at all hours of the day, he procured specimens of the birds for the purpose of carefully examining the contents of their several stomachs, for evidences of the general character of their food. Robins were thus obtained by him, both from the villages and from the more rural districts, apart from gardens and orchards. Beginning with the first week in March, 1858, these examinations were continued, with more or less frequency, until the same month of the succeeding year.

Confining ourselves here to such portions of the results as may have a direct bearing upon the points we seek to establish, we find that Professor Jenks has demonstrated, among other things, that during the whole of March, April, and May not a particle of vegetable matter of any kind whatever could be found in the food of the robins. Insects, in large quantities, varying greatly as to kind, condition, and development, were during all these months their sole and exclusive food. The larvæ of a species of fly known to naturalists as the *Bibio albipennis* of Say, formed a large proportion of the contents of their stomachs. Not unfrequently as many as two hundred of these insects, in this stage of development, were taken from a single bird, and for the most part wherever any were found they were the only food in the bird's stomach.

It next became important to inquire, What are these larvæ? What is the peculiarity of this insect either in the larva-form or the more perfect imago? And does any importance attach to their destruction?

It is made to appear from the evi-

dence of the highest authorities cited by Professor Jenks, — and, we may here add, their testimony is entirely corroborated by that of others equally trustworthy, — that the whole class of insects belonging to the genus of *Bibio* is a kind of fly whose larvæ would be, if not kept in check, exceedingly destructive to the roots of plants, feeding upon them and frequently causing them to wither and die. In Europe, the analogous species with our own, called the *Bibio marci*, is known to feed upon the roots of strawberry plants, vines, flowers in pots, &c., and does great mischief to plants in earth that has not been disturbed during the autumn and the succeeding spring. Entire beds of ranunculuses have been known to be completely ruined by these insects year after year.

Now it is very evident that what is known to happen in Europe from the destruction wrought by the larvæ of these insects might occur with us, — indeed, would be very sure to occur with us, — but for the timely and invaluable services of our much-abused Robin. During all the spring months, from early March until almost June, the Robins are rendering to us the all-important service of destroying these destructives, of which service, but for the faithful investigations of their friend Mr. Jenks, the world might never have been made aware. The larvæ of this insect live together in large swarms, are exceedingly numerous, the parent being very productive, and depositing her whole stock of eggs in a single spot. The Robin finding one of these colonies rarely leaves it until the whole swarm is exterminated.

Nor is it entirely a matter of inference that the activity and zeal of the Robin in destroying these insects avert from us the consequences that follow from their unchecked abundance. Mr. Jenks refers to a noteworthy instance in which the slaughter by a shooting-match created a great scarcity of birds in a certain locality, and a vast extent of grass-land in that neighborhood became withered and dried up, as if a

fire had passed over it. Why it did so no one could then conjecture, but we can now perceive that just such consequences would follow from an undisturbed growth of these destructive worms.

Professor Jenks's investigations further show that in May and June these larvæ were replaced in the stomach of the Robin by a variety of insects, among them various caterpillars and beetles of the family *Elateridae*, the parents of the well-known wire-worms, so destructive to corn and other seeds. Later in June strawberries and cherries were detected in the birds' crops, but almost always largely intermingled with insects. It was noticed that Robins shot in the more rural districts at this season, at a distance from gardens and fruit-trees, were generally found to have chiefly fed upon insects, and to a comparatively small extent upon fruit, showing that they do not go to a distance to obtain this kind of food. This mixed diet of insects and berries was found to continue until October, though after July their vegetable food consisted chiefly of elder and poke berries and other wild fruit. Later in the season they fed almost exclusively upon grasshoppers and other orthopterous insects.

Such, in brief, is the substance of Professor Jenks's important observations. They cannot but be regarded as a triumphant vindication of the claims of the Robin to our grateful protection. They establish beyond dispute that, during seven out of the nine months in which the Robins are with us in any numbers, they are exclusively our benefactors and nothing else,—doing us nothing but good, and that of the highest importance. And if, during six or eight weeks, those birds of this species, which make their home in our villages for want of sufficient insect food, do share with us our small fruit, they are at the same time earning their wages by the destruction of injurious insects, beyond the power of man to reach; while the Robins who reside in the country, out of temptation's way, rarely trouble our fruit, but confer upon us only benefits.

So much for Professor Jenks's testimony; but this is not the whole story of the Robin. Thus far we have only taken into our account the food of the adult birds. We have said nothing as to that which they provide for their young. This very important chapter in their history Mr. Jenks appears to have overlooked, perhaps not being aware how different the food given by birds to their young often is from that which they eat themselves. As a general rule, the food of all young birds is, as far as may be possible, of an animal and chiefly of an insect character. Certainly the Robin is no exception to this general rule. And even those birds which in an adult state feed almost entirely upon seeds will be found to be fed, when fledglings, almost entirely upon insects. It is this most important fact that enhances so greatly the value to man of the entire class of birds, and which changes a seeming enemy and depredator into his best friend.

As we have said, the Robin is far from being an exception to this rule. Although we find in Mr. Jenks's valuable paper no corroboration of this fact, fortunately evidence of the highest authority is not wanting.

Professor Daniel Treadwell of Cambridge, in September, 1858, submitted to the Boston Society of Natural History an elaborate paper, giving in carefully prepared details certain important facts observed by him relative to the feeding and the growth of young Robins. The great value of this paper consists in the evidence it furnishes of the enormous amount of animal food necessary for the development and growth of the young of this species. We cannot give in detail Professor Treadwell's experiments, and it is enough for our purpose to state that they demonstrate that a young Robin consumed forty-one per cent of animal food more than his own weight in twelve hours, before he began to gain, and that after he had eaten this amount his own weight was fifteen per cent less than the food he had consumed. That he absolutely needed this large proportion of food

was shown by his falling off in weight while he had less. Even when fed on raw beef the young bird consumed nearly his own equivalent each day; and after eating this amount daily for thirteen successive days, his weight was then hardly twice in amount that of his daily supply of raw beef. These facts demonstrate the immense power of these birds to destroy insects. Besides earth-worms, which are not always to be had, especially in grass-lands or in a time of drought, Robins feed their young very largely with both the larvæ and the imago of the whole family of cut-worms and many others of the most destructive varieties of insects. Wherever the land is turned up at this time, whether by the hoe, the spade, or the plough, you will always find these birds on the sharp lookout for these your worst enemies, but also the choicest tit-bits for their own family. And when we take into consideration the fact that each pair of Robins usually rears on the average at least three broods of four or five each in a season, and that for some twenty or thirty days each young Robin requires twice his own weight of insects for his food, then we may form some idea of the immense amount of benefit conferred by one pair of these birds and their offspring in a single season upon their immediate neighborhood.

And not only are we assured, by the observations we have referred to, of the large number and great importance, in an agricultural point of view, of the insects thus destroyed, but the writer's own personal observations as to the character of the food of the young Robin enable him to add testimony of the most positive and satisfactory kind. In the summer of 1867 a pair of Robins built their nest on the top of a lattice porch over his door and immediately under his window. In so exposed a place, in full sight both from above and from below, everything that transpired in the nest could be easily noticed, and without disturbing its occupants. They were very closely observed after the young appeared; and, so far as they

were seen, the nestlings were fed until they left their nest entirely with the moths of the family of *Agrotididæ*, or subterranean caterpillars, commonly known as cut-worms.

Upon the destructive character of these ravagers of our gardens we need not here enlarge. If any are curious to learn more in regard to them than we have space to tell them, they can find their criminal record fully set forth in the pages of Harris, and in successive reports of our State Board of Agriculture; while those who already know more about these pests than they would wish to do, who have been eyewitnesses to their ravages in their own strawberry-beds, or who have seen their rising rows of early peas, their first outcropping of corn or other plants, all swept off, almost in a single night, by these secret destroyers, — they at least can appreciate the approbation and gratitude with which the writer witnessed the commendable efforts of friend Robin towards the extermination of the foe. It is a matter capable of mathematical demonstration, that this single pair of Robins have more than earned their full right and title to all the cherries they can eat, so long as they may be spared to remain with us, the guardian angels of our garden.

We have thus devoted a large portion of our space to an extended defence of a single species. We do so for several good and sufficient reasons, because in this vicinity it is one of the most generally denounced of its family, because its true character has been more thoroughly and carefully investigated than that of any other, and because, with the single exception of the House-Sparrow of Europe, it is the most striking instance we can call to mind wherein a bird clearly shown to be one of our greatest benefactors is generally held in disrepute by the very persons whom he most benefits.

We will now more briefly refer to other instances where the benefits conferred on man by certain birds are positive, demonstrable, and important, but in which, so far as we are aware, the

same exact measures for a thorough examination of their respective habits have not been resorted to. We do not, therefore, possess the same conclusive evidence of the value of their services as in the case of the Robin, and cannot so readily offset the sum of their transgressions.

The common Cat-bird of New England is not a general favorite; why it is not so we are utterly at a loss to conjecture. Its harsh cry, which it only utters when it is anxious for the safety of its brood, is certainly an insufficient reason, for at all other times it is a beautiful singer. In its habits it is friendly and familiar, never molesting our fruit to any important extent, and it is a constant and active benefactor in the destruction of insects of the most injurious character, such as several kinds of caterpillars, the grub of the May-beetle, — generally, though improperly, called muck-worms, and one of the most mischievous enemies to all vegetation we have among us, — and a very large variety of other insects, in various stages of development. More active and enterprising than the Robin, it searches for and drags to light all those hidden workers of evil, the subterranean caterpillars of all descriptions. Woe to the muck-worm or the cut-worm whose habitat the Cat-bird discovers! The culprit is at once dragged forth to light, and summarily punished. This we have witnessed in numberless instances.

One rainy day, the past summer, as we sat by a window looking out upon the flower-bed, our attention was attracted to a Cat-bird apparently buried head and shoulders in the soil and trying to extricate himself. Our first impulse was to run to his rescue, supposing him to be in danger from some hidden enemy; but we soon discovered our mistake when we saw him gradually emerge, dragging out with him, not without some difficulty, a very large grub of the May-beetle, which he had detected in the very act of eating the roots of our favorite geranium. The offender was forthwith pounded to a jelly, and in this condition borne off

to the bird's nest hard by, where it no doubt gladdened the heart of one of his nestlings.

Our good opinion of the Cat-bird is confirmed by the recent experience of President Hill of Cambridge. A favorite elm, near his house, was attacked last summer by a large swarm of the vanessa caterpillar. They rapidly devoured its foliage, and threatened soon to despoil the tree of its beauty. One day, when he was about to bring ladders and attempt their removal, and was considering whether this was practicable, he observed a Cat-bird fly to the tree and begin to destroy the caterpillars. Seeing this unexpected relief, he deferred any interference and awaited the result. Nor was he disappointed. In a few days the Cat-bird entirely cleared the tree. The writer was an eyewitness to a similar result, but in this case the tree attacked by the vanessa worm was a poplar, and the birds which cleared them out were Baltimore Orioles.

Leaving, then, the Cat-bird as one whose value to the cultivator is beyond dispute, we turn to a bird that of all others perhaps in this country has the fewest friends, and against whom, as by almost common consent, an incessant, bitter war of extermination is waged. We mean, of course, our common Crow. But that it is a bird of uncommon sagacity, one whose experience has taught it to beware of man and to keep the sharpest lookout for its own safety, it would long since have been added to the increasing catalogue of extinct species. State governments have set a price upon its head, and as many as forty thousand have been slaughtered in a single year under the authority of the broad seal. Whole communities have leagued together and have raised large sums of money to be expended in promoting its extermination. But so long as men depended upon the gun alone, and made use only of powder and shot, the wily Crow could laugh to scorn their futile endeavors to circumvent and destroy him. But the case is very differ-

ent now, since the deadly strychnine places within the reach of his assassins a cheap, convenient, and sure means of exterminating his race, and the Crow is fast disappearing from our land.

We can regard the possible extermination of this bird in hardly any other light than that of a calamity. If this ruthless and cowardly warfare is not arrested before it is too late, our farmers will have—as in many places they have already—occasion bitterly to regret the loss of the Crow's indispensable services.

We have been eyewitness to the destructive ravages in large districts of our own State, by certain insects which the Crows would have kept in check, if they had not been nearly exterminated in that neighborhood.

While we must regret the short-sighted madness—we can call it no less—which thus prompts whole neighborhoods and States even to promote the wholesale destruction of these birds, we can but admit that, in certain localities and under peculiar circumstances, the Crow may appear to be so great a nuisance that the victims of his rapacity naturally become exasperated at his misdeeds, and combine for his destruction. Wilson relates that, in the vicinity of Newcastle, Del., the Crows collected in immense numbers in the low islands of the Delaware River, and from that rendezvous sallied out, committing depredations in the immediate neighborhood that were almost incredible. Entire fields of corn were laid waste by the thousands of these birds that alighted upon them at once. Like the stragglers of an immense and undisciplined army, they spread themselves over the field, plundering and destroying wherever they alighted. Who can wonder that in that part of the country the Crow was universally execrated as a plunderer and destroyer?

His destructiveness in digging up the newly planted Indian corn is too notorious to be disputed. Nor can we deny that he will, whenever he finds the opportunity, destroy the egg and the young of the smaller birds, and rob

hens'-nests and kill young chickens. All these charges are but too true, and furnish strong reasons for his being generally held in disrepute.

Yet that there is a bright side even to the character of the Crow, that to the community as a whole the good he is constantly doing greatly exceeds its mischief, we do most fully believe. At least, before the present exterminating warfare against him shall have been carried to a fatal end, it is to be hoped the question of his value may be determined by positive facts, and not too hastily denied by crude theorists upon imperfect and superficial data, or assumptions as likely to be imaginary as real.

Great stress has recently been laid, in a work more pretentious than accurate, upon the Crow's destruction of the eggs and young of other birds, magnifying into an enormous amount of mischief the few isolated instances that chanced to fall under the writer's notice. Before we give full credit to his conclusions, we insist upon a little more exact evidence in regard to the frequency of these offences. Our own experiences do not lead us to believe their correctness. Unquestionably the instinct of a Crow would lead him to do all the mischief of this sort that he had the opportunity of doing, but, most fortunately, there is also an instinct equally powerful that prompts other birds so to conceal their nests that they are safely hidden from him. The few cases that fall under our notice in which the Crow discovers and attacks them are, as we believe, exceptional and rare.

The injury done to newly planted maize by the Crow can be prevented by several simple and inexpensive expedients. The suspending of white or light-colored cord around and across the field is a sure preventive. The Crow, ever on its guard against traps, is too wary to venture within the supposed snare. So, too, the soaking of corn in the water of distillation from the manufacture of kerosene, for the same or some other reason effectually

secures the seed from being molested by the Crow. A kinsman of ours, residing on Milton Hill, where Crows still survive, has tried this experiment with complete success. In other cases, boys have been employed to watch the newly planted fields until the corn is up. All which sufficiently proves that to save our corn it is at least not necessary to exterminate this bird.

Whatever wrong the Crow commits against the cultivators of the soil may, by a little painstaking, be materially lessened or wholly prevented. The benefits he confers are both numerous and important. During the time he remains with us he destroys, so says no less authority than Wilson, "myriads of worms, moles, mice, caterpillars, grubs, and beetles." Audubon also affirms that the Crow devours myriads of grubs every day of the year,—grubs which would lay waste the farmer's fields,—and destroys quadrupeds innumerable, every one of which is an enemy to his poultry and his flocks. Dr. Harris also, one of the most faithful and accurate observers, in speaking of the fearful ravages sometimes wrought in our grass-lands and gardens by the grub of the May-beetles, adds his testimony to the great services rendered by the Crow in keeping these pests in check. Yet here in Massachusetts, regardless of such testimony in their favor, we have nearly exterminated these birds, and the destructive grubs, having no longer this active enemy to restrict their growth, are year by year increasing with a fearful persistence. We have seen large farms, within an hour's ride of Boston, in which, over entire acres, the grass was so completely undermined and the roots eaten away, that the loosened turf could be rolled up as easily as if it had been cut by the turfing-spade. In the same neighborhood whole fields of corn, potatoes, and almost every kind of garden vegetable, had been eaten at the root and destroyed. Our more intelligent farmers, who have carefully studied out the cause of this unusual insect growth, have satisfied themselves that it is the

legitimate result, the natural and inevitable consequence, of our own acts. Our short-sighted and murderous warfare upon the Crow has interrupted the harmonies of nature, disturbed her well-adjusted balance, and let loose upon agriculture its enemies with no adequate means of arresting their general increase.

We might extend almost indefinitely our evidence of the practical value of birds as shown by facts, and instead of an article compile a volume, giving instances of the beneficial intervention of other varieties of birds, some of them also among our most maligned species, in behalf of our rural interests. But our space will not permit. We can only very briefly refer in passing to a few instances upon which we would gladly dwell more at length.

The measure-worm of the Middle States, so successfully driven from the squares of New York by the English Sparrow, but still ravaging the parks of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, has two very powerful enemies among our native birds, which would be abundantly able to keep them in check were they themselves unmolested. They are the Cedar Bird and the Purple Grackle. Unfortunately, both of these birds are under the ban of the unreflecting and prejudiced: one because he helps himself to our cherries, the other because he is accused of making free with our corn-fields at harvest-time.

The canker-worm still riots in almost undisturbed possession of our orchards. Each year extends the area of its ravages, and witnesses the loss of millions of dollars' worth of fruit, the growth and development of which it prevents. We have many native birds which would prey upon and keep down these pests,—most of them, too, harmless and inoffensive species,—but the murderous gun and the still more destructive cat have so thinned their ranks that they are now too few to cope with the worst enemies of the orchard. Yet there are powerful auxiliaries whom we might call in most effectually where circumstan-

ces favor. The domestic pigeon has been shown, by the testimony of Dr. Jeffries Wyman, to feed its young with enormous quantities of these worms. And it is a well-established fact that gardens and orchards protected by the inmates of the dovecot have been known to be kept free from them, when all around the trees of other grounds were devastated. The common domestic fowls also, under favorable circumstances, is of great service in destroying the canker-worm. But their presence cannot generally be permitted, nor their services made available.

The Blue-Jay, whose good name and fame our space will not permit us here to vindicate, has recently been rendering very valuable and efficient services to the dwellers on the lake shore of Ohio. Our venerable friend, Dr. Jared P. Kirtland of Cleveland, informs us that the tent caterpillars — *Clisiocampa americana* — which with us are such pests in the orchards, have been attacked and destroyed by the Blue-Jay so thoroughly that hardly a specimen can now be found on the entire lake shore. These good deeds of the Jay, we are happy to add, are appreciated by the enlightened cultivators of that State, who overlook their depredations for the sake of the greater good they do, and are wiser in their generation than our own Solons, who allow these birds no mercy.

The cabbage-butterfly of Europe, whose larvæ are so destructive that, according to Mudie, were it not for the Sparrow not a single cabbage would be raised in any part of Great Britain, has made its appearance in large numbers on our shores. In the province of New Brunswick and in the neighborhood of Calais, this unwelcome visitor is already abundant. Year by year it is extending the area of its depredations, and each year brings it nearer to our own gardens. How are we to meet this new enemy? We have no Sparrows as yet domiciled among us. That any of our native birds will show themselves equal to the task of its destruction is, we fear, hardly to be hoped;

so long as the gun and the cat are permitted to restrict their numbers to the minimum, we may not anticipate any present or effectual relief from our natural protectors whose services we repay with ingratitude or neglect.

Somewhere about the close of the winter of 1866, late in February or early in March, a pair of Black-throated Blue Warblers, — a bird supposed never to make its appearance with us before May, — took up their abode in the small yard in the rear of the writer's house in Boston. Whence they could have come at that season of the year we were unable to conjecture. They were plump, lively, and active, and in excellent condition in every way. They at once made themselves at home, searching every crack and crevice in and about the roof, lattice, and outbuilding for the eggs and larvæ of insects, of which they evidently found an abundance. After having thoroughly explored our premises and exhausted its supply, they proceeded to those of our neighbors, but returned each night to roost on the clothes-line stretched from an upper window to the top of a high trellis. This they continued to do for a week or more. After this we did not see them again.

Their visit to us was followed by notable consequences. The swarms of hairy caterpillars that every year before their advent had so abounded as to be an intolerable nuisance entirely disappeared and have not since been seen. Their entire race seems to have been exterminated by our two little visitors. These Warblers, unfortunately for us, are not residents here, even in summer, but flit rapidly through our State in their spring and fall migrations. But the immense service they are capable of doing, and which they must do somewhere, is shown by what a single pair accomplished with us in the short space of a week.

We have sought to present a few of the more striking instances of the really remarkable economic value to agriculture, of birds generally but wrongfully held in disesteem. We have suggest-

ed rather than attempted to prove that all birds may have their intrinsic value, often demonstrated to us only too late, when we have slain our benefactors and miss the services they can no longer render. We would say, with Professor Jenks, that our experiences, as well as his, have taught us to believe that "each species of bird has a specific mission in the services rendered by each, in preventing the multiplication of injurious insects and smaller animals. Not only the strictly insectivorous but the rapacious and the granivorous have their duties to perform, bearing directly upon the matter of aiding the tiller of the soil in preserving the balance of favorable and unfavorable influences, from whatever part of the animal kingdom they may come."

The subject is one of inexhaustible magnitude. We have only bestowed a hasty glance upon a restricted portion of the field of research. In this country the subject is new and the path of investigation almost untrodden. In France, under the patronage of its government, invaluable researches have been made by M. Florent-Prevost, with

already many conclusive and satisfactory results. His studies and observations have demonstrated several general laws bearing directly upon the economic value of birds in their relations to man and his interests.

These are, that the same species of birds changes its food according to its age and the season; that very nearly all the so-called granivorous birds are insectivorous in their immature age, and also during adult age at each period of reproduction; that some birds of prey, besides being carnivorous, are also largely insectivorous at times; that insects form, in the food of birds, by far the more considerable part; that birds are in general much more useful than injurious to our crops; and that, even in respect to the greatest part of the granivorous species, the evil which is done at certain times is largely compensated by the destruction of insects which they accomplish at other times.

We are thus led to the same inevitable conclusion with this life-long student of our special subject, that *no agriculturist can destroy a bird without knowing that he may expect from the act only injury.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHAKER.

PART I.

IN consequence of the Shakers' having held a convention in Boston on November 11th and 12th, 1868, to which I was a delegate, I received from Friend Fields a note, in which occurs the following paragraph:—

"How would it do for you to write an article for our Atlantic Monthly Magazine, which should be an autobiographical account of your experience as a seeker after truth, and should give the 'reason of the hope that is in you,' that people may understand precisely the meaning of a sect which has lately been

brought into notoriety by the writings of Dixon and Vincent?"

I can see great importance in a *principle*, very little in an individual. Not of myself should I write of myself; but, in the hope that others may be advantaged thereby, I acquiesce in the foregoing suggestion.

I have always lived much in the future; yet my present life has been a practical success; while my work has ever been before me, my reward has always been with me. I am satisfied with the continued realizations of the

prophetical spirit within,—of the abstract principles that have been my inner life.

My father's family were of the middle class in England. They were long-lived, my grandmother reaching the advanced age of one hundred and four, and my grandfather approaching one hundred. My father, George Evans, was the youngest of twelve children, and died comparatively young; he was sent into the English army, was under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the Egyptian expedition co-operating with the fleet under Nelson, and held a commission in the service.

My mother was of a class a little above, so that the marriage caused a perpetual breach between the two families. Her name was Sarah White. I was born in Leominster, Worcestershire, England, on the 9th of June, 1808. The first fact that I can remember may be of some interest to the student in anthropology. When I came of age, I was relating to an aunt on my father's side, whom I had never before seen, that I had always had stored up in my memory one thing which I could not account for; I could remember nothing before or after it to give it a meaning, and none of my mother's relatives knew anything about it: I saw the inside of a coach, and was handed out of it from a woman's arms into those of some other person. My aunt was utterly astonished, and stated that my mother was coming down from London to Birmingham, when I was not more than six months old, that something happened to the horses which frightened the party badly, and that I was handed out (just as I had seen and remembered) by my mother into the arms of another person.

When I was four years of age my mother died, and I was thrown among her relatives, who sent me to school at Stourbridge, where there were some two hundred scholars; and the position the master assigned me was that of the poorest scholar in the school, which effected my release from the school-room, to my great satisfaction

and peace of mind; for if there was one thing more than another that I hated, it was school-books and an English schoolmaster, with his flogging proclivities. I was then about eight years old.

Henceforth my lot was cast with my uncle and aunts at Chadwick Hall, near Leaky Hill, the scene of one of Cromwell's battles, where a systematic arrangement of all things obtained, from the different breeds of dogs,—the watchdog in his kennel, the water-spaniel, the terrier of rat-catching propensities, the greyhound, the pointer, and the bulldog,—to the diversity of horses for the farm, the road, the saddle, and hunting; there were five hundred sheep, with a regular hereditary shepherd to change them from pasture to pasture in summer, and attend to all their wants, and fold them in the turnip-fields all the winter. Every field on the farm was subject to a rotation of crops as regular as the seasons, which are generally bad enough for the English farmer.

The farm was very hilly and woody, and dotted with five fish-ponds formed from a stream that ran through it. There was plenty of fish and game, and the woods were vocal with the great variety of singing-birds, from the jackdaw to the nightingale.

As my friends had given up all attempts and hopes to educate, and thereby fit me for good society, I was allowed to follow my own instincts and affinities; and these led me to associate almost exclusively with the servants, of whom eight or ten were kept on the place, there being two distinct classes of human beings and two separate establishments at Chadwick Hall, as on a Southern plantation in the olden times of seven years ago. Here I was allowed to educate myself to my heart's content, reading and studying the vegetables and fruits (and of these there were variety and abundance, from the apple and pear to the apricot and gooseberry), in all of which I was deeply interested. The land and its crops, the animals and the servants who at-

tended them, together with those who officiated in-doors, were all my school masters and mistresses, and the servants were not less my particular friends, for I was a democrat.

When almost twelve years of age, my father and brother, whom I did not know, appeared at Chadwick Hall (not to me, among the servants, but) to my uncle and aunts in the parlor, and to my grandmother, who had *not* given me up for lost as had the others (so far as a school education was concerned), but had made me say my prayers before going to bed, and when I rose in the morning; had caused me to learn the collect on Sunday; and required the servants to take me to the National Episcopal Church to learn the text, and patiently endure an occasional gentle knock on the head from the sexton's long wand. For all this I had a proper respect; but the organ (which I heard for the first time) in another church alarmed me, and caused me to cry out in a fright, to the amazement of a large congregation.

My father, brother, &c., as I subsequently learned, had a sharp contention about taking me off to America, of which I only knew so much as I used to hear the common people sing in a doggerel originating at the time recruits for the Revolutionary War were being raised:—

"The sun will burn your nose off,
And the frost will freeze your toes off;
But we must away,
To fight our friends and our relations
In North America."

The different parties became warm in their feelings, and quarrelled, each laying claim to me; and, as neither would give way, Englishmen-like, they agreed to settle the matter on this wise: I, Frederick, was to be called into the parlor, no word upon the subject to be spoken to me previously, and uncle was to put a question to me, which he did, as follows: "Frederick, will you go to America with these men (who are your father and brother), or will you stay with us?" "I will go to America with my father and brother," was my reply, and that settled it. I was soon "fixed off,"

and on my way to Liverpool. This was in the year 1820, and I attained my twelfth year at sea.

I was hardy and healthy, and liked to work; I barely knew my letters, and detested paper books. I had not been poisoned with saleratus, or American knick-knacks or candies; nor with American superfine flour; nor with the great variety and dreadful mixtures with which the systems of children and young persons in this nation are duly prepared for Plantation Bitters, and the long, endless train of bitters resulting from dyspeptic diet.

The next ten years were spent in America in such intimate relations with my brother G. H. Evans, that some reference to him is indispensable. He was two years older than myself, and had received a scholastic education; so that, in literary knowledge, we were the two extremes of learning and ignorance. But we were brothers in a higher meaning of the term. We were Radicals in civil government, and in religion, being Materialists. He is now deceased; but he made his mark upon the page of history, which has recorded the current of thought as it flowed down from the *founders* of the American government to the election of *Grant* as President of these United *Reconstructing* States, upon principles more nearly realizing the abstract truisms affirmed in the Declaration of Independence than were ever before advanced.

George started the land-reform movement in this country, on the basis of the principle laid down by Jefferson, that "the land belongs to man *in usufruct* only." And *that idea* was, doubtless, entertained by all the signers of the Declaration of Independence. George was contemporary with Horace Greeley in his younger days; and, at the time of starting the "New York Tribune," they were fast friends.

Another important point of agreement between the founders of the government and G. H. E. was, that they were all, so far as I know (excepting Thomas Carroll of Carrollton, who was a Catholic), infidels to the existing so-called

Christianity of the world. Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Franklin, and Washington (who has been somewhat whitewashed by the sectarian priesthood) were Materialists, Deists, Unitarians, &c. These made provision that no priest of *any denomination* should hold any office under this government.

This school of mind had progressed up to the Community theories of Fourier and Owen, and the attempts to realize them in various places in Europe and America were most rife about the year 1830.

The right to be and the right to land, each included the other; we held that they were identical; and hence we waged a fierce and relentless war against all forms of property accumulation that owed their origin to land monopoly, speculation, or usury.

While still an apprentice at Ithaca, G. H. E. published "The Man." Afterwards I combined my means with his, and we published, successively, "The Workingman's Advocate," "The Daily Sentinel," and, finally, "Young America," besides a great variety of other publications, including "The Bible of Reason," &c., &c.; none of which, in a pecuniary point of view, was successful; for G. H. E. was a poor financier, and we had a tremendous current to stem. But that these publications had a controlling influence upon the American press, may be inferred from the very frequent quotations in other papers from the editorials of "Young America," and also from the fact that six hundred papers indorsed the following measures, which were printed at the head of "Young America":—

"*First.* The right of man to the soil: 'Vote yourself a farm.'

"*Second.* Down with monopolies, especially the United States Bank.

"*Third.* Freedom of the public lands.

"*Fourth.* Homesteads made inalienable.

"*Fifth.* Abolition of all laws for the collection of debts.

"*Sixth.* A general bankrupt law.

"*Seventh.* A lien of the laborer upon his own work for his wages.

"*Eighth.* Abolition of imprisonment for debt.

"*Ninth.* Equal rights for women with men in all respects.

"*Tenth.* Abolition of chattel slavery and of wages slavery.

"*Eleventh.* Land limitation to one hundred and sixty acres,—no person, after the passage of the law, to become possessed of more than that amount of land. But, when a land monopolist died, his heirs were to take each his legal number of acres, and be compelled to sell the overplus, using the proceeds as they pleased.

"*Twelfth.* Mails, in the United States, to run on the Sabbath."

These and similar views and principles we held and propagated to the very best of our ability; for our whole hearts and souls were in them.

This Spartan band was few in number; but there were deep thinkers among them; and all were earnest, practical workers in behalf of the down-trodden masses of humanity. It was war between abstract right and conventional rights. We held the Constitution to be only a compromise between the first principles of the American government, as they were set forth in the Declaration of Independence, drawn up by Jefferson, and the then existing vested rights of property-holders and conservatives of all sorts, secular and religious; and we contended that the mutual, well-understood intention and design of the founders of the government was, that, as soon as was possible, the Constitution should be amended, so as to conform more and more to the ideal pattern set forth in the declaration of rights inherent in humanity, it being a question *only* as to *how long* an acknowledged *wrong* should be permitted!

Our little party gradually and steadily increased, and acquired the title of "The Locofoco Party" in the following manner: On the evening of the 29th of October, 1835, a great meeting was to be held in Tammany Hall, by the Democratic party (which was then and there split into two, and in which

the Radical Land Reformers triumphed, taking with them a large portion of the party). The conservative leaders came up the back stairs into the hall, and secured the fore part of the meeting, and elected a chairman and committee. But these were finally entirely outvoted by the thousands of workingmen who crowded into and filled the hall, ejecting Isaac L. Varian, whom the monopolists had installed, and putting in Joel Curtis as chairman. Then the conservatives retired in disgust down the back stairs as they came in, and revengefully turned off the gas, leaving the densely packed hall in total darkness. The cry was raised, "Let there be light," and "there was light"; for locofoco matches were ignited all over the room, and applied to candles, when a fine illumination ensued, creating great enthusiasm, which finally resulted in the election of Andrew Jackson and B. M. Johnson as President and Vice-President of the United States. For it was soon found that the Locofoco party held the balance of power; and they offered their entire vote to whichever of the parties would put at the head of their great party papers the twelve measures above enumerated, and the offer was accepted by the Democratic party.

Thus, during the last thirty-eight years, have been accomplished the following among our progressive purposes, viz.:—

Second. The United States Bank overthrown.

Third. Freedom of public lands to actual settlers secured.

Fourth. Homestead laws in nearly all of the States.

Sixth. General bankrupt laws passed by the United States.

Seventh. Lien of laborers upon work to a great extent secured.

Eighth. Abolition of imprisonment for debt, in most of the States.

Tenth. Abolition of chattel slavery in the United States entire.

Ninth. Equal rights for women is next in order.

I will now return to the scenes of my

boyhood; for it is a truth that "the boy is father to the man."

The example of the order and economy practised at Chadwick Hall was not lost upon me. Two uncles, John and James, managed the farm. One remained at home mostly; the other attended the fairs and markets, which latter are held once a week at the principal towns. Here the farmers and dealers meet to sell and buy all the products of their farms; the grain being bought and sold by samples. The fairs were much the same thing, but the sales were principally of live stock on a large scale. On these occasions, servants (male and female) congregated together, and hired themselves out for the ensuing year, each one producing his "character" on paper from his former employer.

To these markets and fairs my uncle John used frequently to take me; and there I learned the relative value of property, and how to buy and sell. At home I learned to take care of horses, cattle, and sheep. Everything moved as if by machinery. For instance, there were some twenty horses; and in the morning, at a regular hour, they were all turned out to water as we now turn out cows. Whilst they were gone, their mangers were cleaned, and the racks emptied of any hay left in them overnight; this was put aside to be aired, and fresh hay was given; at night, however, the aired hay was first fed out,—nothing was wasted or lost.

In the house it was the same. Once a month they washed; once a week they baked bread made from unbolted wheat, black enough, but *sweet*, especially when, as often happens in this unfortunate climate, the wheat is grown; then the bread is *sweetish*. But the people are not dyspeptic; nor do they in the country commonly eat pills.

When my father and brother had fairly possession of me, they found they had "caught a Tartar." I had a good constitution, and, before they converted me into a "young gentleman," could stand a great deal of discipline.

We came over in a ship called "The Favorite," laden with salt and iron. The captain said, that, in twenty-two voyages, he had never experienced one so rough. Three times was the jibboom broken off close to the prow of the ship. At one time the ship sprang aleak; and it was "All hands to the pumps!" There were several feet of water in her hold; but the storm abated just in time to save the vessel, which was lost on her next voyage.

Landing at New York, we went up to Newburg, where we hired three teams to remove our baggage to Binghamton, at which place two uncles were already located. This became *my home* in America, from whence I went and came until I found a Shaker home. And here, in the company of young folks belonging to the three families, I was again the black sheep. Several of the young men became editors, while I could barely read a little. But one of my aunts, one evening, when we were all together, prophesied of me that, "of the company present, Frederick would yet occupy the most desirable position in life"; which has come to pass.

I now took a sudden turn in respect to books and learning. I saw that "knowledge was" not only "power," but that it was respect and consideration. I made up my mind that I would learn to read, and *love* to read. My first *dose* was "The Life of Nelson"; then I set myself to reading the Bible through by course; and I did it; and here I made a discovery (or rather my friends did), that my memory was so retentive, that whatever I read was, as it were, pictured on my brain. I had only to look at the picture to see it in all its minutest particulars, without any effort. And (as Lincoln would say) this reminds me of what a woman I met on a Hudson boat said; that in coming from California she was nearly drowned, but, before consciousness was gone, all the sins of her life were present to her view; not one, however small, was missing.

I next went to Ithaca, and put myself to school to an Episcopal minis-

ter, who proved a real friend. At parting, he advised me "always so to live, that I could respect myself"; and that has ever since been my life motto. Next, I apprenticed myself, at Sherborne Four Corners, N. Y., to learn the hatting business. There I had access to a library of valuable books; and I took to reading Rollin's Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives of Great Men, the "Tatler" and "Spectator," and Zimmermann, Shakespeare, Young, Watts, Thomson, Socrates, and Plato. I also took up theology, and asked myself, Why was I a Christian, and not a Mahometan, or a follower of Confucius? for I read the Koran, and the Bibles of all the people that I could obtain. I read "Locke on the Human Understanding, and the Being of a God." This laid in me the foundation of Materialism; for I came to the conclusion that matter was eternal, had never been created. Thomas Paine's "Crisis," and "Rights of Man," together with Volney and Voltaire, were among my friends.

I became a firm, settled Materialist, — a believer in *matter*, as I then understood it, the object of my external senses; for I then did not know that I had any other senses. This continued to be my condition until I met with the Shakers, some five years afterwards. I possessed this one great advantage, that what I *did* believe was *true*, however much there might be true that I *did not* believe.

Starting from such a basis, it was not strange that I early became a convert to the socialistic theories which, about the year 1830, were so enthusiastically advocated by their respective adherents, as the grand panacea for all the wrongs perpetrated by Church and State. To all my other radical ideas I now added Socialistic-Communism; and I walked eight hundred miles (starting from New York) to join a Community at Massillon, Ohio. On this journey I was the recipient of many acts of kindness and hospitality from so great a variety of persons, entire strangers, that to this day I can-

not think of the Western people without emotions of gratitude and pleasure. At first, my feet swelled, and became very sore; but at length I could walk quite comfortably forty miles a day.

Reaching the Community, I found Dr Underhill at the head of it, and a goodly company of congenial spirits, — infidels (like myself) and philosophers, — lovers of wisdom; there also were *some Christians*; and these were considered the cause of the breaking up of the Community, which occurred within some two months after my arrival.

About a dozen of us, — young men, — looking into the causes which had destroyed so many Communities (some of us had been in five or six different ones, and were well acquainted with the whole movement), concluded to found another Community, upon a proper basis, purely philosophical, and not to allow in it a single Christian.

But, in the mean time, I had to make a voyage to England; and in the spring of 1829 I started on a raft, from the village of Chatauqua, drifting down the Monongahela and Ohio to Cincinnati, and thence on a flat-boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans. This gave me an opportunity of seeing life as it existed in the then slave States, and I formed my own private opinion of Jefferson's remark when he said, he "trembled for his country, when he reflected that God was just," which was, that he saw the end from the beginning of slavery.

Sailing from New Orleans, and landing in New York, I soon after embarked for England; and after ten years' absence, I found at Chadwick Hall no more change in persons or things than would usually occur in America in a single year.

I returned to New York in January, 1830, when we perfected our plans for the new Community; and I was deputed to travel for information, and to find a suitable location in which to start. At this time we had in New York a Hall of Science, and Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright were its great lights.

Calling one day in the month of June (3d), 1830, at the office in Mount Lebanon, I was directed to the North House as the proper place for inquirers. I was kindly received by those, who at that time I supposed were the most ignorant and fanatical people in existence. And knowing by experience how touchy and sensitive *religious* persons were to any ideas not in unison with their own, and how extremely reluctant they were to have either their dogmas or practices tested by logic or common sense, I was very wary and careful as to what I said, and in the questions I propounded. But I was agreeably surprised and impressed by the air of candor and openness, the quiet self-repose, with which I was met. I remained here two or three days, but failed to find the touchy place where anathemas supply the place of reasoning, proof, and evidence; I have now been here some thirty-eight years, and have yet to find it. In fact, after about a week's inquiry, I pronounced them a society of infidels; which indeed was paying them the highest compliment of which I was capable.

My reason for so concluding was, that all that I, as a philosopher, had repudiated and denounced, in the past religious history of men, as false and abominable, and as having turned this earth into a real hell, while they were cutting each other's throats about imaginary heavens and hells, the Shakers also repudiated and denounced, only in stronger terms than I was master of; the power of a man or people for truth and good, being measured by their capacity for indignation, and for the "wrath of God revealed from heaven against" falsehood and evil, in all their multifarious forms.

I found here one brother, Abel Knight, who had been a Quaker, then a Socialist, and whose house in Philadelphia had been the head-quarters of Communists and infidels; a man of standing, in all the known relations of life; he was a brother indeed, and a father too.

I have stated that I was a Materialist; and to some it may be interesting

to know how I was converted. Well, it was not by the might of reasoning, nor by the power of argument, but by Spiritualism in the right *place*, — the Church of God; and put to the right *use*, — the conversion of a soul from an earthly to a spiritual condition.

The Shakers prayed for me, and I was met in my own path just as the Apostle Paul was met in *his* own path, by spiritual manifestations made to myself when quite alone, from time to time, during several weeks, until my reason was as entirely convinced by the evidence received of the existence of a spirit-world, as I am by evidence that is presented to my outward senses of the existence of our material earth. Not only so; but I came to a conception of the inner world as being the most substantial, and of the inner man as being the real man; the outward world being only the shadow of the invisible world of causation. I also saw a meaning in the words of Paul: "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things that are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

Some persons may be curious to know what particular kind of spiritual manifestation it was that could convince so confirmed an infidel and Materialist. It was so spiritual that, whilst it fully met my case, I never have seen how I could put it into words, and do justice to the heavenly visitants or myself. In fact, I have always felt much as did a tribe of negroes whom Livingston found in the interior of Africa, and whom he designates the "African Quakers," because they will not fight: when he began to act the *missionary* to them, by preaching his kind of religion, they replied to him, in a whisper, "Hush! hush!" It was too sacred a subject for them to clothe in audible words. Even the *Jews* would never utter the sacred word "Jehovah" — *He-She* — except in a whisper.

In one of the first meetings that I attended I saw a brother exercised in a slight way outwardly; and it gave me

the first *evidence* that began to produce in me faith in the *spiritual*. For I held that no person could believe, or disbelieve, at his or her own option; *belief* being solely the result of evidence.

One night, soon after retiring, I heard a rustling sound, as of the wings of a flock of doves flying through the window (which was closed) towards my bed; and, that I believed it to be supernatural, and that the faith in the supernatural, which the servants had planted in my soul, by their oft-told *ghost* stories, had not wholly died out, was evidenced by the fact that I was frightened, and hid my head beneath the bedclothes. For this faith was never planted by the priest whose text I used to learn; nor by the sexton who now and then gave me a rap on the head; because neither the priest nor his people (who informed me every time I met with them, that they had, during the past week, been doing "those things which they ought *not* to have done," and that also they had "left undone those things which they ought to have done"; and that they were "*miserable sinners*") had succeeded in attracting my attention to, or in the least degree interesting me in, supernatural or spiritual existences of another world.

I soon recovered my self-possession, and found that a singular mental phenomenon was going on. I was positively *illuminated*. My reasoning powers were enhanced a hundred-fold. I could see a chain of problems or propositions, as in a book, all spread out before me at once, starting from a fact that I *did* admit and believe; and leading me, step by step, mathematically, to a given conclusion, which I had *not* hitherto believed. I then discovered that I had powers within me that I knew not of. I was multiplied and magnified, and intensely interested. I was *reasoning* as I never before reasoned. Doubting was at a discount; for here were facts, something of which my senses were cognizant, — my physical, mental, rational, and spiritual senses; and I *knew* that

intelligences not clothed in what I had called *matter* were present with me, reasoning with me more purely and logically than hitherto had any intelligences in the body ever done, or than any mere mortal man or woman has ever done since. This first visitation of angels to me continued till about one o'clock in the morning, having lasted several hours. I now had *new* material for *thought*.

The next night they came again. This time it was spirit acting upon matter. Something began at my feet, and operated as palpably as water, or fire, or electricity; but it was neither: to me it was a new force, or element, or power; call it what you please. I reasoned upon it. There was no pain, but *fact*. It passed quite slowly upward throughout my whole body.

These visitations recurred nightly for three weeks, always different, always kind and pleasant; but were addressed directly to my rationality, showing me the facts of the existence of a spiritual world, of the immortality of the human soul, and of the possibility and reality of intercommunication between souls in and spirits out of the mortal body.

At about this time I had the following dream: I saw a great fire, and a nude man, perfect in his physical organism, standing by it; he stepped into its very midst, the flames completely encircling his whole body. The next thing I observed was, that while he was perfect in *living beauty*, he was so organically changed that no "fig-leaf" covering was required.

Although a Materialist, I had never presumed to deny what others might know or had experienced to be true. But I would not believe, or rather *profess* to believe, things of which I did not know, or of which I had received no evidence. This was the extent of my infidelity; and I still hold fast to the same rock. "How can we reason but from what we know?"

At the end of the three weeks I was one day thinking of the wonderful condescension of my spirit friends, and how I had been met, to repletion, by

evidence addressed to all my senses, powers, and faculties of body and mind; and I said to myself, "It is enough"; and from that moment the manifestations entirely ceased; thus adding, as a seal, still another proof, that intelligent beings, who perfectly understood all of my mental processes, had me in charge.

Among the people (Believers) themselves, I had, for the *first time*, found religionists who were also rationalists, ready to "render a reason for the faith and hope that was in them"; and who were willing to have that *reason* tested by the strictest rules of logical ratiocination. And they could appeal to me, as a Materialist, as did the Nazarene to unbelievers, "If ye believe not my words" (and the validity of my arguments), yet "believe for the very works' sake."

I had objected to other religious people and preachers, that, whereas they professed to believe in God, in the immortality of the soul, in an eternal heaven and hell, their lives and actions, as logical sequences, were inconsistent with such premises. And I often said to them: "If I believed what you profess to believe, I would devote all my time to a preparation for eternity." Here, however, was a people, unknown by the world, doing that very thing. Their whole life was a religious one; all their temporal, no less than their spiritual, affairs being the exponent of their religion. Here was, first, faith in a Supreme Being, not as a dry unsympathizing Trinity of three male persons, but a *Dual God*, a Father, the Fountain of wisdom and power, and a Mother, the Fountain of goodness and love to humanity. Here was faith in Divine communication — revelation — from the Parents primarily of all souls, not only to the man *Jesus*, as the "first-born" from humanity, in the *male* line, eighteen hundred years ago; but also to the woman *Ann*, the first-born of humanity in the *female* line, in modern times. "Why not?" I said. Theoretically, I was just as ready to believe the one as the other; especially when,

in the present, as in the former case, I found the principles identical, and the works similar.

Moses was a land reformer. The Jews held land as do the people of Vineland, by allotment, each one having his little family homestead. The early Christians, being all Jews, easily went one step further, and held their land "in common"; and thus did the Shakers, viewing them as a body politic complete in themselves. For all the principles of Materialistic Socialism were in practical operation, — their "works"; where is possessed and enjoyed "freedom of the public lands," and of all lands, and "land limitation," and "homesteads inalienable"; where is fully carried out "abolition of slavery, both chattel and wages," including poverty and riches; monopoly in all its forms, together with speculation, usury, and competition in business; where is abolished "imprisonment for debt," or for any other cause, for in this Community (or nation) not only are there no "laws for the collection of debts," but debt itself (as must be the case in a perfect Community) is impossible; where "Woman's Rights" are fully recognized, by first giving her a Mother in Deity to explain and protect them; where equal suffrage for men and women, and equal participation in the government of an order founded by a woman, was an inevitable necessity.

These were the works for the sake of which I was compelled to believe that there really was a God, and that revelation, or communication, existed between that God and those whom I had supposed were the extremely ignorant and very fanatical Shakers.

As a Materialist, accustomed to be governed by *common sense*, the Shakers had to convince me by evidence, addressed to my own senses and reasoning faculties, that a God did exist; and that they received *from him* revelations upon which a rational man, in the most important business relations of life, might safely depend, before I could think of believing the Bible or any oth-

er record of what men and women (who possessed no more nor better faculties or senses than I did), in the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, in the early history of the human race, had seen, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or tasted, or said, — experienced.

If a God exists in our own time, then certainly men and women, as perfect as were those of olden times, also exist. Moreover, it is generally claimed that great progress has been made by mankind as a race; therefore, and as a natural consequence, this progress should in nothing be more palpable than in his religion (his relation to God), and the relation of man to his fellow-man. And why, therefore, should there not be (if there ever was) a living intercommunication between God and man *to-day*, as well as on long-ago bygone days? was the question to be answered; and the Shakers did answer it, in a sensible and rational manner, by words and *facts* not (by me) to be gainsaid.

I was not required to believe the imperfectly-recorded experiences of spiritual men and women, but to attain to an experience of my own. I had received a revelation as truly as ever did Peter, or Paul, or Jesus, or Ann; and I therefore *believed*, not from the words of others, but (like the people of Samaria) because I had seen and heard and felt for myself.

This *rock* of revelation to each individual is the true foundation of the Shaker Church. "Night calleth unto night, and day unto day." There is nothing that will so illumine the pages of a true record of a *past* revelation as will a *present* and superior revelation shining thereupon. For it separates the chaff from the wheat, the false from the true, darkness from light.

After three months' absence, I returned to New York, to face, for the first time, my astounded Materialistic friends, to whom a more incomprehensible change could not have happened than my apparent defection from their ranks.

As soon as my arrival in the city was known, there was a gathering at my

brother's office, when the room was well filled with many older men than myself, and those to whom I had looked up as my superiors in knowledge and experience. At first, there was a little disposition shown by a few to be querulous and bantering; while the greater part took it as a serious matter, to be righted by solid argument.

I called the attention of the company, and inquired whether any of them wished to give me any information concerning Materialism, its principles? All said, No! you do not need it. I then inquired if any one present was acquainted with *Shakerism*? and again the answer was, No! Then, gentlemen, I replied, it is for *you* to listen, and for *me* to speak. And I *did* speak; and gave them as simple an account of my experience thus far as I was able.

I also had a separate interview with

Robert Dale Owen at the Hall of Science. At its close he remarked: "I will come up to New Lebanon and stay a month; and, if I find things as they now appear, I will become a Shaker."

In course of time all of them became Spiritualists. Who sowed the seed?

I joined myself to the order, and became a Shaker. I have now had thirty-eight years' experience, and feel "satisfied with the goodness of God" and his people to me. I have gained a degree of victory over *self*, which causes my peace to "flow as a river," and which fills me with sympathy for *all* "seekers after truth" and righteousness, whoever and wherever they may be. In Part II. I propose commencing my Autobiography as a *Shaker*. My address is, *F. W. Evans, Mt. Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y.*

RUN WILD.

HERE was the gate. The broken paling,
As if before the wind, inclines,
The post half rotted, and the pickets, failing,
Held only up by vines.

The plum-trees stand, though gnarled and speckled
With leprosy of old disease;
By cells of wormy life the trunks are freckled,
And moss enfolds their knees.

I push aside the boughs and enter:
Alas! the garden's nymph has fled,
With every charm that leaf and blossom lent her,
And left a hag instead.

Some female satyr from the thicket,
Child of the bramble and the weed,
Sprang shouting over the unguarded wicket
With all her savage breed.

She banished hence the ordered graces
That smoothed a way for Beauty's feet,
And gave her ugliest imps the vacant places,
To spoil what once was sweet.

Here, under rankling mulleins, dwindle
The borders, hidden long ago ;
Here shoots the dock in many a rusty spindle,
And purslane creeps below.

The thyme runs wild, and vainly sweetens,
Hid from its bees, the conquering grass ;
And even the rose with briery menace threatens
To tear me as I pass.

Where show the weeds a grayer color,
The stalks of lavender and rue
Stretch like imploring arms,— but, ever duller,
They slowly perish too.

Only the pear-tree's fruitless scion
Exults above the garden's fall ;
Only the thick-maned ivy, like a lion,
Devours the crumbling wall.

What still survives becomes as savage
As that which entered to destroy,
Taking an air of riot and of ravage,
Of strange and wanton joy.

No copse unpruned, no mountain hollow,
So lawless in its growth may be :
Where the wild weeds have room to chase and follow,
They graceful are, and free.

But Nature here attempts revenges
For her obedience unto toil ;
She brings her rankest life with loathsome changes
To smite the fattened soil.

For herbs of sweet and wholesome savor
She plants her stems of bitter juice ;
From flowers she steals the scent, from fruits the flavor,
From homelier things the use.

Her angel is a mocking devil,
If once the law relax its bands ;
In Man's neglected fields she holds her revel,
Takes back, and spoils his lands.

Once having broken ground, he never
The virgin sod can plant again :
The soil demands his services forever, —
And God gives sun and rain !

A STRANGE ARRIVAL.

BRIGHT Betsy Jane, of New Haven, Connecticut, bound for Jamaica, is doing her best to get there.

It is not by any means her "level best," for a fresh tornado has burst from his lair in the Gulf of Mexico, and is blowing all his great guns and marine-spikes down the course of the Gulf Stream, as if he were totally out of patience with that venerable current, and meant to hurricane it off the face of the planet.

The waves rush, rear, tumble, howl, and froth at the mouth, like a mad herd of immeasurable buffaloes. Up goes one to a quivering peak; for a moment it stands, shaking its maniacal head of spray at the heavens; then, with a dying roar, it is trampled upon by its comrades. Onward they climb, roll, reel, topple, and wallow; their panting sides marbled with long streaks and great splashes of foam; their bluish masses continually throwing out new outlines of jagged, translucent edges; their sullen bellows and sharp gasps defying the beak and scream of the tornado. It is a combat which makes little account of man if he comes within range of its fury.

At a distance, the brig appears a stumpy black speck, buffeted, jerked, submerged, and then tossed upward. Now it plunges clean out of sight, as if the depths had gaped beneath it to their trembling base; now it crawls slowly into view again, as if a miracle had saved it for just another moment. You can see, misty miles away, that the craft has lost her topmasts, and that she is in dire trouble.

At hand things appear even worse than afar. The forty horses and mules, which were being transported for hard labor to the sugar-mills of the West Indies, have been drowned at their fastenings, thrown overboard by the sailors, dragged overboard by the billows. Short, frayed tatters of canvas, and loose, unstrand-

ing ends of rope, flutter and snap from the remaining yards. The caboose is gone; the bulwarks have taken to swimming; the water sweeps clean from stem to stern. Under a storm-jib, the only sail that can hold, the only sail that the reeling craft can bear, she is running before the gale. Worst of all, one of the dragging topmasts made a parting, traitorous rush at the stern, and stove a fracture through which the Atlantic spurts and foams.

We will wait a night and day, while the tornado dies into a half-gale, and the sea changes from toppling mountains to sliding hills. Around the wheel, the only upright object on deck, sits a little group of drenched forms and haggard faces, staring with reddened eyes at the restless deserts of ocean. We will spend few words on the black cook, the mulatto cabin-boy, the six gaunt and brown New England sailors, the broad-shouldered, hard-featured mate. Our story more nearly concerns Captain Phineas Glover, and his daughter, Mary Anne Glover.

If the little oyster-planting suburb of Fair Haven ever produced a purer specimen of the old-fashioned, commonplace stock Yankee than "Capm Phin Glover," let Fair Haven stand forth and brag of her handiwork in that line, secure from competition. It passed understanding how he could be so yellow, so sandy, so flaxen, after thirty years of exposure to sun, wind, and sea. How was it that pulling at tackles in his youth had left his shoulders so scant, his chest so hollow, and his limbs so lean? We must conclude that Captain Glover was Yankee all through, and that his soul was too stubborn for the forces of nature, beating them in their struggle to refashion his physique.

But tough as was his individuality, a due proportion of it had melted into paternity. As he looked at Mary Anne's

round, blond face and ringlets of dragged flaxen, he was evidently thinking mainly of her peril. "O Lord! what made me fetch her?" was the all-absorbing thought of Phineas Glover. The girl, eighteen years old perhaps, was still childlike enough to have implicit trust in a father, and she returned his gaze with a confiding steadiness which enhanced his trouble.

"Pumps are played out, Capm," said the mate, in the hoarse tone of an over-fatigued and desperate man. "The brig will go down in two hours. We must take to the boat."

"It's lucky we had one stowed away," replied Glover, and paused to meditate, his eyes on the waves.

"Shall we get her up and launch her?" asked the mate, sharply, impatient at this hesitation.

"I wish we had n't cut the masts away," sighed the captain, after another pause. "If we had n't, I'd make sail."

"Make sail to Davy Jones's locker? I tell you we see the Dutchman last night. More'n one of us see him."

"I seen him," said the cook, with a deprecatory grin. "An' so did Jimmy."

"Ordinarilly I don't mind such stories," continued the mate. "But now you see how things is for yourself; you see that something out o' the common has been afoul of us; and my opinion is that it hain't done with the brig yet. Anyway, Dutchman or no Dutchman, this brig is settlin'."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Brown. Them staves an' bar'ls is a floatin' cargo. She'll go to the water's edge, mebbe, but she won't go a mite farther."

"Now look a here, Capm. I, for one, don't want to resk it."

"Nor I," struck in the sailors, and, in a more humble tone, the black cook.

"Wal," decided the captain, "I sha' n't put my daughter in a boat, in this sea, a thousan' miles from land. She an' I'll stay aboard the brig. If you want to try the boat, try it. I don't say nothin' agin it."

A brief silence, a short, earnest dis-

cussion, and the thing was thus settled. The boat was dragged out of the hold and launched; two or three barrels of provisions and water were embarked; the crew, one by one, slid down into the little craft; presently it dropped away to leeward. Phineas and Mary Anne Glover called to the adventurers, "Look us up, if you find help," and waved them a sad farewell. The seamen rose from their seats and returned three encouraging cheers. A little sail was set in the bow of the boat, and it stole, rising and falling, toward the setting sun. Night came down on the rolling, waterlogged, but still floating brig.

"I tell ye them boys had better a great sight hung by us," said Captain Glover to Mary Anne, as they sat on the upper steps of the gangway and looked down upon the water swashing about the cabin. "She hain't settled a hair in the last two hours. The' ain't a speck o' danger o' founderin'. I knew the' wa' n't. Noah's flood could n't founder them staves an' bar'ls."

"O dear! I wish I was in Fair Haven," blubbered Mary Anne. "If I could only git back there, I'd stay there."

"Come now, cheer up," returned the father, doing his best to smile. "Why, I've been a sight wus off than this, an' come out on't with the stars an' stripes a flyin'. Las' time I was wrecked, I had to swim ashore on a mule,—swum a hundred miles in three days, with nothin' to eat but the mule's ears,—an' as for sleepin', sho! Tell ye that mule *was* a kicker. A drove o' sharks was right after us, an' he kicked out the brains o' th' whole boodle of 'em. Stands to reason I could n't sleep much."

"O pa! You *do* tell such stories! I sh'd think you'd be afraid to tell 'em now."

"Wal, you don't b'lieve it. But live an' learn. Tell you, b'fore you git home, you'll b'lieve things you never b'lieved b'fore. Why, I got a new wrinkle no later'n day b'fore yesterday. Many strange things's I've seen, I

never b'lieved till now in the Flyin' Dutchman. You heard what the men said. Wal, I saw him 's plain 's they did. I'm obleeged to b'lieve in him. I sighted him comin' right up on our larboard bow, 's straight in the wind's eye 's he could steer. He run up till he was a cable's length from us, an' I was jest about to hail him, when he disappeared. Kind o' went up or down, I could n't say which. Anyhow, next minute, he was n't there."

This time Captain Glover spoke with such earnestness that his daughter put faith at least in his sincerity.

"O pa! I wish you would n't scare me so," she whimpered. "It's awful."

"Lord bless you! never mind it, Mary Anne," chirruped the father. "The critter 's done all the harm he 's allowed to do. 'Tain't in his pea-jacket to do wus 'n he has. That 's jest the reason why he up helm and put out o' sight. Come now, we'll have supper; lots to eat aboard. I reckon we've provisions enough to last three years, an' have a big tuck-out every Thanksgiving. Come, chirk up, Mary Anne. I wish them poor boys was half 's well off 's we be. Why, we can be as happy 's Robinson Crusoe."

All night Mary Anne, as she afterwards related, dreamed about the Flying Dutchman. She saw him steer straight over the meadows to the Fair Haven steeple, and knock it prostrate with one glance through his telescope. He carried her away to caverns under the sea which were encrusted with pearls and stored with treasure. He sailed with her so fast around the world that the sun was always setting and yet never got out of sight. His canvas was made of moonbeams, and his hull of the end of a rainbow. When she awoke at daylight, the first words that she heard from her father were, "Wal, if that ain't the Dutchiest Dutchman that ever I did see!"

Leaping up, and steadying herself against the paternal shoulder, she looked across the now gently heaving waters. Was there witchcraft in the world? Had they slept a hundred

years in a night, and slept backward at that? Not for two centuries, not since the days of Hendrik Hudson and De Ruyter, had earthly eyes beheld such a sight as now bewildered these two human oysters from Fair Haven. The wildest fancies, the most improbable inventions of Capm Phin Glover were left a long ways astern by the spectacle before him.

"I never see the like," he said, quite forgetting his need of rescue in his wonder. "Dunno whether it's a Dutchman or a Chinaman. The' was a Chinese junk brought to New York that was a mite like it."

Here he suddenly remembered that he was a shipwrecked unfortunate, and burst into a series of shrill yellings, emphasized by wavings of his tarpaulin.

A hundred fathoms distant, right against the broad, dazzling halo of the rising sun, slowly bowing and curvetting on the long, low swell, lay a craft of six or eight hundred tons burden, with a perfectly round bow capped by a lofty forecastle, and a stern which ran up into something like a tower. Two huge but stumpy masts supported the yards of four enormous square sails, while a third mast, singularly short and slender, rose from near the tiller. Two short jibs ran down to a bowsprit which pointed upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. Two monstrous tuns, fenced around with bulwarks, looked like turrets on stilts. The whole pompous, grotesque edifice was painted bright red, with a wide streak of staring yellow.

It seemed to swarm with men, and they were all in strange, old-fashioned costumes, as if they were revellers in a masked ball, or wax-figures escaped out of museums. The queerest hats and high-colored jackets and knickerbocker breeches and long stockings went up and down the shrouds, and glided about the curving decks, and stole out on the pug-nosed bowsprit. On the castle-like poop stood three men in richer vesture than the others, whose hats showed plumes of feathers.

Presently these three uncovered their heads, and set their faces steadfastly toward heaven, as if engaging in some act of devotion. This ended, the tallest turned toward the sufferers of the Betsy Jane, made them a solemn bow and waved his hand encouragingly.

"Wal, if this don't beat all!" said Phin Glover to his daughter. "Now tell me nothin' happens at sea but what happens in Fair Haven. Now tell me I never swum ashore on a mule."

"What is it, pa?" demanded Mary Anne. "Is it a ship, or a house?"

"I declare I dunno whether it's a meetin'-house afloat or Noah's Ark," responded the hopelessly bewildered skipper. "I never hailed the like before, not even in picters."

By this time a round-shouldered, full-breasted boat, high out of water fore and aft, had been let down the bulging sides of the stranger. Half a dozen of the grotesque sailors swung themselves into it; then came the tall personage who had made the cheering signals to our shipwrecked couple; in another minute the goose-fashioned craft was bobbing under the quarter of the Betsy Jane. Phin Glover looked at his rescuers in such amazement that he forgot to speak to them. Even when the tall man stepped from his seat upon the deck of the waterlogged brig, the Yankee skipper could only continue to stare with his mouth open.

The visitor was in every way a remarkable object. A sugar-loaf hat with a feather, a close-fitting doublet of purple velvet, loose breeches of claret-colored silk tying below the knee, silk stockings of a topaz or sherry yellow, broad, square-toed shoes decked with a bow, and a long, straight sword hanging from a shoulder-belt, constituted a costume which even the wonder-hunting Phin Glover had never before beheld, nor so much as constructed out of the rich wardrobe of his imagination. Moreover, this man had a noble form, a stately bearing, and a countenance which was at once stern and sweet. His gray eyes sent forth a melancholy yet hopeful light, which seemed to tell

a history beyond the natural experience of humanity.

His conduct was as singular as his appearance. After one glance at the Glovers, he knelt down upon the damp deck of the brig, removed his hat, and uttered a prayer in some unknown language. Rising, with a face moistened by tears, he approached Mary Anne, took her trembling hand in his, bowed over it in profound humility and kissed it. Then, before he could be prevented, he in the same manner kissed the horny fist of Captain Glover.

"Seems to me this is puttin' on a leetle too many airs, ain't it?" was the remark of our astonished countryman.

"You are English," returned the other, with a pronunciation which was foreign, and even stranger than foreign. It seemed as if the mould of ages clogged it, as if the dead who have been buried for centuries might have uttered those tones, as if they were meant for ears which have long since been stopped by the fingers of decay.

"No, *sir*!" responded Phin Glover, emphatic with national pride. "Americans! United States of America! Dunno's you ever sailed there," he added, startled and somewhat humbled by a suspicion that there might be countries or ages in which his beloved Union was not, or had not been, famous. He was a good deal confused by what was happening, and could not think in perfectly clear grammar or sense.

"You speak English," continued the stranger. "I also have learned it. During five years I abode in London. Inform me of the state of the gracious Queen Elizabeth."

"Queen Elizabeth!" echoed Captain Phin Glover. "Why, good gracious! you don't mean the old Queen Elizabeth! Come now, you don't mean to say you mean *her*! Why, bless your body! that's all gone by; improved off the face of the earth; holystoned out of creation. Queen Elizabeth! She's dead. Been dead ever s' long. Did n't you know it? Shipmate, tell a fellah; ain't you a jokin'? Where upon earth do you hail from?"

"From Amsterdam. I have voyaged to the Indies and am returning to Amsterdam."

"Amsterdam! Queen Elizabeth — The Flyin' Dutchman, as I'm a sinner!" exclaimed Phineas. "Shipmate, *be* you the Flyin' Dutchman?"

"I know not what you mean," answered the stranger. "I am, however, a Hollander, and I am flying from the wrath to come. I am a great criminal who hopes forgiveness."

"That's right, — that's orthodox," chimed in Glover, who always went to church in Fair Haven, though indifferent to divine service in foreign parts. "But bless my body! Queen Elizabeth! The Flyin' Dutchman! If this don't beat all! Now tell me I did n't swim ashore on a mule. Tell me I never rigged a jury-mast on an iceberg, an' steered it into the straits of Newfoundland. Shipmate, I'm glad to see ye. What's the news from Amsterdam?"

"Alas! it is long since I was there. I know not how long. When I left, Antwerp had lately been overcome by the Spaniards."

"By the Spaniards? Never heard of it. Wal, cheer up, shipmate. Since you quit, the Dutch have taken Holland, every speck an' scrap of it."

The stranger's eyes beamed with a joy which was at once patriotic and religious.

"What might your name be?" was the next remark of our countryman.

"Arendt Albertsen Van Libergen."

Captain Glover was silent; such a long title awed him, as being clearly patrician; moreover, he did not feel capable of pronouncing it, and that was embarrassing.

"You must now come upon my vessel," continued the Hollander. "Yours cannot be got to land."

"How 'bout the cargo?" queried Glover. "Bar'ls 'n staves — wal, no use, I s'pose — can't be got up. Some provisions, though. Might take 'em along, 'n allow me somethin' for 'em."

"Our provisions never fail," returned Captain Van Libergen. "Come."

They stepped into the boat; the old-

time sailors fell back on their old-time oars; in two minutes they were mounting the sides of the Flying Dutchman. If Phineas and Mary Anne Glover had been led into the Tower of London or the Museum of Dresden, they could hardly have discovered a more curious medley of antiques than saluted their gaze on this singular craft.

"The bul'arks was five feet high," our countryman subsequently related. "The' was at least three inches through, — made for fightin', I should judge. The' was four big iron guns, 'bout the size o' twenty-four pounders, but the curiousest shape y' ever see, an' mounted, Lord bless you! Sech carriages 'd make a marine laugh now-a-days. Then the' wa' n't less 'n a dozen small brass pieces, dreadful thin at the breech, an' with mouths like a bell. I see some blunderbusses, too, with thunderin' big butts, an' muzzles whittled out like the snouts of dragons. Fact is, the' had all sorts of arms, spears, an' straight broadswords, an' battle-axes on long poles, an' crossbows, — y' never see such crossbows in Fair Haven.

"The decks was a sight," our narrator proceeded. "They run scoopin' up for'ard an' scoopin' up aft. The fo'kesle an' the quarter-deck looked at each other like two opposition meetin'-houses. The fore an' main masts was as stumpy's cabbage-stalks. As for her riggin', she was a ship, an' yet she wa' n't a ship. However, on the whole, might 's well call her a ship, considerin' the little mizzen by the tiller. But the' ain't a boy in Fair Haven don't draw better ships on his slate in school-time, when he oughter be mindin' his addition 'n subtraction. As for the crew, y' never see such sailors now-a-days, not even in picter-books. The' looked more like briguns in a play than like real seamen. A Weathersfield onion-sloop would n't ship such big-trousered, long stockinged lubbers. Put me in mind o' Greeks, most of anything human. But the' was discipline among 'em. Tell ye the' was mighty ceremonious to the skipper an' his mates. Must allow 'em that credit. The' was discipline."

Phineas Glover's wonder did not abate when he was conducted into the cabin of the Flying Dutchman. All was antique, — the carved oaken wainscoting, the ponderous sideboard of Indian wood, the mighty table, set with Delft ware and silver flagons. Amid this venerable, severe elegance stood two gentlemen and a beautiful lady; the former attired much like Van Libergen, the latter in what seemed a court costume of other days.

"These are Adraien Van Vechter and Dircksen Hybertzen, my cousins," said the Flying Dutchman. "And this is Cornelia Van Vechter, the wife of my cousin. They speak no English, but they desire me to say that they rejoice in your deliverance, and that they are your humble servants."

"When a woman's as putty as that, an' can smile as sweet as that, she don't need no English to make herself understood," returned Captain Glover, gallantly. "Tell 'em they can't be no humbler servants to us than we be to them."

The lady now advanced to Mary Anne, took her hand with another charming smile, and placed her at table. Van Libergen went through the same gracious formality with Phineas; and the other two Hollanders, after bowing to right and left, seated themselves.

"But before we took a mouthful," relates our minute and veracious countryman, "the Flying Dutchman stood up an' asked a blessing which I thought would last till we got to Amsterdam. Never see a more pious critter. If he could manhandle a blessing that long, he must have had a monstrous gift at prayer."

By the way, Captain Glover was bogged, as we may suppose, by the outlandish names of his new acquaintance, and especially by that of the commandant. The title of a celebrated cheese, which he had partaken of in lager-bier saloons, came to the aid of his memory; and he found it convenient, during his stay on the famous sea-wanderer, to address Arendt Van Libergen as Capm Limburgher.

The meal was served by dark men in white apparel, whom Mary Anne took to be "some kind of niggers," but whom her father guessed to be "Lascars." In place of tea and coffee, there were vintages of Spain, taken perhaps from some captured galleon. The glorious old wine! Captain Glover had never tasted the like before, not even at his owner's in New Haven. Under its incitation, he came out strong as a conversationalist, telling the story of his shipwreck and not a little of his previous life, and throwing in some of those apocryphal episodes for which he was celebrated. He was particularly splendid in describing a religious procession which he had seen in Havana.

"Most wonderful sight!" he said. "Two miles of priests, and every one of 'em with a wax-candle in his hand, as big — as big as the pillars in front of the State-House."

"O pa!" protested the abashed Mary Anne, with an alarmed glance at her august hosts, "you don't mean as big as the pillars in front of the State-House."

"Yes, by thunder!" insisted the captain; "and fluted from top to bottom."

But, if our countryman slightly surprised his entertainers, they prodigiously and perpetually puzzled him. Their inquiries were all concerning matters so out of date, so far beyond his tether! They asked about the siege of Antwerp, the surrendry of Brussels and Ghent, the reported mutinies of Walloons, the prospect of armed succors from England. After endeavoring to draw some information on these subjects from the abysses of his subjective, and finding that he was floundering into various geographical and chronological errors, he frankly acknowledged that he was not logged up in Dutch politics, having had little chance of late at the newspapers. And when they spoke of the Prince of Parma, William of Orange, Maurice of Nassau, the Earl of Leicester, and Henry of Navarre, he feared that he was not making things very clear to them in asserting that

those old cocks were all as dead as General Washington. This statement, however, produced a painful impression upon his auditors.

"Dead!" sighed the beautiful lady. "Then others also have passed away. Are we only to find those we love in the grave?"

"And are we not dead ourselves?" sadly yet firmly replied Captain Van Libergen. "Did not our due term of life long since close? Only the signal mercy of Heaven has preserved us on earth until we could repent of our great sin. Perhaps, when the expiation is complete, we also shall suddenly cease to be."

"Let's hope not," replied Phineas Glover, always cheerful in his views. "But come, about the dates; time of Queen Elizabeth, you say. Why that was settlement of Virginny. That was 1587, wa'n't it, Mary Anne? Wal, if 't was 1587, then, as this is the year 1867, 't was two hundred 'n eighty years ago. Why, shipmates, if your log is correct, if you left Amsterdam when you say, you've been on the longest cruise ever I heerd of. Two hundred 'n eighty years out o' sight o' land! Jerusalem! I'd ruther live ashore all the while."

When these words were translated to Cornelia Van Vechter, she covered her face with her hands, moaning, "All dead! all dead!"

"I knew it was thus," sighed Arendt Van Libergen; "and yet I weakly hoped that it might be otherwise."

"What! hain't you kep' no log, shipmate?" demanded Phineas Glover.

"How could we believe it?" replied the Hollander. "How could we believe that we were even as the Everlasting Jew?"

"Everlasting Jew? Wandering Jew, s'pose ye mean. Wal now, Capm Van Limburgher, I'll tell ye what it all means. You're the Flyin' Dutchman; that's just what you are; now take my word for it, an' be easy; I've heard of ye often, an' dunno but what I've seen ye. You're monstrous well known to sailors; an' on the whole I'm glad I've

come acrost ye; though seems to me, 't wa'n't quite han'some to sink the Betsy Jane; that is, unless you was under some kind o' necessity o' doin' it. Yes, *sir*; you're the Flyin' Dutchman; bet your pile on it, if you're a bettin' man."

"But what in the name of thunder is it all for?" he added, after a moment of curious and puzzled staring at the famous wanderer; "what makes ye go flyin' round, sinkin' ships an' sailin' in the wind's eye, an' raisin' Nipton generally? Why don't ye go into port? Tell ye the whole United States would turn out to give ye receptions an' hear ye lecter! The Ledger'd give ye a hundred thousan' dollars for your biography, written by your own fist. Might pile up a million in five years. Must be mighty fond o' cruisin'. Make money by it? Sh'd think y'd want to slosh round on shore, once in a century, at least."

"It is my punishment," replied the rover, with an affecting solemnity and humility. "I am a great criminal."

"Waterlogged the Betsy Jane, certin," muttered Glover, in spite of a jog on the elbow from Mary Anne.

"You shall hear our tale," said Captain Van Libergen, signing to the Hindoo servants to leave the cabin.

"Sh'd be delighted to put it in the papers," observed our countryman. "The Palladium or the Journal would either of 'em snap at it."

"I was mad to be rich," began the Flying Dutchman. "I desired wealth, not for its luxury, but for its power. Sometimes, in the midst of my hardness towards other men as I grasped at gold, it occurred to me that some day a fitting retribution would descend upon my head. A voice within sometimes whispered, 'In that thou art living for thyself alone, thou art denying Him who died for thee; an appointed hour will come when thou wilt be subjected to a last trial; and then, if thou choose the evil, thy punishment will be great.'"

"Yet I continued covetous and pitiless, and I made these men who voy-

age with me like myself. This vessel is freighted with the tears and sweat of the Indies, wrung out by me into gold and precious merchandise. Knowing that the sooner I gained my native land the greater would be my profit, I swore that nothing should detain me on my voyage. Horrible oath! kept with the faith of a demon! punished with the wrath of God! On the ninetieth day, when we were within a hundred leagues of Amsterdam, I saw a wreck with two persons upon it. My cousin Cornelie Van Vechter implored me with tears to turn aside and save them. Monstrously cruel, I refused to waste the time, and steered onward. Then, even as we passed, a far-sounding voice, surely not the voice of a mortal, called from the sinking ship, 'Sail forever, without reaching port, until you repent!'

"Cornelie Van Vechter cried: 'It was Christ upon that wreck, and you have forsaken him, and he has doomed you.' Had she been a man, I would have stricken her down, I was so hardened in heart. But she had perceived the truth; she had divined our punishment. Alas! she, the innocent, as so often happens on earth, was fated to share the reward of the guilty. Since that time we have sailed, we have sailed, we have sailed. No land. Nothing but sea. We cannot anywhere find the blessed land. We find nothing but a vast hell of ocean. O, the hell of illimitable ocean! Time, too, was no more. We have kept record of time, without faith in it. For a while we laughed at our calamity, as we had mocked at our sin. We could not believe that our friends were dead; that the world of our time had passed away; that we were strangers to the human race.

"Another horror! we were fated to witness all wrecks that be upon the sea. Wherever a vessel went down, amid howlings of waves and shrieks of sailors, thither we were borne at the speed of lightning, always in the teeth of gales. No struggling and crying of desperate men on the ocean for near three centuries but what these eyes have seen and these ears heard. From

tempest to tempest we have flown, always, always beaten by opposing billows, discovering strange seas only to find new horrors. And amidst all this, my heart has remained so hardened that I would not wish to succor one perishing soul.

"At last, wearied with struggling against the Almighty, crazed to see once more the sweet earth for which Christ died, we repented. Yesternight I called my crew together and confessed my sin and besought the mercy of God. A voice answered me from the abysses of the stars, saying, 'Succor those whom I shall send, and find grace!'

"At dawn this morning I beheld you on your wreck, and I turned aside to save you."

During this relation Cornelie Van Vechter wept so piteously that Mary Anne Glover cried aloud in sympathy. Even the commonplace soul of Phineas Glover was moved to suitable thoughts.

"Wal, Capm, it's a most surprisin' providence," he remarked, with solemnity. "An' the 's one thing, at the end on 't, that p'raps you don't see. It's consid'able of a come-down for you to pick up an' make so much of two poor critters like us. We're middlin' sort o' folks, Capen; we ain't lords an' ladies, like what you've asked about; we're no great shakes, an' that's a fact. I begun my seafarin' life as a cabin-boy, an' Mary Anne has shelled her heft in oysters, over an' over. Pickin' us up, an' kissin' our hands an' all that, is a kind o' final test of your humility.

"Wal, it's a most edifyin' narrative," he continued, after a thoughtful pause. "It's better 'n many a sermon that I've sot under. I see the moral of it, as plain as a marline-spike in my eye. You want to git to port; you won't help a feller-critter in distress; consequently you don't git to port. Why, our great Republic, the United States of America, — dunno 's you ever heerd of it, — has had some such dealin's. We run alongside them poor niggers: we might 'a' helped 'em an' sent 'em to school an' civilized 'em; but all we did

was to use em in puttin' money into our puss. Consequently we've had a dreadful long voyage over a sea of troubles, an' hain't got quite into port yit. However, you don't know what I'm jawin' about; an', besides, I'm takin' up the time of the company. Gentlemen, go on!"

No one responding, Captain Glover raised his flagon of Manzanilla to his lips, with the words, "Here's better luck nex' time!"

Thus closed this remarkable breakfast, seldom paralleled, we venture to say, on this planet, however it may be on the others.

Now came an interesting week on the Flying Dutchman. What most struck Captain Glover, as he has repeatedly informed us, was the solemnity and religious aspect of all on board.

"They seemed to be awfully convicted, and yet they seemed to entertain a hope," were his words. "They had a kind o' tender, humble look, mixed with a sort o' trustin' joy. Certinly it was the most interestin' occasion that I ever see or expect to see. Jest think of the Flyin' Dutchman an' his whole crew gittin' religion together. Father Taylor would 'a' given his head to be aboard o' that ship in such a season."

Our level-headed skipper took a deep interest also in an examination of the far-famed wanderer's cargo. Arendt Van Libergen led the two Glovers through what portion of the hold was accessible, and showed them such treasures of spice, gums, India silks, gold-dust and ornaments, pearls and precious stones, as no Fair-Havener ever gazed upon before.

"Beats the oyster trade, don't it, Mary Anne?" remarked our countryman. "Capen Limburgher, you probably don't realize the value of our American oyster. It's the head sachel of shell-fish for cookin' pupposes. Every free white native American citizen eats his forty bushels annually. You can estimate by that the importance of the openin' business; an' Fair Haven is the very hub an' centre an' stronghold of

it. Nary gal in the village but can knife her sixty quarts daily. Mary Anne here is a splitter at it. It's made heaps of money for the place. But compared with your trade, compared with dealin' in the gold an' silver an' diamond line, sho! why, Capm Limburgher, you're one of the merchant princes of the earth. Your ship puts me in mind of Zekiel's description of the galleys of Tyre and Sidon. Model about the same, too, I sh'd reckon."

Except by a profound sigh, Arendt Van Libergen made no response to these flatteries. He pushed aside with his foot a bag of gold-dust, as if he considered it dross indeed, and ensnaring dross.

"S'prisin' how well preserved things be," continued Glover. "Now here's this alsprice, 's fresh 's if 't was picked this year, 'stead of two hundred an' eighty years ago."

"It is a part of our punishment," returned the Flying Dutchman. "Our wealth was forbidden to decay, and yet we were forbidden to use it. We could gaze upon it in all its freshness, and yet we could not land it at our homes. In the midst of it, we have known that it was not ours. Surrounded by the fruit of our desires, we were under a curse of barrenness."

"And here am I, under a cuss, without a red cent," was the natural reply. "Capm, I declare I'd like to swap cusses with ye."

"Take what pleases you," answered Arendt Van Libergen. "It is now of no value to me."

"Now, really, Capm, don't want to rob ye," protested Phineas Glover. But, bent downward by his poverty and his avarice, he commenced filling his pockets with gold.

"Catch hold, Mary Anne," he whispered. "Take what's offered ye, 's a good old text."

But in the girl's soul there was a fine emotion which would not permit her to clutch at the wealth which dazzled her eyes. A profound pity for the woes of these fated wanderers had rapidly risen into love as she had watched from day

to day the noble bearing and mournful beauty of Arendt Van Libergen. Not for all the treasures that were in his galleon would she have grasped for greed in his presence. She stood upright, her lashes gemmed with tears, gazing at this strangely doomed being.

He caught her glance; he gave her one sad, sweet smile in reward for it; then he selected a string of priceless pearls and placed it around her neck. One of her tears wet his hand, and he murmured, "Thanks for pity."

They now went on deck, Captain Glover's numerous pockets cumbrously stuffed with gold-dust and idols, and Mary Anne bearing naught but the string of pure pearls.

Meantime the Flying Dutchman is sailing before a fair wind towards Amsterdam. The curse is lifted; the vessel is not now different from all earthly craft; she no longer flies in the teeth of gales, surrounded forever by billows; she is like other ships in her dependence upon the laws of nature; but she is favored with fortunate breezes and a smooth sea; she seems to know that at last she is bound home.

On a sunlit summer morning—on such a cloudless and dewy morning of grace as forgiven phantom ships are wont to enter port—the Flying Dutchman arrived off a low, green coast, within sight of the masts, roofs, and towers of a great city.

"That's Amsterdam," confidently declared Captain Glover, who had never before crossed the ocean. "There the old town is, jest as I left it last, an' jest as you left it, I'll bet a biscuit. There's the State-House—I s'pose it is—an' all the meetin'-houses,—the 'Piscopal 'n' the Methodis' 'n' the Congregational. Take the word of an old sailor, you'll find it all right ashore, an' everybody turnin' out to shake hands with ye. See all your friends an' family before night, Miss Van Vechter."

"Will the dead arise to greet us?" sighed Cornelie Van Vechter, when this cheerful prophecy was translated to her.

"Wal now, 'tain't certin they be dead," argued Captain Glover. "There

was Joyce Heth, in our country,—Bar-num did say an' swear she was a hundred an' thirty-two year old,—an' she nothin' but a nigger, with no chance for proper eatin' an' no medicines to speak of. An' there was old Tom Johnson of Fair Haven. I never heerd anybody pretend to deny that he was less 'n two hundred. That's a positive, solemn fact," declared the cheerful captain, looking a little embarrassed under the lady's mournful gaze.

"Now in your time," he continued, "folks had powerful constitutions, an' necessarily lived to a good old age. Why, it stands to reason you'll find some of 'em all alive an' frisky. An' glad to see ye? Sho!"

"Alas!" murmured the beautiful Hollander, "if they live, they will be broken with years, and they will not know us."

"Let us deceive ourselves with no false hopes," said Arendt Van Libergen. "We are the dead going to the dead."

"Now that ain't my style, Capm Limburgher," protested Glover. "Hope on, hope ever, is my motto. If 't had n't been, I never sh'd 'a' come ashore many a time when I've gone to the bottom, or fit with white bears for a squattin' right on an iceberg."

A glance, not of disdain, but of devout pity, fell from the rover's eyes, and silenced the babbling skipper.

A Dutch pilot, who now boarded the vessel, was so dumfounded at its build and the appearance of its crew, that, while he remained upon it, he did not utter one syllable. He stood blanched with fright at the clumsy til-ler, and made signs as to the management of the nondescript rigging. Our garrulous countryman sidled up to him, and sought to engage him in conversation. Whether the pilot understood English or not, he made no reply further than to clatter his teeth with terror.

And now, as they approached the wharves, a strange, awful transformation began to steal upon the crew of the Flying Dutchman. The green water of the harbor seemed to commence the dissolution of that charm which

had kept them youthful through nearly three centuries. Phineas Glover, glancing at Arendt Van Libergen, noticed that his chestnut hair was streaked with silver, and that his face, lately so smooth and hale, was seamed with wrinkles. Turning to Cornelia Van Vechter, he saw that she too had lost the freshness of her young beauty, and taken on the tints and bearing of middle age.

"I've heerd o' folks gittin' gray in a night," muttered the startled skipper; "but this is the first time I ever see it. Tell me now I never steered an iceberg."

Moment by moment this fearful change of youth into age proceeded. Soon Arendt Van Libergen sat feebly down on the gangway steps, a decrepit, snowy-haired old man, with no beauty but a smile of devout resignation. Cornelia Van Vechter, now an ancient matron, clung to the shoulder of her suddenly venerable husband. Gray-headed sailors, their locks momentarily growing whiter, and their bronzed faces paling to the ashy hue of age, slowly and weakly coiled away ropes which seemed to be falling into dust. The change reached the ship; every fathom toward land opened cracks in the bulwarks; the masts began to drop in dry-rotted slivers; the sails lay on the yards in mouldering rags.

Suddenly terrified, Captain Glover seized Mary Anne, rushed with her to the castle-like quarter-deck, and sought refuge behind the trembling pilot. The girl was crying. "O, he must die!" she whispered; "I shall never see him again."

Looking towards Arendt Van Libergen, Glover beheld him, feeble with extreme age, deadly pale and gasping. Beyond him lay Cornelia Van Vechter, Adraien Van Vechter, Dirksen Hybertzen, and all the sailors, all prostrate, all breathing out their little remaining life, yet all with a sweet smile of resignation on their indescribably ancient features.

At this moment the vessel neared the wharf. With a loud scream the

Dutch pilot sprang across decaying timbers, leaped the space between the bulwarks and the shore, and disappeared in the labyrinth of the living city. Over the dust of vanishing planks Phineas Glover and his daughter followed, tumbling upon the flagging of the landing-place. They heard the ship touch behind them, with a soft, rustling noise, as of mere mould and fungus. They turned to gaze at her, but she had disappeared. A great dust filled the air; it hid her, as they thought, from their sight; it descended slowly and noiselessly into the green waters; and when it was gone, nothing was left; the Flying Dutchman was no more. But, high above the spot where she had been, sweeping first clearly and then faintly into the heavens, rang a sweet music of many joyous voices, a chant of gratitude and of deliverance.

The Glovers, staring down into the mysteriously whispering wavelets, saw only a cloudy settling of pulverous matter, which each instant grew thinner, and soon was naught. Clear green water, woven through with strands of sunlight, rolled over the last mooring-place of the famous sea-wanderer.

"Wal, that beats square-rigged icebergs," mumbled Captain Glover. "Lord! how full the world is of wonders! yes, and of disappointments! I did expect to git some kind of commission out of that chap, an' make my fortune. However, I've got some gold-dust an' idols."

He touched his pockets; they were flat against his ribs. He rammed his hands into them; they contained only a corroded solution. He looked for the chain of pearls; it was still around Mary Anne's neck. The wealth which he had hinted his desire for, and which he had so eagerly clutched at, had vanished. Naught remained but the pure offering of gratitude to pity.

Such is the story of the return of the Flying Dutchman from his long cruise, as related to us by the worthy and reliable Captain Phineas Glover of Fair Haven.

HOW WE GROW IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

THIRTY years ago he who went westward as far as St. Louis — then about the *Ultima Thule* of westward travel to ordinary mortals who were not pioneers or trappers — took ten days or a fortnight for the journey, if he stopped over Sunday, for conscience' sake, at some intervening city, as at Pittsburg, Cincinnati, or Louisville. He made the journey mainly by canal and steamboat, — except a day or two of railroad through Pennsylvania from the starting-point at Philadelphia, — by canal through the valley of the lovely Juniata, and by steamboat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi Rivers. The journey, for these fifteen years past, has been made from New York to Chicago — a place which most people who know anything know something about now, but which, thirty years ago, was nothing to speak of and nowhere to go to — in thirty-six hours. The saving of time marks the progress of the country in everything else, — a progress from a hundred miles a day to thirty miles an hour, from an unsettled wilderness to a region rich, populous, and highly civilized. But it is, nevertheless, a question with one who made the journey then and who makes it now, whether the want of speed had not its compensation. He who goes westward now may know something of his place of destination, if he stays there long enough; but of what intervenes between him and his Eastern home he knows next to nothing, except thirty-six hours of just tolerable discomfort. But he who made the journey twenty-five or thirty years ago glided slowly through a picturesque and charming country, passing, if he were vigorous and wise, many hours on foot on the tow-path of the canal, a mile or two ahead of his boat, or watching from the steamer's deck, as he went more swiftly down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, the ever-changing and ever-beautiful

scenery of the river-banks, and making familiar acquaintance on both canal and river, in his many days' travel, with every town and hamlet and wood-yard, and almost with every hut, for hundreds and hundreds of miles. It was, in truth, a pleasant journey, full, if not of adventure, at least of incident. For adventure, one must have gone even a few years earlier on horseback through that wilderness, instead of by canal or stage through a settled country, and on flatboats or in canoes upon the rivers, instead of by steamboats. But of incident there was enough a quarter of a century ago to make a journey westward an event to anybody, and to a youngster a romance. To spring from the canal-boat and walk on briskly ahead while it was detained at a lock, and keep ahead for hours, passing through some dot of a village, stopping for a chat at some lonely log-hut in a clearing, gathering the new and strange flowers by the wayside, coming with fresh surprise, in the windings of the lovely river, upon some enchanting bit of scenery among hills that were almost mountains, snow-capped in the late autumn days, and toning down to the rich verdure of their bases; to be delayed sometimes for half a day by a broken lock, when there was time to ramble about the woods for game or for a shooting-match (for most young travellers carried their guns, and I recall the entire satisfaction I gave to the company by shooting off one of my fingers on one of these pleasant occasions), — all this was to win pleasure and experience, such as must be sought for, in these faster but possibly tamer times, by travel in far more distant regions. Then pleasant relations with your fellow-creatures were quite possible, nor were you compelled to look upon them all as natural enemies, one of whom was sure to take the other half of your car-seat, and whom, before the thirty-

six hours are over, it would give you so much satisfaction to have killed when he gets off at the next station. A score or two of men and women crowded together for a week on a canal-boat, — and generally men and women from the country with sentiments and notions, and not city people without either, — were sure to have some among them worth knowing; and it was so easy for us to get away from each other and from the boat, that there was little danger of boring or of being bored. Constant change and constant variety gave a new zest to every day, and though to be laid away at night on a shelf, three tier deep, was not exactly the most perfect of bedchamber arrangements, it was not much worse than a modern palace car, where the chief improvement is that your shelf is mounted with gorgeous brass or silver-plate, with sides of black-walnut, and hung with worsted damask, instead of being of plain painted pine with calico curtains. The canal-boat shelf was almost as wide, the sheets were quite as clean, the bedding was aired daily, and the ventilation of the boat quite as good as in the elegantly appointed car; so elegance of appointment is really all the difference. A tin bowl full of clean water from the canal, and a common towel for half a dozen, were the provisions for the morning toilet; but the water alongside was in abundance, and one could wash the bowl clean before using it, if willing to incur the odium of being "nasty particular." In the modern "palace car" the passenger has the privilege of a washbowl of china, instead of tin, a little more than a teacupful of water, and the clean corner of a towel if he is at the right end of a cue of half a dozen. True, we submit now to this abridgment of comfort and decency for a day or two only, but in the older time it was quite as tolerable without the gilding, while in the week of easy travelling there was the pleasure of untrammelled movement, the exhilaration of mountain air and active exercise, the enjoyment of beautiful scenery, the association with many

people, the seeing of many places, — all the advantages, in short, that could be gained from travel. No doubt it is a disgraceful confession, but to me the pleasures of the old way, with its week of slow motion, quite counterbalance the advantages of the new, with its thirty-six hours from New York to Chicago in a palace car, in which, an enthusiast in progress says, "a king would only be too happy to ride, sup, sleep, and play whist." To watch a well-dressed crowd of passengers for a day or two in a modern car; to speculate whether there is difference enough in the looks of them to show that this one sells shoes and that one dry goods; to exchange a dull word or duller newspaper with your next neighbor, duller than either; to vary the monotony of the ride with a rush into a refreshment-room for food, over which you say grace with a sickening protest, — is such a condensation of blank wearisomeness that one becomes, at length, capable of only one numb sensation, — a longing that the train would increase its speed from thirty miles to a hundred. It was quite another thing to take a steamboat at Pittsburg, twenty-five years ago, for a week's voyage, to find one's self surrounded by people not at all like those one had left at home, and no two after the same pattern, — men of different regions, of different thoughts and characters, and formed by totally different circumstances. In that leisurely voyage, while the traveller learned every town and village, every bluff and reach on the Ohio and Mississippi, there was time for many an interesting study of human nature in a hundred different phases. What is a respectable game of whist in a palace car to watching or playing, if one was so minded, a game of poker in the "social hall" of a steamboat where a professional river gambler sat down, with a pack of marked cards in one pocket and a six-shooter in the other, and challenged the company to a game, quite ready for the chance of killing somebody or being killed before morning? What entertainment is there in

the ever so respectable dealer in shoes or dry goods on a collecting tour, compared to the possibilities in a Western hunter, leaning on his long rifle, with the air of a man ashamed of himself for being caught in civilization and bad company, and who might have sat for the portrait of Leather-Stocking? I recall one of these,—it was more than a quarter of a century ago, remember,—and his like is hardly to be found now except somewhere up toward the sources of the Columbia River. He looked on in silence while a young sportsman just from New York, as nicely and exquisitely appointed in all his habiliments and accoutrements as if he were only out for a stroll down Broadway, explained to a gaping crowd the construction of a beautiful rifle of the newest pattern. "I wonder," said Leather-Stocking, "what a chap like that would do now in such a snap as I got into once on this very river?" We youngsters, to whom Popinjay with his new breech-loader was much less of a marvel than this weather-beaten old man in buckskin hunting-shirt and breeches, about whom we had gathered, asked for an explanation. Our respectful admiration had broken in upon his taciturnity. "I was out a hunting once," he said, in good Westernee which I shall not attempt to imitate, "on this river [the Mississippi], and I came late in the day to a bayou. My way lay down the river, and round that bayou was six or seven miles, while across it was only two or three hundred yards. I did n't want the walk, and I did n't want to be belated, so I determined to try the bayou. There was no water in it; it was all mud,—that kind of slimy, greasy quick-mud that holds on to a man, and slowly sucks him down in spite of all his strength. I knew the danger, but I thought I could manage it. Hunting about I found two planks washed up from some old flat-boat, maybe years before. With these I started out, stepping from one to the other, pulling first one and then the other from behind me and putting it ahead, till I got to about the middle

of the bayou. Every step I had taken was more and more difficult. The farther I went the more my planks were sucked down by the devilish mud, till I could stand up no longer, but was obliged first to sit, and then to lie down flat on my stomach, to divide my weight more equally. Hauling myself on to the foremost, I would turn round as on a pivot, grasp the plank behind, haul it alongside, and then shove it ahead of me. Pretty soon I had to help my hands with my teeth, for all the strength of both was needed to raise the planks from the quagmire that sucked them down. At last one of them sunk beyond my reach. Flat on my face on a single plank, in the middle of the bayou, the mud rising around me ready to swallow me up,—I considered. I could n't swim ashore, for I was n't in the water; I could n't wade, for to stand up was to go down like a plummet; to move six inches either way was sure death. No human aid could ever reach me; no human creature might pass that way for months; no house, no road was within miles of me. My only chance for life was another plank. That I must have or lie there till I starved to death, or roll over and make an end of it in the nasty mud. Then I remembered my jackknife. Getting it out of my pocket, I cut under me, lying flat as I was, slowly and patiently upon the plank that long seasoning had made almost as hard as iron, till I cut it in two. Then pulling myself forward on the farther half, I drew the hindmost ahead of me again, and so went on as before. I got out at last; but, stranger, I was the ugliest-looking white man when I crawled ashore that ever you did see!" He patted his long rifle affectionately, and added: "But I never parted with her!"

We don't hear of these little incidents in palace cars on a westward journey nowadays, at least from the actors in them.

The Mississippi then was a frontier river. In St. Louis they pointed out the stake in the court-house yard at

which, two or three years back, a slave had been bound and roasted to death by a slow fire, for some real or imaginary crime, all the town standing by, with the utmost decorum, to witness and approve the punishment. At Alton, about that time, Lovejoy was shot down, and the smallest fuss made about it, for daring to publish an antislavery paper. The man who shot him, as I happened to know, was a young Virginian, a student at law at Alton, and who was himself shot in a bar-room brawl a few years after in New Orleans. In Alton, not a hand was raised to defend or succor Lovejoy save one, and that was the hand of a woman, — a Mrs. Wait from Boston. She kept one of the two small hotels of the village; and when the news spread that Lovejoy was besieged with his press, she begged the men of her house, if they were men, to go to his help. None stirred. Putting on her bonnet and shawl, she rushed to the church and rang an alarm-bell. It was all she could do. The people, indeed, understood the bell, but it only hastened a few more to join the mob which beleaguered the brave printer, and which presently exchanged congratulations over his dead body.

Illinois was good hunting-ground then for Abolitionists and fugitives from slavery, as well as for other game. There was a bustle at the door one night as we sat in the common room of a little wayside tavern in a new settlement of a hundred people, and presently two men, armed to the teeth, walked in with a black man, his hands bound behind his back, between them. He was a brawny fellow, with a bright, intelligent face, who had the wit to run away from Kentucky some months before, and thought he had run far enough when he reached a free State. His master, hearing where he was, had come after him with a friend, and when he was found had only to bid him come back again. Nobody in Illinois then thought it proper to ask any questions of a white man who said that a stray "nigger" was his slave. These men tossed the poor fellow some bits of supper from their table as they

would toss them to a dog, and when warmed and filled, the master condescended to explain the circumstances of the case.

This boy, he said, was his nigger. He had found him the night before, and had started that morning on their way back to Kentucky. The roads were heavy, and to get on the faster, they had travelled "tie and go," letting the negro rest himself by mounting one of the horses — the white men were on horseback — occasionally, and riding a short distance. The black was so submissive and cheerful, mounting and dismounting as he was told, and, whether getting ahead or loitering behind, so obedient to call, that they were thrown entirely off their guard. But at last, as they were approaching a piece of "timber," — a creek, generally with bluffs more or less steep, always running through the "timber" of the prairies, — the negro, being a little way ahead, drove his heels into his horse's sides, and lashing him into a run, made for the woods. The whites at once, of course, saw his purpose and started in pursuit. It was a short chase, but a rapid one. When the negro reached the edge of the bluff his master was close behind him. Without an instant's hesitation the slave threw himself from the horse and over the cliff, forty feet high and almost perpendicular, and rolled to the bottom. The other followed as unhesitatingly, for a thousand dollars' worth of "nigger" was worth the risk of a good many bruises, and no decent white man could stand still and see a negro do what he didn't dare. Before the black could rise the white was upon him, and before the fierce struggle between them was over, and at that point when knives had flashed in the eyes of both, the other white was "counted in" in the fight, and the black at length was overcome and bound. There was no more "tie and go" for him that day, but with his hands tied behind him he trudged sullenly along, led captive by a rope at his master's saddle-bow.

"And now, Jim," said his master, as

he finished his story, "are n't you sorry for what you done?"

The prisoner raised his head and looked upon the jury, — four boys fresh from Massachusetts, who had never given a serious thought to slavery till they stood face to face with it here in this man who had only a few hours before had that desperate fight for life and freedom, — he looked upon the jury, and said, "No, massa!"

"What!" screamed the Kentuckian, jumping from his chair, and striding across the room with a threatening gesture; "are n't you sorry! You black rascal you; are n't you sorry! Why! did n't I always treat you well? Did n't you always have enough to eat and to wear? Was n't I always a good master?"

"Yes, massa."

"And you are n't sorry! A year ago you run away from a good home; and to-day, when I'm taking you back to it, you tried to escape and I only secured you at the risk of my life. My God! and you are n't sorry!"

"No! massa; and I'll do it agin if I gits a chance!"

They started on their homeward journey in the morning, the negro secured as before. In the course of the day, however, he contrived to slip out of his bonds and, with better luck than the day before, escaped and eluded recapture. How he contrived it we never learned, but for days afterward we heard of the two Kentuckians in the next town hunting for and cursing the ingratitude and cunning of a runaway "nigger." But they never found him.

To be sure one need n't have gone to Illinois thirty or twenty or even a dozen years ago, to see a slave-hunt. It was only in 1855 that Anthony Burns was led through the streets of Boston, under military escort. Thank God all that is over now!

I do not remember, and I shall not look into the last census — anybody else can who chooses — to see what the population of Illinois was then and what it is now. I know the difference is wonderful. There was n't then a railroad in the State, and he was rather

a bold man who thought there ever would be. There were not even many stages. Everybody travelled on horse-back, or in long, lumbering wagons in which the farmer carried his wheat to market or an emigrant sought, with his family and all his worldly goods, a new home. Occasionally men froze to death on the prairies when a snow-storm covered up the faint track of wheels that was called a road. To swim a horse across a swollen stream, or to run him over a newly frozen one, lest his weight, in a slow progress, should break through the thin ice; to run a team, "on the lope," down the steep and slippery banks of a creek to be forded when the question was which should first get to the bottom, wagon or horses; to take an empty log-house for a week's shooting on the edge of a bit of "timber," and miles away from any settlement, with a good chance of starving if a great snow-fall cut off your retreat and game was scarce; to stop at night at the farm-house that happened to be in sight, for a supper and a night's lodging, — a farm-house almost always of logs and of one room only, in which, when the whole family and the guests had done supper, the whole family and the guests went to rest, in a bed or two and about the floor, with no more thought of indelicacy than that young lady had, who, in such a house, said to Judge Douglas, foolish enough to indulge in the luxury of taking off his trousers before getting into bed, "A mighty small chance of legs there, stranger"; to pass through the long summer night over the quiet prairies, as lonely and almost as pathless as the sea; to avoid the flies that sometimes rising from the timber would settle in black swarms upon the horses and drive them to frenzy and often to death; to go to a dance at sunset — such bouncing and free-mannered girls! — and stay till sunrise, only wishing that the nights were longer; to meet everywhere a simplicity of manners and of character, such as poets have dreamed of, and with ignorance, especially among Southern emigrants, as refreshing as it

was astounding, as, for example, in the question: "Massachusetts? that, now, is next to Virginny, are n't it?" or "Massachusetts? that's under a kingly government, is n't it?"—such was travelling to the West and in the West twenty-five or thirty years ago, with everywhere a different civilization from that which one left behind on the seaboard,—a semi-civilization full of a charm of its own, the like of which can hardly be found now, in these days of railroads and newspapers and telegraphs, in all this broad land.

The wonderful story of Chicago has been told more than once in these pages and elsewhere. Within a month a gentleman of that city has celebrated his silver-wedding, who was the fourth white man who ventured to settle outside Fort Dearborn, where now a quarter of a million of people make a municipality, and who travelled alone through the wilderness on horseback to the Wabash to bring up a detachment of United States troops to cut off the Winnebagoes then threatening to destroy the feeble "station." Nor is he the only "first settler"—the Chicago title of nobility—now living in that stately city who knew it when it was a prairie swamp. Gentlemen in search of the marvellous, go to Chicago, but the real marvel, after all, is not there, but outside of it. Hong Kong, in a country where it takes a century to change a fashion, is only about half as old as Chicago, and is almost as large as Chicago was at the same age. Where it stands was a barren hillside five-and-twenty years ago, with hardly one "flowery" fellow-citizen to the square mile. To-day Hong Kong has, probably, somewhere from thirty to forty thousand people, which is more than Chicago had till it passed 1850. What made this sudden growth of a new city in a country where everything was finished before the rest of the world was begun, and where nothing has changed since the time of Moses? Simply the transfer of the trade of Canton: with the trade came the people.

Given a cause for the transfer of that ancient commerce from one shop to another in a densely populated country, and there is nothing marvellous in a city springing up in a night. Chicago grew from the same cause, only the process was reversed. In the Chinese city the people followed the trade as certainly as water follows the opening of floodgates; in the Illinois settlement it was trade that followed the people. The real marvel is in the country, not in the town. Had Illinois and Iowa and Wisconsin and Michigan grown only with that comparatively slow growth of the Eastern States for the last two and a half centuries, Chicago would be to-day what she was thirty years ago,—only a promising village, and not a great city. Given the country, and the town had to be. Given the populous back regions, and the port was a necessity. Given the products, and there had to be the mart. The only question was, as the armies of emigrants came marching in and encamping over that broad surface of two or three hundred thousand square miles, whereabouts on that opal sea of Michigan the *entrepôt* was to be? And a shallow, muddy, sluggish creek capable of being made into a harbor settled it in favor of Chicago. The first settlers foresaw the future so plainly that lots in certain parts of the expected city were as high in 1837 as they are to-day. True these men made a mistake of a mile or two, and bought and sold lots at three hundred dollars the front foot in the one place, and acres at five or ten dollars each in another. Whether the new town would stretch a mile or two this way or half a dozen that, they failed to foresee; but they did foresee a great city in the near future as the inevitable consequence of that vast tide of emigration that was flowing so noiselessly but so unceasingly out upon the prairies, and was to cover them with farms and villages, with wheat and corn, with cattle and swine. New England sent the best of her sons and daughters to scatter over the Northwest,—sons who

could endure and work ; daughters who could endure and work and bear children,—and in a generation the land was filled with millions of intelligent and thrifty people, and teemed with wealth. Herein is the real marvel. It is not that a town of five thousand people has grown in thirty years to one of two hundred and fifty thousand, but that a region which thirty years ago was sparsely settled with a people poor and ignorant and rude should in that period have attained, with its wonderful growth in population, to a wealth, a power, and an intelligence that was never known in any commonwealth before, save, perhaps, in the State of Massachusetts. Chicago is only the result, a beautiful and remarkable, but still only an inevitable result, of that sudden springing of an empire into existence. One sees that at a glance, and marvels at it ; reads the figures, and is bewildered ; hears, but hardly credits the stories of the increase in the value of real estate ; looks with amazement at the broad avenues, more imposing than almost any other city streets on this Continent, at the miles of cattle-yards, at the stupendous mills and grain-elevators, at the spacious warehouses, at the luxurious dwellings, and is told by the man standing beside him that he remembers when the site of this Chicago was a prairie - swamp, without a habitation save one small log-fort. But, after all, it is a palpable wonder ; his eyes see it, and his understanding grasps it ; it is all spread out before him as on a map, and he cannot escape from it. But out on the prairie, along the banks of many rivers, great and small, have sprung up many other cities and towns and villages, and farms and factories have gathered and grown millions of people, which the eyes do not see, which the understanding does not comprehend, at a glance, but whose industry and thrift and intelligence have made the Northwest what it is, and compelled Chicago to keep pace with and be its visible exponent and outgrowth.

It were easy enough to tabulate the progress of the West ; to show by

dates and figures when railroads and telegraphs were begun, and how many miles of iron web have been woven through and over the land ; to tell off in bushels the increase in the production of corn and wheat ; to number the cattle and the hogs, and the pounds they make of beef and pork to feed a hungry world ; to count the schools with their tens of thousands of pupils preparing to be the West of the future ; to give the long, proud list of young men who went to the war, and of those who never came back ; to estimate assessable property and the taxes paid by each man and woman and child ; — all this it were easy to do again, as it has been done so many times already. They are astounding figures, unexampled in the world's history ; but I shall not repeat them. No wonder that the South was sure rebellion would be successful, when she counted all that wealth and power of the West on her side. In a contest against such odds, the Northern Atlantic States could only have stipulated that they should be "let alone," and would have been fortunate had that been granted them. But the slave States made two mistakes : they forgot that the Northwest was the child of New England ; and they had put off the Rebellion too long by a quarter of a century. Five-and-twenty years ago the outlet of the West to the sea was by the Mississippi, and the threat to shut up that channel was to threaten isolation and poverty. Canals and railroads have moved the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Hudson, and Boston and Portland harbors. Should the Union ever fall to pieces, the dividing boundary will be the Alleghany range or Mason and Dixon's line, as the West chooses. Heaven help the Union if such a question ever arises between the East and the West !

The West can stand alone, and command her allies. It is not only that she has grown with such marvellous rapidity, but that her people are cultivated, intelligent, and ingenious. The first steel plough was made at the

West; the great reaping-machines come from the West; from a grain-elevator, which New York has hardly yet learned the use of, to a watch which New England has been fifty years learning to make; in all the range, from the most stupendous to the most delicate manufactures, the West is beginning to be equally at home. Chicago could not do without the elevator; it came from the necessity of the case, as power-presses grew from the necessities of daily newspapers, and telegraphs from the exigencies of commerce. Watches the West makes, not so much because she needed to make them, but because watches are a good thing to make, and she chooses to do anything that can be done anywhere else. Free trade is not a Western plant, but it has taken deep root there, and will dictate the future policy of the nation. Such a people are not dependent upon other sections; it is other sections that are dependent upon them. "New York," said a Western man who visited it for the first time, "is the Chicago of the East!"

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the men of the West were rough, the women rougher, the children roughest. Now the children—some of them, at least, and all are capable of doing what others have learned to do—make watches! Perhaps a mechanical fact of this sort is as good an illustration as can be found of character and intelligence. Forty miles west of Chicago is the town of Elgin. One who thinks of Illinois as a wide and flat and lonely prairie would get a new idea of it in visiting that region. The Fox River runs through it,—a shallow stream, valuable, no doubt, for its gathered water-power here and there upon its banks, but marked by the passing traveller only for its beauty. Hills crowned with woods, high enough to be seen a dozen miles away; valleys between so rich as to look like English parks; houses,—not log-houses, or, less attractive still, the rude frame-houses of thirty years ago,—but of the better sort, with architectural pretensions and cultivated

grounds such as one sees in the immediate neighborhood of Eastern cities; huge barns, and more than one to each house, and, near these, mountains—not stacks, but mountains bigger than either barns or houses—of hay, recalling those miles of stocks-yards at Chicago to which these mountains move in due season;—through all this pleasant landscape, which has nowhere a look of newness or of rudeness, and everywhere the aspect of plenty and of culture, winds the charming Fox, oozing here through meadows, washing there the soft verdure of a hill sloping gently down to the water's edge, now rippling on some tiny reach of beach, and now darkening in the shadow of a wood whose feet it kisses. In such a region a New-Englander might almost forget that he had left his home a thousand miles away. In this valley of the Fox lies Elgin, compact and close, with the smoke from half a dozen factories of different kinds rising above it, the town ravelling out upon the prairie and up the hills into suburban residences and great rich farms,—dairy and stock farms, whose milk and whose meat are condensed and concentrated by the Borden Company in Elgin, to go wherever a ship sails or a white man travels. Now my point is, that the most remarkable evidence of rapid growth to be found anywhere is seen in such a fact as this: that in thirty years a town—taking Elgin merely as a representative case, for it is only one of many—springs up in the wilderness, where thousands are gathered together (and most of them native to the soil) with hands cunning enough and brains subtle enough to establish such handicrafts and manufactures as require the utmost skill in mechanism, and are usually supposed to be possible only in crowded communities where the difficulty of living sharpens men's wits to the last degree. About two years ago the first watch made at Elgin was shown to the dealers in New York as a specimen of what it was proposed to do out upon the prairies of the West. This one watch, coming from where it

did, was looked at with a good deal of curiosity by these dealers, who had not studied very deeply the prairie phenomena; that it was only a typical watch, the forerunner of a new branch of industry, from a region where, hitherto, packing hogs was supposed to be the highest point of skilled labor yet reached, or likely to be, for some time to come, was held to be altogether incredible if not ludicrous. This was in March, 1867. Where that first watch was made they now make one hundred every day, or about three thousand every year; and while the capacity of production is enlarged as fast as possible, the supply is always lagging behind the demand. For the true Western man is proud of, and must have, the Western watch. Nor are these rude and clumsy timepieces, but watches of as fine a finish, of as accurate a movement, of as perfect a mechanism as the ingenuity of man has yet accomplished in this most delicate of all machines. Now—and this seems to me the significant fact—the operatives in this Elgin manufactory are almost all Western men and women, or even boys and girls who were born and reared in the country round about, and who learned here to do what they do so deftly. Of course skilled workmen came from the East,—graduates, probably, all of them of the famous works at Waltham,—to establish and then conduct this Elgin manufactory as superintendents in its many departments. But the enterprise that conceived, the energy that persevered against unusual and unforeseen difficulties, the capital that was never held back for an instant, though fivefold more, it was found, was wanted before the end was attained than was supposed would be necessary,—all these were Western, pure, characteristic Western; and so too are the workpeople of native growth, the farmers' and the villagers' sons and daughters who were prompt to welcome and follow a new calling which it would be useless for those to try who had not skilful hands and clear, quick brains.

One need not be a watchmaker or a

machinist to understand that making watches by machinery—a thing done first in this country, and so successfully as to leave foreign-made watches almost out of competition—is, so far, at least, one of the greatest achievements of mechanics. It is easy enough to conceive that all those wheels, in the watch which you, my friend, have in your pocket, were punched out with great accuracy; not so easy to conceive that each one of them was successfully submitted a second time to the same punching process in order that, from all its edges on segment and circumference, there should be cut away exactly two and a half one-thousandths of an inch to make it perfect. Here, indeed, the thing we remark is, not so much the skilful guidance of the workman, as the wonderful accuracy and perfection of workmanship in the machine itself, which, ever so many thousand times a day can, with never a failure, pare off its almost invisible shaving of brass of just so much,—no more, no less; but then it was within those walls that the machine was made. When these wheels pass from this first process to be notched with tiny teeth, fitted with axles, some with minute grooves and shoulders, and all to be done with an exactness so absolute that no microscope can detect an inequality or flaw, then the more direct agency of the hands and eyes of men and women must perfect the work which machinery alone cannot do. The automaton may give the motive-power, but the eye and the hand must guide and use the drills and chisels, so small, sometimes, as to be hardly visible, at the right time and at the right place; and to the complete training of these living workmen to this exquisite workmanship is due the perfection of the final result. One of the wheels, the balance-wheel, which, when begun upon, is a plain brass disk, goes through between seventy and eighty processes before it is fit for its place,—a round rim of brass with an outer rim of steel and a brass diameter, and pierced for about twenty almost invisible screws. The making of these screws,

for this and other parts of the watch, is a thing marvellous to see; or not to see, for these bits of metal which are shown the visitor, though each one is a perfect screw, with thread and head and slot, the unaccustomed eye cannot detect as screws at all. The smallest of them are only two one hundredths of an inch in diameter with a perfect thread in the proportion of two hundred and twenty to the inch; and of these atoms, each a perfect screw, it takes one hundred and forty-four thousand to weigh a pound. Not that this is the most remarkable thing in this delicate manufacturing; I only happen to remember it. Take another illustration: In the upper plate of a watch there are thirty holes into which the various wheels are adjusted. More than twenty of these are exceedingly minute, and must not only be cut out with a drill finer than the finest needle, but they must be at absolutely exact distances from each other. This indispensable accuracy, to insure the perfect movement of the watch, is obtained by machinery, and were it not that one sees in other processes seemingly almost impossible what the human hand and eye, assisted by the microscope, are capable of, one would be disposed to think that nothing but machinery could secure the exactness required for these punctures. And even then our wonder is only transferred from the thing done to the thing doing it. But this delicate machine is run by a young girl, who guides the fine drill from point to point on a steel plate to which the brass plate is fastened, and through which the holes are drilled. Her eye never wavers and her hand never errs, as in a few seconds she guides the implement from point to point to be driven by the motive-power through the plate; and by another young girl this process is repeated, that these punctures may be as accurate in finish as in position; and any unsteadiness of hand or eye in either performance, any deviation even to the thousandth part of an inch, would spoil the work. But such unsteadiness is very rare, while they turn off hun-

dreds of these plates, in which it is impossible to detect the slightest variations, in a day.

I do not remember the number of the departments there are in this factory, nor does it matter; for it is not my purpose to describe the manufacture of a watch, even if it were a reasonably easy thing to do, where a single minute part goes through seventy or eighty processes, before it is brought to that absolute perfection which is aimed at in these Elgin watches. A brief and chance visit of a couple of hours can hardly give insight into the thousand intricate and wonderful ways of such a factory. But the ingenuity in mechanics, which seems unlimited, only excites one's wonder that such things are done here in a country that thirty years ago had hardly begun to be settled, and that the young men and women, children of the soil, are found capable of such work. The statistics of the West are almost bewildering in their magnitude, in the growth of population, the increase in agricultural products, the rapidity with which it is developing into a great manufacturing region, with its wealth of coal and metals and raw material of every kind ready at hand for all that the most sanguine of its people ever dream that it may do. And yet, no doubt, could that most sanguine man be inspired to foretell what the West of five-and-twenty years hence will be and do, his prophecy would be laughed at as the first Elgin watch was received with a doubtful smile, two years ago, in Broadway, when shown as a possible production of the prairies of the West.

But the growth of that inland empire is not the sole nor the most interesting question to be solved there. The dignity of labor is a well-sounding phrase, and many stirring sermons and eloquent lectures have been and will be preached and delivered to prove how good and noble a thing it is. No doubt; but none the less will the native-born lad, with a desire to know more of the world than he can learn in following his father's oxen, with powers

that he feels can be put to better use than in the unskilled toil which the hired Irishman or German, just imported, can do as well as he, or better, — with no ambition to achieve something worthier in fame or fortune than ever so many bushels of wheat to the acre can ever give to him, — none the less will he disregard the sage advice of the venerable humbugs who bid him avoid the cities and go dig, and follow rather the example which these counsellors set him when they also were full of youth and energy, and, with their worldly possessions tied up in a cotton handkerchief, turned their backs upon the innocence and simplicity and dignity of rural life, and sought a wider sphere where men were plentier and busier. It is a fact which no lecturing can change, that the influx of foreign laborers crowds the native population out of the field of mere manual toil, and sets the young men free to seek a livelihood in towns, in new employments, commerce, and the professions, which they hope will prove more lucrative, and believe to be more honorable. The first result of course is to overstock these new paths to preferment, just as the movement among women to seek new employments has made the supply of that species of labor greater than the demand. But it no more follows, in the one case, that the young man should return to the calling out of which Patrick has crowded

him, than that, in the other, the young woman should contend for the place in the kitchen from which Bridget has displaced her. There must be some other solution of the problem, if we are to go forward and not backward. And the great Northwest will solve it. No laws are so inexorable as these of political economy, and it will not take long for Young America to learn that all cannot be lawyers and doctors and editors and merchants; that the skilled workmen and workwomen, in the higher branches of manufactures, may be quite as well educated, quite as intelligent, quite as respectable, and quite as thrifty, — and indeed much more so, — as their brothers and sisters who throng the cities and overcrowd there the paths they seek to walk in. One can hardly look, for example, in the faces of the operatives at the Elgin watch-factory, or note their intelligence and bearing, and learn of the influence which such a body of young men and women exercise in that community, without having his fears dispelled, if he has any, that the American people are likely to forget the true dignity of labor, or that the class emancipated from the grosser forms of toil will not find in due season that there are other employments beside keeping shop or sitting upon an office stool which may gratify a reasonable ambition and lead to respectability and wealth.

A CARPET-BAGGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

I.

CHIEFLY CONCERNS A NEW COAL DEVELOPMENT.

ON the evening of the great Grant and Colfax torchlight display I took my carpet-bag (emblem of enterprise and patriotism) and zigzagged through the thronged and illuminated city in a hack, — running the gauntlet of fifteen or twenty fragmentary processions, but reaching the Worcester Depot at last in safety, feeling very much as if I had been rattled through a kaleidoscope as big as all Boston. To the dazzle of the shifting lights and colors, and the noise of the trumpets and the shouting, I fondly supposed we were bidding a final adieu, when the train started, and we crept quietly into our berths in the dim sleeping-car. But no: at every stopping-place we were awakened (if we chanced to be asleep) by loud drums and brass and shrill-voiced patriotism; all night long, in conservative Connecticut towns, the Boys in Blue were uproarious; and I verily believe that, if we could have run through that night by rail to San Francisco, we should have found one vast Grant and Colfax torchlight procession, extending all the way to the Pacific.

Thursday, Oct. 29th. — A chill, gray morning. Passing through New York City in the hollow belly of a rumbling omnibus, that seems hungry for warm passengers to digest, and very much dissatisfied with two cold ones. Breakfast; after which omnibuses and things in general appear to feel more comfortable in their minds. To the Erie Railroad ferry-boat. Crossing North River. (Ah, what a beautiful day it is! How the waves sparkle and leap, how the white sails of the luggers bulge in the sun, how mistily the calm light lies on the city roofs and the shipping!) Crossing Jersey flats, which will some day be reclaimed by a system of dikes and drainage, and made the

most productive portion of the State. (I wish one could hope as much of its political flats, its sour and sedge-overgrown conservatism.) Flitting by fair upland pictures, — here a field of portly corn-stooks and golden pumpkins, there a pasture-land of fading thistles and blackened weeds gone to seed; and farther on a mountain of steep ledges, sparsely bearded with dwarfed pines and cedars, — a drove of cattle placidly feeding on green slopes at its foot. On through butter-suggesting Orange County, and up the picturesque banks of the Delaware, now on the Pennsylvania side, and now again in New York. Then down the Susquehanna, (how much our railroads and canals owe to the rivers for having cut through the mountains and prepared a grade for them!) arriving at Waverley in the dusk of the evening, and there switching off from the Erie track upon the new road to Towanda, which sleepily blinking Pennsylvania borough receives us and our carpet-bags just twenty-four hours after we left Boston.

Friday, 30th. — Sleepily blinking Towanda appears wide-awake enough this morning, and a bright, brisk child of the hills it is. Sweetly its still breath ascends in the frosty autumnal light. It lies in the lap of a lovely valley, on the west bank of the Susquehanna. Mountainous bluffs confront it, mirroring their precipitous, lichen-tinted crags and clinging forests (many-hued in autumn) in the river, which here spreads out in a lake-like expanse above the dam, and tumbles noisily and foamingly down into a wide-sweeping, shallow flood below. Mountains rise behind the town also, with long lines of boundary fence curving like belts over their ample shoulders. The checkered farms — dark squares of ploughed land and

brown pastures and gray stubble-fields, contrasting with the delicate green squares of tender young wheat — clothe their giant forms in true highland plaids. Agriculture has shaven these hills to their very crowns, leaving only here and there a tuft of woods for a scalp-lock.

Last evening I sat with two friends in a private parlor of the Ward House, and talked over with them the plan of my Pennsylvania campaign. I said I wished to see something of the coal and oil, and other interesting features of the State, and placed myself in their experienced hands; and they decided that I should first visit the newly developed coal lands of Sullivan County.

"What is the coal," I asked; — "anthracite or bituminous?"

"Strictly speaking, neither," said M. "The region is interesting, as lying between the anthracite and bituminous coal deposits of the State; and the coal is curious, as partaking of the qualities of both. In texture and cleavage it resembles the bituminous, but there is not a particle of bitumen in it. It is entirely free also from the gases which make the use of anthracite coal in our houses often so disagreeable and injurious."

I said I thought it strange that coal of so remarkable a character had not been heard of in the market.

"Not at all," said he. "It lies in a remote mountainous district, not much frequented hitherto except by trout-fishers and hunters. But a railroad is now building which will connect the mines with the railroad and canal here at Towanda; and by another spring they will be in communication with the markets of the world."

Meanwhile, the fact that these remarkable coal-fields were so little known to the public seemed to render a visit to them all the more desirable. Accordingly, this morning, M. sent a good stout carriage and pair of horses around to the Ward House, for our mutual friend P. and myself; and as soon as the sun was well up over the hilltops we started for the coal mountains.

Leaving the Susquehanna valley a little below Towanda, we took the road running southward to Dushore, along by the wild, rocky bed of a small tributary which ages ago scooped for itself and for civilization a passage through these hills. Of course we found the grade of the new, unfinished coal railroad servilely following in the same beaten track, (it is so much easier always to do that than to be original!) curving with the stream about the mountain bases, and cutting through the woods. The mountains reminded one of Milton's fallen archangel: —

"Their forms had not yet lost
All their autumnal brightness, nor appeared
Less than October ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured."

In the distance, the ruddy and golden leaves lying thick on the ground, or still clinging to the trees, had the effect of sunshine when the sun was under a cloud; and here and there an oak-top burned like fire amongst the evergreens and gray rocks.

Passed, Rattlesnake Mountain, — a stupendous, upheaved mass of loosely tumbled ledges, battered, barren, savage, producing little besides huckleberries and rattlesnakes. This ragged, rocky tract M. had lately presented to our mutual friend, and P. had accepted it, not so much for the snakes and the huckleberries, as for the satisfaction of saying he owned a mountain in Pennsylvania. In the berrying season parties come up to this wild region from the towns below, — jolly wagon-loads of women and children and girls and young fellows, starting in the night-time, in order to arrive at the picking grounds by sunrise, and have a whole day of fun and huckleberries before them. I told P. he might yet make a good thing out of this crop, and possibly find a demand for his rattlesnakes, though this last idea was not altogether original with myself. A few years ago there lived in this vicinity an eccentric character, who conceived the brilliant project of sending to market a large and fine assortment of these amiable reptiles, and realizing a profit on them.

They were created and placed here for some good reason, he argued; and why not to sell? Accordingly, his wife smiling upon the enterprise, he commenced forming a collection.

This worthy pair lived alone together in a solitary log-house, favorably situated for the execution of their precious scheme. The ground all around them was fertile in crawling things. The old man procured a dry-goods box and placed it in his garret,—which, by the way, was separated from the lower room of the house only by a flooring of loose boards. It was a box capable of accommodating some two or three hundred snakes, for he meant business: large sales and small profits was his idea. He had a smaller box for field operations. Carrying this between them, and armed with a pair of tongs, the good man and his dame would go out of a morning to the ledges, and perhaps bring in a dozen lusty rattlers to be transferred to the big box in the garret, when they came home to dinner.

In this way they had accumulated near two hundred specimens, when one night a rather unpleasant circumstance occurred. The snake-collector was awakened by his wife, who had been previously awakened by strange and alarming noises. Every minute or two there came a dull, heavy thump on the floor of their sleeping-chamber, which was parlor, kitchen, bedroom, all in one.

"I do believe," said the wife, "them 'ere creeturs have got out of the box, and are droppin' down through the cracks in the garret boards!"

The husband listened with the sensations of a speculator whose stock was falling in an unusually disagreeable manner. Thump! thump! it was raining rattlesnakes; and how to stop the shower? There was great danger in putting a foot out of bed, for the room was dark, and the floor was by this time alive with them. But our dealer in live stock was a man of nerve, and knew his cattle. He told the story very coolly afterwards: "A bite from one of 'em was death, of course. But I didn't

think there was much chance o' gittin' bit 'thout I stepped on 'em. So I set my foot down perty softly on the floor till I found a clear space, then I started for the hearth, shovin' my feet along on the floor, and shovin' the creeturs out of my way, gently, ye know,—mighty careful not to hurt 'em,—till I got to the fireplace and raked the coals out of the ashes and lit a lamp. Then we could see 'em, and an interestin' sight they was! Floor a-squirmin' with 'em, and they beginnin' to set their rattles to buzzin',—music, I tell ye! But me and my old woman set to work with the tongs, and in half an hour had 'em all back in the box agin!"

The growing uneasiness of the "creeturs," and the trouble of feeding them, rather precipitated the good man's plans, and a few days after this adventure he might have been seen going down the river on a raft, seated on a box, chalk-marked "*Glas Handl With Cair.*" Not the least astonishing part of the story is, that he actually sold his collection to showmen and speculators, and came home with money in his pocket.

Notwithstanding this brilliant example, P. said he did n't know what use he could make of his rattlesnakes, unless it were to fatten hogs on them. Swine are extremely partial to such food, and it is said to make sweet pork. "A pig in attacking a rattlesnake," said P., "seizes him by the neck, and receives his bite in the fatty protuberance of his chaps with perfect indifference; whereas a bite in any other part would prove as fatal to pigs as to men." He had seen many a pig bitten and many a viper devoured in this way.

I was reminded of a dog I used to know, which nature had endowed with a still more wonderful instinctive faculty for despatching these dangerous creatures. He seemed to consider any common snake as entirely beneath his notice; but let an individual of the species *Crotalus* appear, and his rage and hair were up in an instant. If he came upon one coiled up, in the

snake's favorite attitude of defence, — the beaded tail on one side, vibrating in a sort of mist, singing its menacing song, and the devilish head at the top of the spiral, vigilant, ready to strike, darting its forked lightnings, — then mark the whelp's sagacity: he would put out his nose and bark, to fix the reptile's attention, and then commence walking round him at a safe distance (the rattlesnake's fabulous "jump" consists simply in throwing himself forwards about two thirds of his length), until — the guardian head following his motions — he had succeeded in unwinding the coil, and getting the creature stretched out on the ground; then he would make a sudden dart at his middle, and — well, the dog's master usually advised spectators to stand back a little, at that crisis, if they didn't wish to get hit by flying fragments.

Such fitting talk beguiled the way, until the mountain, which had suggested it, was out of sight. The farms grew rougher and rougher as we advanced, until at last the front wave of civilization was reached, — the primitive clearing, where the forests had within a year or two been cut down and burned in heaps, to make room for a corn-lot or a wheat-field. Huge, half-burnt logs and charred stumps still encumbered the ground. The approach of the new railroad, I was glad to see, had put a stop to this sad business, giving to the standing timber and the hemlock bark a value to-day ten times greater than that of the mere soil on which they grow. The country here is in fact too elevated for general cultivation. It lies some eighteen hundred feet above the sea. The soil is cold and sour, and the seasons short. The road, undulating over the inequalities of hill and hollow, ascends gradually all the way, until at length you come to a fish-shaped ridge (with a dorsal-fin of rail fence), from the summit of which you have a very remarkable prospect, if you only think of it.

This ridge is on the dividing line betwixt the anthracite and bituminous coal

regions. Away on the left roll the billowy blue mountains that enclose the Lackawanna and Wyoming valleys; on the right rise the wooded hills of the Barclay basin. Here we paused and looked about us, reminding each other of two or three things.

Fancy the form of a mastodon rudely sketched on the map of Pennsylvania, — back to the north, head towards New Jersey, and hind-quarters disappearing in Ohio. The jaws of this figure, lying mostly in two or three counties (the form of the valleys gives them the appearance of opening towards the sea), are the anthracite regions; while the vast body, darkening almost the entire western portion of the State, is composed of bituminous coal. This imaginary sketch shows with sufficient accuracy the relative positions and proportions of the hard and soft coal areas of Pennsylvania; but if the curious reader would carry the comparison still further, let him reflect that within the narrow limits of those fractured jaws is contained nearly all the known anthracite of the world, and then glance at the dim outlines of the almost limitless bituminous fields in other States and in other countries. Confining the estimate to this country, it is safe to say that we have two hundred thousand square miles of bituminous coal-fields, or more than four hundred for every one of anthracite.

On that dividing ridge we were midway on the neck of the imaginary mastodon, interesting vertebrae of which lay at our right and left: at our right, the semi-bituminous fields of the aforementioned Barclay basin; on our left and in front of us, the mountains of soft anthracite which we were then on our way to visit. Along the breast and in the fore-legs of the figure, stretching southward into Maryland, are scattered similar deposits, showing the gradation from hard to soft coal. It would seem as if Nature, after forming here one vast coal-field, had proceeded to *coke* a very small portion of it. Anthracite appears to be simply coal that has been more or less perfectly coked by the earth's

great furnace-fires. Viewed in this light, the Sullivan soft anthracite is a perfect natural coke, from which all the bituminous and volatile matters have been expelled; yet the heat here was not so intense or prolonged as to harden it excessively. The semi-bituminous, which comes next, lay on the borders of Nature's great coke-ovens, and was partially influenced by the process; while the bituminous fields beyond were exempt.

The advanced waves of civilization from the valleys we had left behind us were met by the same tide rising from the valleys before us. Descending into one of these we pounced down suddenly upon a plain, new-looking village, consisting mainly of one straight street thrown almost like a bridge across a stream-intersected glen; an unromantic hamlet in a romantic spot. This used to be Jackson's Hollow, until Mr. Jackson, being postmaster, and a modest man withal, changed the name to Dushore, in honor of an old Frenchman, whose real name—written *Lafayette*, or something like it—had been mispronounced and corrupted by his neighbors to that extraordinary degree. Here we made acquaintance with Mr. Jackson, who invited us to dinner, and offered us a change of horses and a guide to the mines,—hospitalities not to be slighted, by any means. As we sat at his table, he told us something of the history of the new coal development. The original discovery was due to one of those so-called accidents which have so often changed the fortunes of men and the course of history. A beehunter, having occasion to fell a tree in the woods, noticed that one of the great limbs, ploughing into the ground, threw up what appeared to be black dirt. He reported the circumstance to Mr. Jackson, who, requesting him to keep the fact secret for a while, found time the next day to go trout-fishing, and visited the spot. He decided that the black dirt was the disintegrated coal of an outcrop, and set the man to digging. Going a fishing again the next day, he found that the

man had dug through four and a half feet of rotten coal. Neither knew as yet to whom the land belonged; but Mr. Jackson now began to think it worth while to look into that matter. Accordingly, the next time he went a fishing (it was noticed, by the way, that he did not seem to have his usual luck with the trout in those days), he took with him into the woods a pocket-compass and a map of the country, and satisfied himself that the tract belonged to a well-to-do neighbor. Him, therefore, he called upon, and confided to him the secret of the discovery. The gentleman listened with good-natured incredulity, and was glad enough to sell Mr. Jackson an undivided half of five hundred acres for what was then considered a good price, but would now be deemed a mere song. Mr. Jackson then endeavored to persuade him to unite with him in developing the coal; but the other, laughing, said he did not believe there was any coal there, and refused even to take the trouble of going to see.

Now there is one thing noticeable about the Sullivan coal-beds. They rest on the usual floor of conglomerate, which underlies all the coal in the country, as an under-crust to the pie; but they have also, what the anthracite deposits have not, an upper-crust of sandstone, somewhat similar. This was seen by men of science, who, mistaking it for the under-crust, declared that there was no coal in that part of the country. Even after the black dirt was turned up, an experienced surveyor, sent to examine it, treated it with small respect, saying it was nothing but slate,—his faith in the general laws of science being stronger with him than the evidence of his own senses. The neighbor, adopting these conclusions, tried to dissuade Jackson from burying his money in any hole in those remote woods; but Jackson replied, in the words of the Western judge: "If this court understand herself, and she think she do, coal is certainly coming out of that mountain,"—and set to work, encouraged only by his father, then a very

old man, and his brother, a self-taught, practical geologist, who joined hands with him in the undertaking.

There were at that time (1859) only two coal-stoves in all that part of the country; and the mines were twenty-five miles from the nearest accessible canal-port. To haul the coal in wagons over the rough mountain roads, for any great distance, was of course out of the question. Yet the Jacksons set to work and made an opening in the mountain-side,—the development soon showing that the court had understood herself tolerably well. In 1859, 1860, and 1861 they got out coal for their own use and for such of their neighbors as could be induced to make trial of it. The rotten coal of the outcrop soon gave place to coal of a quality that astonished even the sanguine Mr. Jackson. It was sent for analysis to professional chemists, who pronounced it the purest anthracite known. The inhabitants soon began to use it in preference to wood, even in a region of wood. Blacksmiths who tried it immediately discarded the use of all other kinds of coal, where this could be had, some sending as far as twelve or fifteen miles to haul it to their shops in wagons.

Still people remained incredulous with regard to the amount of coal in the mountains, and its availability for the general market; and it was not until the close of the war that Jackson succeeded in interesting capitalists in his enterprise. He then applied to his friend Mr. M. C. Mercur, the banker and coal capitalist, at Towanda, and at last, under pretence of taking him out on a trout-fishing excursion, got him to go and see the mines. Mercur, cautious, experienced, cool, as soon as he saw the opening, became as enthusiastic on the subject as Jackson himself. To enlist a man of his sagacity and influence in a thing of the kind was to insure its success. A company was speedily formed, the mountains were bored in many different places, regular openings made, and a railroad to Towanda projected, chartered, and begun.

Such is a brief history of the Sulli-

van coal-mines up to the time of our visit. After dinner, with fresh horses of Jackson's, and Jackson's brother as a guide, we started for the openings, about five miles distant. Climbing the hills southward from Dushore, we crossed the grade of the new railroad, which had worked its way steadily up to that altitude, and was there turning its broad furrow of rocks and soil and tree-roots along the mountain-side. Picturesque to see were the gangs of men and teams at work on jutting points here and there, on the wild slopes; first the pioneers, mowing their gigantic swath through the woods; then the grubbers, clearing the ground of roots; then, where practicable, ploughs and scrapers; and lastly, shovellers and wagons; now and then a dull thunder-peal and a puff of smoke, with perhaps a dirty-looking eruption of stones, indicating spots where the powder-blast was breaking the hill's rocky ribs.

We followed the turnpike (the Susquehanna and Tioga, I think it is called) over the hills, passing the site of old Shinarville,—a town with a history that might serve to point a moral or adorn a tale. Mr. Shinar, the founder thereof, was one of the contractors who built the turnpike. Receiving a part of his pay in State lands, he resolved to colonize them; and, discovering here a mighty good site for a city, he laid out a fine large town in admirable order, sold house-lots, and commenced building. You could have bought almost any desirable lot of him, except certain wonderfully well situated corner-lots, which he steadfastly refused to part with, in anticipation of an early demand for them, at magnificent prices, for business blocks. You may still see the name of the town set down on old maps of the State, and the place is still called Shinarville, though not a vestige, not a timber, of the finely planned and partly built *ville* now remains. *Fuit Shinarville.* I was reminded of a story I used to hear told, in my boyhood, of one Jones who sold to one Brown a piece of land on which he claimed that there was a capital

mill-seat. Brown, on going to take possession, found no water-course within a mile of his purchase. Jones, on being somewhat warmly remonstrated with, on account of the apparent discrepancy between his statement and the fact, answered very coolly: "I said there was a good mill-seat on the property, and there is; but I said nothing about any water; you must find your own water." If Brown, charmed by the inviting seat, had gone on and put up his mill, he would have done very much as Mr. Shinar did. A good site for a town is no better than a capital seat for a mill, without certain natural advantages, or at least the argument of necessity, to justify building upon it. Maybe, however, Mr. Shinar was, like so many originators, only a little in advance of his times, and that, now the coal-mines are opened, his phoenix will rise from its ashes.

Since the company bored the mountains and bought lands, some of the neighboring farmers have been not a little exercised in their minds with regard to the possible existence of coal under their own homesteads. It is, if I recollect rightly, at Shinarville that the substratum of conglomerate — the dish that holds the coal — first shows its broken edges. The strata thence dip southward, and southward accordingly you must look for the contents of the dish. An old farmer living a little way on the wrong side of this outcrop thought it would be a good thing to find coal under his barren pastures, and set to digging. Some one asked him what he expected to find.

"Wal! if I can't strike coal," answered the old man, "then I'll dig a well."

Young Jackson told him he was too low for coal. "Think I'm a fool?" retorted the indignant digger. "Can't any idiot see that I'm higher here than you be where you're diggin'?"

Jackson explained that he meant geologically too low, and succeeded in convincing the worthy man that he was actually drilling and blasting in strata some hundreds of feet below the place

of the coal-beds, if they had extended so far north.

Another land-owner, a Dutchman, was not so easily persuaded to give up a dream of riches that came to him in the following manner: When the engineers were laying out the railroad, they had occasion to bore several farms hereabouts, to ascertain the nature of the rock to be excavated. This Dutchman annoyed them a good deal with questions, when they came to bore his farm, and made up his mind, from the unsatisfactory answers he received, that they were really boring for coal. One day he went out and found some fragments of soft anthracite scattered about one of the holes; in an ecstasy of delight he gathered them up, and carried them about in his pockets for several days, showing them to everybody, bragging of his immense wealth, and refusing to believe he had been cajoled, even when the fact was avowed by the wag who had set the trap for him baited with coal from the company's mines. I believe he still goes about, fancying himself a millionaire.

Beyond Shinarville we entered the primeval forest. To the eye it appears interminable. It is in fact (young Jackson told me) sixteen miles in breadth, and fifty in length from east to west, — a vast, almost unbroken belt of magnificent timber. Towering trunks of hemlock, birch, beech, ash, maple, and other trees, in great variety, and of immense size, rise at stately distances from each other, — undergrowths of the beautiful kalmia, or mountain-laurel, filling with its green embroidery the intervening spaces. Wood-choppers and bark-peelers were at work. The cheerful sound of the axe echoed through the still woods. Cords of hemlock bark were accumulating, here and there, ready to be launched upon the market as soon as the railroad should be completed; and piles of lumber were rising like square towers around a new steam saw-mill.

Following the miners' road, winding among the trees, we came to the prin-

cial coal opening, in the wooded side of the mountain. A broad platform had been built out at its mouth, composed of the ejected soil and rock and the black dirt of the outcrop. Thirty or forty feet below (on the north side) is the railroad, directly into the cars of which the coal will be shot down inclined spouts, or "chutes,"—no "breaker" being required. Eighty or ninety feet above (on the south side) rises the forest-covered mountain quite steeply. On a level with the platform, the black chasm opens, bridged at its entrance by a couple of picturesque tree-trunks fallen across it, and covered farther on by a perfect roof of beautiful micaceous sandstone, which supports the superincumbent weight of hill and forest.

It was like walking into the mountain through a huge, open barn-door. The entrance is seventeen feet in height, and nearly the same in breadth. The miners were out in the woods, cutting props for the roof; and while one of them was running for his lamps, we examined the outcrop in the sides of the opening. The great coal-seam is twelve feet thick, but its edge is, so to speak, bevelled, the slant corresponding with the slope of the mountain. For a distance of several paces you find nothing, immediately beneath the soil of the surface, except the "black dirt," which grows deeper and deeper, however, as you advance, until at length a sort of rotten coal appears at the bottom of the seam. This hardens gradually as you proceed, but it still has a rusty, demoralized look, and it is so loose that at a stroke from a shovel it falls splashing down into the side trench that drains the mine. It is not until you are well under the sandstone roof that coal of prime quality appears.

The sight here is well calculated to excite the visitor's astonishment and admiration. On each side are perfect perpendicular walls of shining black coal, running parallel to each other, and disappearing in the darkness of the deep cavern. Silver streams of water dripping from the roof, and faint-

ly illumined by the daylight from without, add a delicate beauty to the otherwise sombre scene. The clean white sandstone roof itself also affords a beautiful relief to the prevailing blackness.

The lamps came, and we advanced some two hundred feet farther, between those astonishing walls of coal, to the end of the spacious gallery. We were by this time well prepared to appreciate the pious enthusiasm of a well-known Boston clergyman (since deceased, widely lamented) who paid a visit to these mines last summer. When he found himself in the heart of the mountain, surrounded by this immense body of coal, which he was told extended for miles on every side, he looked about him for some moments in speechless awe and wonder, then reverently took off his hat; theology bowed before geology; and he called out to the miners, in a sudden loud voice that echoed portentously through the long, dim-lighted cavern: "Praise the Lord! get down on your knees, every one of you, and praise the Lord for his wonderful providence!" This summons he delivered with such prophetic power of lungs and spirit, that all the miners except one threw down their tools and knelt with him on the spot. "I thought first I would n't kneel," said the exception; "I never had knelt for any man, and I did n't believe I ever should. But he begun to pray, and I be d—d if my knees did n't begin to give way under me; he put in, and my legs crooked and crooked, till I could n't stand it no longer; by George! he prayed me down."

I thought the power of the preacher must have been somewhat to bring such rude men to their knees. Not uninteresting to contemplate is the picture of the little group bowed in worship there in the hollow mine, lighted only by the small lamps hooked on to the miners' caps, and by the serene eye of day looking in smilingly at the end of the cavern.

Returning, we saw the dripping water from the roof, like an exquisite, thin,

gauzy veil, between us and the outer world, where the great trees looked strangely bright and peaceful, gilded by the warm afternoon sun. We now noted more particularly the drainage of the mine. The coal-bed dips slightly towards the south, that is, in the direction in which the openings are made. If left to take care of itself, the water would naturally follow the same course, and half fill the mine. This difficulty has been obviated, and the usual expensive pumping arrangement dispensed with, by cutting out the underlying rock, down to the level of the lowest part of the bed. The dip is five feet; and consequently the substratum has been removed to a depth of five feet at the entrance. This gives to the opening its imposing height of seventeen feet, between the roof and the floor, — a height which gradually diminishes to twelve feet, or just the thickness of the coal-seam, fifty or sixty yards farther on. Drifts and chambers may now be carried in any direction, and this cut will drain them; while an additional advantage is apparent in the fact that the mules, going out from the depths of the mine with the loaded coal-cars, will merely have to draw them along an extended level instead of up hill.

There are other valuable coal-seams lying under this one; but they will not of course be worked as long as this lasts. And as this is known to underlie a tract of country at least sixteen miles in length by about five in breadth, it may be expected to last a good while.

We afterwards visited two other openings, at each of which, as here, preparations were making to mine coal on a large scale as soon as the railroad should be ready for it. The company (Sullivan and Erie Coal and Railroad Company) talk of a million tons a year. I see no reason why they should not make good their talk; they certainly have every advantage for doing so. The coal works easily, and it is entirely free from slate, with the exception of a single thin layer running midway through the seam. No breaker will be required, and no gang of slate-pickers seated

astride the chutes, throwing out the bony and stony pieces as the coal flows down. The thickness of the seam and its nearly horizontal position are immensely in the miners' favor. Lastly, the new railroad to Towanda gives a down-grade to the loaded coal-trains, and an up-grade to the returning empty ones.

What we had now seen, above and below the surface of the ground, was sufficient to give zest to a story which the Jacksons delight to tell, of one of the former owners of these lands. In the winter of 1836 he had been off attending a court session, somewhere over the mountains, and was returning home one moonlight evening in his own sleigh, in company with three friends. I believe they were all lawyers or judges; and they were quite merry, as gentlemen of their profession know very well how to be, on fit occasions. When about midway of the great coal-belt, then undreamt of, the owner of the sleigh and of all that part of the mountain pulled up his horses.

"Gentlemen," said he, standing up in the sleigh, "I wish to commemorate this occasion to you by an act which your children will thank me for, if you don't. I propose to give each of you an entire section of this splendid woodland. The deeds shall be made out to-morrow, if you will gratify me by accepting it."

"What!" cried the merry gentlemen; "land that is n't worth the annual tax on it! You are ashamed to let it be sold for the taxes, and so you take this underhand way of getting rid of it! You shall pay for this insult!"

So saying, the three friends laid hands on the offender, thrust him out of his own sleigh, and compelled him to walk two miles through the snow to the next stopping-place, in jocular revenge for the indignity he had put upon them. This forest is now worth one hundred dollars an acre for its timber and bark, and I don't know how much more for the coal it covers.

Returning to Dushore, we made inquiries with regard to the Sullivan soft

anthracite of persons using it. All testified that it was entirely free from slate, clinkers, and gas. The blacksmiths were especially enthusiastic in its praise. Not a forge was furnished with the usual flue for carrying off the smoke and noxious vapors from the burning coal; for this emits none. One said, with great energy, "I've burnt all kinds, and I say this is the very bestest coal I ever drewed a bellus on." Another, whose forge-fire was out, kindled a new one for us. In five minutes, by the watch, from the moment when he touched match to the shavings, he had a heat which he said he could "weld anything by." Yet he declared that the coal which ignites so readily can be made to keep afire as long as any other coal. I held my face over the blaze, but could not distinguish the slightest odor from it. We threw water on the burning coal, and still it emitted only a smell of steam.

After these experiments, I became more thoroughly convinced than ever that this new coal development was one of very great importance to the public. A coal of such pure quality,* burning freely, without smoke, odor, or noxious vapor of any kind, is needed for many purposes, but more especially for domestic use; and its introduction is sure to be welcomed by all who value public health and comfort. It would seem, too, that the development of this new coal region should have an influence, favorable to the public, on the price of coal. Yet it is hardly to be hoped that coal will be much cheaper in years to come than it has been for a year or two past. The demand for it increases with every child born in the land, and with every tree cut down; and new developments of the kind will hardly keep pace with that demand. Moreover, as long as State laws continue to create or favor trans-

portation monopolies, the price of coal in our Northern cities will continue to be unreliable and often exorbitant. Visiting subsequently other coal regions, in my carpet-bagging experience, I became satisfied of the fact that it is not the coal companies proper that make the high prices, or that always enjoy the profits resulting from these prices: it is the transportation companies, or the coal and transportation companies, which take, certainly, the lion's share of the spoils. Woe unto the unhappy coal company that puts its head into the jaws of one of those monopolies! At Scranton I saw companies delivering their coal to the Delaware and Lackawanna Coal and Railroad Company for \$1.60 a ton, when coal was worth seven or eight dollars in New York. They could do no differently, for they were dependent on the railroad for transportation, and the railroad would not transport it for them, but would buy it of them at its own price. As it cost those companies \$1.25 to mine and load the coal, and as they paid, besides, from twelve to twenty-two cents a ton royalty to the owners of the coal-lands, where these were not owned by the companies themselves, — total cost, say, \$1.45 per ton, — surely no one can say that they had a very large margin of profits left, out of which to pay salaries to officers and dividends to stockholders. This pittance appeared to be merely sufficient to keep them alive. I was told that it was an act of mercy on the part of the railroad to allow them even so much. But as any less would have been simply death to the companies, mercy was here the wisest policy. One does not kill the hen that lays the golden eggs.

Other coal companies were differently, but not always more fortunately, situated. Some complained that they were obliged to continue mining, when coal was cheap, and every ton they shipped cost them more than they received for it; for if they stopped work, the mines would fill with water, and to recommence afterwards would be more expensive than to keep on. They of

* Professor Brush, of Yale College, gives the following analysis of the Sullivan soft anthracite: —

Carbon	89.29
Volatile matter (chiefly water)	5.06
Ash	5.65
	<hr/> 100.00

course endeavor to make up for the loss thus sustained when the season of high prices comes round; but they do not always succeed. Yet the transportation companies seemed to be pretty generally fattening on the profits derived from the coal companies on the one hand and the public on the other.

How this unfortunate state of affairs is to be remedied one is not prepared to say; not through the magnanimity of corporations certainly, nor yet by means of appropriate State legislation, according to present appearances. In Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, one finds the people of any given section divided into adverse political parties. Yet when a local monopoly is to be obtained or sustained, leaders of both parties, who may be at war on other questions, unite on this; one section favors another in return for favors received; legislative "thieves" (men who systematically vote for every measure they are paid for supporting, and oppose all others) are bought up, and the necessary bills passed, without much needless waste of time. The most that can be done at present, therefore, towards regulating the price of coal, must be done by the consumers themselves. There is no good reason why coal should be seven dollars a ton in Boston in August, and twelve in December, as it was last year. Let all those who have storage-room and money to advance lay in their year's supply before September. This will moderate the demand, and benefit all parties concerned, especially the poor purchaser, who has *not* the money to advance, and who can least afford to pay the high prices of which he is inevitably the victim.

Perhaps I should add that coal companies, and even coal and transportation companies, sometimes fail to enrich their stockholders from other causes than those I have mentioned. This may occur through incompetent management; or it may be that the cost of coal-lands, and machinery, and of working poor mines, proves too great for the proceeds; or the stock may

have been "watered" to such a degree that even good management and good mines cannot declare dividends on the sums actually paid for it by its present holders.

But to return to our journal.

October 31st.—Passed the night at Dushore. Slept (or was supposed to sleep) opposite a ball-room in full blast. N. B. The near noise of dancing-tunes, bouncing floor-boards, and such interesting calls as, "Ladies' chain!" "Cross over!" "Chassez down the middle!" cannot be recommended as highly conducive to slumber.

After breakfast, a gallop in a wild wind up on the mountain-side, to see the railroad grading. Looked particularly among gangs of laborers for a certain gigantic Swede, concerning whom a pleasant little provincial joke has just transpired. Wags announced that he would gratify public curiosity by appearing at ball last night. Ladies, delighted, wait expectantly till twelve o'clock. Then smallest boy in village taken out of bed, silenced by stick of candy, buttoned into big coat,—big hat resting on big coat-collar,—and brought in. Announcement, "The giant has come!" Great rush of ladies to see monster. Real monster meanwhile snoring in his lair, unconscious. Ladies disappointed. So were we; giant having gone into forest for R. R. ties; not tall enough to be seen above tree-tops.

Sunday, Nov. 1st, Towanda.—Rain. Distant mountains shine as if sheathed in bright zinc, where light from breaking clouds strikes on their broad sloping roofs. Snow up there, I suppose.

Monday.—Cold. Snow down here, too, this morning.

Start with M. to visit Barclay semi-bituminous coal-mines. Barclay Brothers, Brewers (London Brewery well known to beer-drinking public generally, and to Austrian butcher Haynau, in particular), invested English gold in American lands here; hence the name. Long, winding train of empty coal-cars; one passenger car attached, filled with miners and miners' wives, returning, after Sunday spent in Towanda; skin-

clad hunters going up into the mountains, to track deer in the new-fallen snow; lumber-men, sawyers, and one or two carpet-baggers.

Wonderfully wild and beautiful scenery. Train passing up a narrow valley, or gorge, between crags plumed with snow-covered pines. On one side a mountain stream rushing down its rocky stairway, now half hid by whitened hemlocks and cedars, and bridged here and there by fallen or lodged and leaning trunks. Here and there a saw-mill.

Arrive at the coal-mountains. Train stops at the foot of an inclined plane, twenty-seven hundred feet long, with a rise in that distance of five hundred feet. "Looks pokerish," remarks a fellow-passenger, casting his eye up the long, dreary, snowy slope, ruled by eight black iron rails and one rope of iron wire. There are two parallel tracks for the ascending and descending cars; and between the rails of each is a narrower separate track for a stout little truck to run on. The wire rope passes through the bolted timbers of the truck, and runs on grooved wheels set all along the centre of the track. There are two ropes, one for each track, and they coil around a pair of huge drums at the summit, so arranged that as one unwinds the other is wound up. This is what is called a "gravity road,"—the loaded cars descending by their own weight and drawing up the empty ones.

"BARCLAY R. R. NOTICE.

"The Inclined Plane on this road is dangerous! and no human vigilance can make it safe for persons to ride over it. The company give fair warning, and those who persist in riding on the cars do so at their own risk and peril."

Observing this solemn notification, duly signed by the superintendent, and posted where it stared everybody in the face, I was surprised to see the passengers, who had come up from Towanda with us, mounting and struggling for places on the empty (and very black and dirty) coal-cars. M. and I followed their example, preferring, like them, to

take the risk of a ride, rather than climb the mountain on foot by a circuitous wagon-road. An attendant pulled a rope, that pulled a wire (supported on telegraph-poles), that pulled, I suppose, a bell at the top of the plane. Gazing anxiously up the slope, we presently saw a train of three cars, which looked exceedingly small at that distance, creep out of the car-house, and come sliding down the other track. Immediately as it started the wire rope on our track began to straighten, and the stout little truck came up out of a cave made for it to drop into, bumped against our rear car, and commenced, very ambitiously, propelling us up the plane. Slowly at first; and we had time to adjust ourselves to the changed position of the cars rising on the sudden, steep grade,—one foot in a little more than five. M. and I stood on the cross-beam, on the hinder part of the last car, holding on to the box before us with our hands. Beside us was a man with a babe on his arm; on the fore part of the same car were three women; the other two cars (for we also had a train of three) were equally loaded. Up, up, faster, faster, faster. Suddenly the descending train whizzed past us. Towards the summit we began to slacken speed, men at powerful brakes up there looking out for that, and at last glided smoothly and safely into the car-house. Then we turned and looked down the track. Certainly, as our fellow-passenger had remarked, it was "pokerish." Some day we shall hear of a rope breaking,—fearful accident,—so many persons killed; then nobody will ride for a long time: then, after a while, everybody will ride again, as now.

On the summit, ride on an engine to the mines, still distant a mile or more. Superb scenery; mountain summits all around us, forest-crowned and snow-clad. On our right a precipitous, yawning chasm betwixt us and our nearest neighbor of a mountain. We stop just below where a roaring, dashing torrent tumbles into it, the foam of its waters rivalling in whiteness the surrounding snow.

Arrive at the foot of the chutes, down which the coal is shot into the cars from a level still fifty feet or more above. Notice here two immense black mounds or small mountains, picturesquely creamed over with an imperfect coating of snow. Black caves on their sides, where men are shovelling, show that these are merely piles of coal, some ten or twelve thousand tons in each, the superintendent tells us; "stock coal," as it is called, being mined and heaped here in seasons when coal is cheap, ready to be shipped when prices are higher.

Climb wooden staircase to top of chutes, and walk into Barclay Village; a cluster of wooden houses, a hundred or more, perched on the wild mountain crest, and surrounded by the wilderness. There is another similar village on a neighboring mountain. The two accommodate about three thousand souls, and have their schools, Sunday schools, rival sects, Sunday meetings, shops, and post-offices, like other villages. The inhabitants are all connected in some way with the mining interest, which alone built and alone supports these remote outposts of civilization.

Behind Barclay Village, on the side of the crest, is the coal opening,—a low, square, cribbed passage, out of which the loaded cars come, drawn by mules, and, passing a small weighing-house, where their freight is recorded, discharge their contents down the thundering chutes. An entering train is stopped by the superintendent, who comes bringing big bundles of straw;

this is spread out in one of the empty cars for us to sit or lie down upon, and we got in. The word is given, the mule-bells tinkle, the cars start, and we dive into the black passage, lighted only by a lamp in the superintendent's hand, and another on the driver's cap. The roof, which, beyond the cribbed opening, is of slate or sandstone, is in some places so low that we are in danger of hitting our heads against it. After riding about three thousand feet, we alight and explore the mines still farther on foot, visiting the miners at work, each in his separate chamber branching off from the drift.

The mountain here seems completely honeycombed with drifts, chambers, and air-courses, very wonderful to a person visiting a coal-mine for the first time. The railroad track has branches that follow each miner into his chamber as far as he goes. This semi-bituminous coal breaks easily. The miner, getting down perhaps on his side, digs out the bottom of the seam with a pick, then wedges down the rest from the roof. He is assisted by a laborer, who breaks up the large pieces, and loads the cars. These, when filled, are run out to the main track in the drift, and taken away by the mules. The miners here are chiefly Irish and English, and a cheerful-minded, darkness-seeking set of men they appear to be.

Afternoon.—Return to Towanda.

Tuesday.—Election day. All quiet on the Susquehanna. This day the nation utters its voice for Grant and peace.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER IV.

TOO gracious to utter in any ear her thoughts, Mrs. Holcombe felt as little gladness as her girls had expressed, when her prophetic eyes beheld all to which the neighborhood was exposed by reason of the return of Father Trost.

But the people whom this son of Thunder had come to serve in the district of Swatara and the regions adjoining were entering, at the very time of her secret discomfiture, on a season of rejoicing. The old warrior had already sounded his trumpet, and the faithful in Zion, rallying thereat, congratulated each other that they had once more a leader.

"Give me a year to work in, and the dry bones shall live," he said, as he strode about among the mountains. "Give me a year to work in," he had said, whatever field he entered; and wherever he went promise and prophecy were made good. He did succeed in kindling a fire, and in compelling a rush. There was always inflammable material to be collected; no lack of combustibles; noise, smoke, and flame appeared as often as he entered fairly on his work. The assurance and the vanity of the man never experienced a rebuke or a rebuff which could seem to him equivalent to a failure. Men like Father Trost never fail.

The year he asked for in Swatara was vouchsafed. He did not spare himself. He was everywhere announcing and denouncing, proscribing and prescribing; physically he seemed incapable of exhaustion. He had all the brain power and all the energy of will in his seventieth year of life that had marked his prime.

The year of himself which he asked for Swatara passed, the prayer for another was renewed, with an expectation

amounting almost to certainty that it would be granted. Friend Holcombe likewise had outlived the year, and Delia had outlived it.

It was midsummer again, and Mr. Holcombe sat in the schoolroom, which was also the Mennonite meeting-house, one Saturday afternoon. He was in a thoughtful, prayerful mood; despondent, too. It was not release from labor that he craved, it was strength to labor more abundantly, — the strength of the right arm of the Almighty. But how weak he was; and how great was the need of his people. O for the power of Peter or of Paul, or for even the serpent's wisdom! He was distressed when he thought of the wide field in the midst of which he was placed, and of the neglect which portions of it must suffer because he was only mortal. God knew he did not ask for rest. God, his witness, knew it was not because Father Trost was working so mightily among the people that he was stirred to dissatisfaction: it was not an unholy ambition that fired him; but if — A knock at the door startled him.

Rising from the bench which stood upon the platform, he walked down between the benches and opened the door.

Sometimes an act like this had proved most kindly; the minister had received visitors on Saturdays in that room to whom the opening of the door proved a most difficult and painful proceeding. It was because he was aware of the fact, that he walked to the door and opened it.

Deacon Ent awaited admission. Mr. Holcombe was greatly relieved when his eyes met those of the young man. Here was one who brought no vexed or difficult question for the preacher's solution. August walked in a broad, smooth path, and no stumbling-blocks were to be removed out of his way.

Swatara folk knew that the preacher spent his Saturday afternoons in the school-house, and that any man or woman, or any child, who had need of his counsel would find him there, and nowhere truer sympathy; often the troubled mind or the tempted spirit sought him,—he was always waiting and expecting; but at this hour it was a relief to him, as I have said, to receive his friend and coadjutor, instead of a burdened soul. Even Dr. Detwiler, that tower of strength, would not have received so cordial a welcome as did this brother in the Lord.

The tall and rugged form of Deacon Ent had been thirty years in attaining to its present height. He was a light-haired, blue-eyed model of integrity and vigor. A great stickler for church doctrine and law, having a gift of speech esteemed by some equal to that of the preacher himself, he was regarded by Mr. Holcombe as his right-hand man.

He entered the room, evidently heated by his long walk, for he had come down on foot from the highlands.

"God bless you! I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Holcombe; and they sat down and talked about the pleasant day, and the probabilities of wind and rain, and the prospects of all growing things. To pass from a survey of the season, and of the crops in general, to the detail of his own farming experiences, to in-door life, and from the interests of many to the interests of one, that one himself, was a process so natural and easy, that its difficulties proved to be not impediments.

Here then this young man stood, as it were, at his own door, and he had but to lift the latch!

His attention became fixed, and then in a moment riveted on the preacher, with that instinct which in a moment of peril lifts the brave spirit above the shrinking body's apprehensions, and sets it to a steady fronting of the danger.

"Mr. Holcombe," said he, with his eyes on that good man, just because he would have preferred to look elsewhere at the moment, "did you ever think,

sir, that some of our regulations are perhaps over-strict, and hard for human nature, and hinder, I might say *prevent*, our growing as a body?"

Mr. Holcombe did not answer the deacon at once. It is no exaggeration to say that his soul was shaken within him by the question. Were his foes about to prove of his own household? The work of disintegration must have commenced among the foundation-stones since this strong pillar was shaken! He did not hasten to speak, but when he spoke, said:—

"All laws are difficult to obey, if the spirit of obedience is wanting; and even then,"—this kindest of shepherds would manifest the utmost charity consistent with principle,— "even then it is not always easy for the will of the deceitful heart to yield to the persuasions of the mind."

"It's the heart, sir, that Scripture speaks of mostly. Could n't the heart teach the mind something?" asked the young man, gravely contemplating, as it were, the question he had raised. "Ain't you preaching a good deal lately about the pride of intellect? Maybe it's that very thing sets us on to think our laws could n't be mended or improved. Ain't it possible that we could 'a' made some mistakes in our regulations? Is n't it setting up of ourselves and seeking to put down others by such severe laws in religion as we would not and could not submit to in state government?"

"What has brought you here to say this?" asked Mr. Holcombe, turning abruptly upon the young man. "I should have expected such doubts of myself as soon. Is it your heart, August, which Scripture says is desperately wicked and deceitful above all things, that has brought you into this strait?"

The suddenness of this question did not appear to disturb the young man as much as did his endeavor to agree with the minister. But he need not range heaven and earth for testimony that was lodged within himself!

"It seems to me, sir, if I understand our laws, that they require too much.

They do not make allowance enough for human nature. How are we ever to grow, if we bind ourselves hand and foot? Father Trost is carrying all before him. We get no converts."

"We must grow from within, as we always have done. We do not expect a Pentecostal gathering-in."

"But why should we shut our doors up in such a way that these new people, who are coming into the country all the time, cannot even hear our invitation?"

"Do I preach with closed doors, and only to my own flock?" asked Mr. Holcombe, more and more surprised and displeased. "Is n't this house filled with people who come from everywhere?"

"That is because they like the minister. *We*, the church, don't get any converts."

The minister walked from the platform down into the aisle, across the room and back, before he answered; his arms were crossed on his breast, his head bent. When he looked up again as he came near the desk, there was a glow of feeling on his noble face. August had said, he must have known, a true thing when he attributed the preacher's successes to his personal popularity; but nothing like vanity was in the preacher's handling of that fact.

"There have been a goodly number converted out of a bad condition into a better," he said. "But you know, though I cannot claim it as done under my teaching altogether, I could have said as much as this two years ago. The people are improving. And they began to improve long before this Methodist revival. Are you jealous of the direction *that* is taking? I am not. A great many influences are at work here beside the preacher's. I am happy to know that I enjoy the confidence of these miners so that they come to consult me in ways which show that they consider me a friend. What would you have me do, August? If I hold by the faith and doctrine of the Council, good. If I wish to renounce these, I suppose there is nothing to hinder. But, thank God! I do not wish to renounce these. The testimony of a lifetime is worth a

great deal to me. We are rich in the testimony which would make any Christian peoples' annals rich."

The voice of Mr. Holcombe was not the least efficient of the preacher's aids, — it was the voice of one accustomed to leadership, but of one who chose to lead by love. He had often controlled by his sympathy, when a hard show of power would have failed to command.

It had probably not entered Deacon Ent's mind to defy, or even resist, his superior in office. He had come to confer with him, as he had long been in the habit of conferring on all matters of vital importance, whether of private or of public nature. The confidence which was expressed in this confession of doubt spoke well for Mr. Holcombe, and well for himself. But he was going further; the difficulty he had already experienced in speech did not so much embarrass him as to change his purpose; the thing he had come to say must be thoroughly spoken.

"But, taking everything into consideration," he said, "would n't it be wiser if our people were allowed to marry among other Christian folk, if they had a leading that way? Other denominations have a large liberty in this particular, and they thrive on it. I have been looking into it, and I see it don't stand to reason that we should set up laws like this, and make them authority for all kinds of folks. It seems to me like saying that a man should n't look into his neighbor's fields, but just keep to his own. If he does that, he'll be likely to turn out a poor farmer."

"Ent," said Mr. Holcombe; there he stopped. He dreaded to ask the question which he must ask; but after a second he looked the young man in the face, stepped nearer to him, and laid his hand on his shoulder; "what has happened to *you*?"

"Nothing that I'm ashamed to own, sir"; and he returned the minister's serious, anxious, but most friendly gaze with one of perfect candor.

"You must remember when you promised obedience to the laws of our

society, as your father and your grandfather did before you, you did it in the belief that by keeping those laws you could best honor our Lord. You took office in the church knowing what you did. You have not allowed yourself to tamper with those laws?"

"No, sir!"

"Then you know the confession. There is no other liberty allowed to believers under the New Testament dispensation than to marry amongst the 'chosen generation, or the spiritual kindred of Christ, that is, to such and none others as are already previous to their marriage united to the church in heart and soul.' What other union with the church is worth anything, August? They must 'have received the same baptism, belong to the same church, be of the same faith and doctrines, and lead the same course of life.' You know why. A house divided against itself will fall. And if there is any meaning or force in our doctrines, any reason why we should ever have subscribed to them, it must still hold good when we have fallen into 'divers temptations.' Then is the time to test their worth. How often have you yourself said that the faith is worth little for which we are not willing to make sacrifices. Perhaps God will test your sincerity. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

"I know, sir,—I know,—I have considered all that," said the young man; "but it comes to this, sir, for the sake of a set of arbitrary laws must I give up what I hold dearest? That is the simple question. To give up a regulation of men is not to give up Christian truth."

"August, what is it you hold so dear? What are consistency, influence?"

"Needs in the wind, sir."

"My dear brother—"

"I am trying to find out what my duty is," said Ent; and having gone thus far, Mr. Holcombe's wrath even had been of little moment to him. "Should our custom, which is n't of vital moment, and cannot be proved so, have a feather's weight in deciding a

question which concerns the happiness of two persons? I ask you, sir, because I have answered myself. I might have acted on the answer I made, but I knew that my minister trusted me."

"That is like yourself, August," exclaimed Mr. Holcombe, greatly relieved. "In your honesty is your safety. Wait, lad. Let the woman be taught of you and of God. Bring her into the fold, and thus sanctify your life. Be patient. This that you feel is the rashness and heat of youth. Ah, you think I know nothing of what you are passing through! Did I not wait for my wife seven years? I would have waited to this day, because I loved her, because she was the woman ordained for me, the only one, I honestly believe, whom I could love. You can wait. I waited without hope. Discipline yourself into the noblest manhood by self-control. You will never be happy if you leave us; you will injure yourself irreparably if you remain and deceive the brethren. Let your light so shine before men that they may glorify your Father in Heaven."

The preacher's voice, though scarcely raised above a whisper, in this appeal would have commanded the attention of a much larger audience than could have gathered in the old meeting-house. August answered:—

"I know how it is, sir! While you speak I hear you and know that you are right. But when I go away I shall hear her voice, not yours."

"If she tempts you, remember what befell another who was tempted by a woman."

"Shame!" exclaimed August, indignantly. "It is not a temptation! It is a man's feeling that he has a right to liberty. She is mine, I tell you."

"Mine own familiar friend! my companion and guide!"

Ent turned away; he could not witness the minister's emotion unmoved. "Friend Holcombe, do not make me wish for death," said he.

"My brother, my son! you have passed through some sore trials, and I never found you too weak to bear them.

It is the pleasure of the Lord that you should endure this test. We are coming on hard times. Some may fall away. Do not, do not fail those who have a right to expect of you the conduct of a strong Christian man!"

"The Lord gave, and he will not take away," returned Ent. Hastily picking up his broad-brimmed straw hat, he folded his linen coat across his breast and pinned it together (nothing so ornamental as a button was allowed on the garments of this straitest of his sect); he seemed about to depart.

"Stay!" exclaimed Mr. Holcombe. "Why may I not see you two together? She will surely not object to come and worship with you here; come to-morrow! I ask it as the pastor of the flock, and as your brother. I thank you for your confidence, August. I should have expected it; but let me have the woman's too. Tell her I deeply desire it."

"You know her already," said August, putting on his hat and looking toward the door.

"Who is she?"

"Father Trost's daughter Mary."

CHAPTER V.

AUGUST ENT had hardly pronounced this name when the door opened, and Dr. Detwiler entered. Such a man's coming must have broken up the conference between the deacon and his minister; but the conference was already at an end.

The deacon turned to the minister, they shook hands, and he went away without speaking further, merely returning the salutation of the doctor by a nod. Friend Holcombe closed the door behind him with a sigh which his jaded look testified came from the heart.

"I came for you in great haste, Friend," said the doctor, that hearty companion of the elements who now stood before him, quick of speech, clear of sight, agile, not too slenderly built for service, even for a country doctor's rough campaigning among the moun-

tains and through the valley land, in winter's storm and summer's heat, transformed beyond recognition since he came, a pale, work-worn student, to find his life in Swatara. "Guildersleeve wants you right away," he continued. "Lightfoot is waiting out there. Take him and be off. I'll run down and tell your wife, and go home by rail. Give the old fellow room in your shed when you get back, unless I send for him. But probably I'll not send, for you have ten miles to go, and the road is n't the best. Can you go? You must! I shall tell Delia not to wait tea for you."

"I must go? Of course, then, Guildersleeve wants me!"

"It seems a great matter to get you up there, that's all," said the doctor. "Guildersleeve's days are numbered, but he will last longer than he thinks. He finds it rather harder to repent than he expected, I suppose. I dare say the time will seem long enough to him before you get there."

While the doctor spoke, Mr. Holcombe walked about and closed the windows; when he went towards the door the doctor followed him. There, in the quiet shadows, Lightfoot grazed in peace, unmindful of all he had escaped by being a brute. His master called to him, and at the same time said: "I want you to keep a sharp eye all along the road; the country is perfection itself,—open your eyes wide,—be off!" When the minister was fairly started, Detwiler said: "I assured the old man that you would be up there in a couple of hours; he will count the minutes. I'll go tell Delia where you are."

Then he went off quite as hurriedly as the deacon had gone. He was eager to leave the preacher alone with nature, to whose tender mercies he knew he might intrust this hard-working man.

It seemed as if Lightfoot's hoofs had no sooner struck on the road which led up among the chestnuts and the pines, to the pine grove through which he must pass on his way to Guildersleeve's, than the shadows which had lain so heavily on the minister's face gave flickering tokens of intention to

depart. There was a change in the flow of the mysterious currents, a lifting up, a loosing, a dispersion of what had threatened to descend and break in mist and rain. Serene grew his brow; the fine head was lifted, the erect figure expanded, the eyes of the man saw, or seemed to see, the clouds and their shadows rolling away. He could now discern. All that Nature could do for Friend Holcombe she had done, or was about to do.

He surrendered himself by degrees to the charming influences at work beyond the troubled sphere of pastoral conscience, suffering though he was under the burden of human sorrows and human guilt when he set out on this errand; bearing the burden with him, as he went, it was now with hope that he continued his way. But, though this glory through which he passed, this ever-renewing glory, rebuked despair, while his eyes noted the broad sunbeams slanting through the woods and the mossy trunks of the old trees, and the wayside pools, he thought with a troubled spirit of August. And yet if it would please the Lord to bring the Methodist's daughter into the Mennonite fold, could it not be to His honor? might it not even be that thus the Head of the church would turn the old man from the speech of a persecutor, to engage in the milder teaching of one who loved the Gospel even better than he loved his sect? As this question crossed Friend Holcombe's mind, he looked upward and smiled; so impossible was it for him to understand a man like Trost, that he found it easy to believe that the thing he hoped was feasible. There was Saul of Tarsus to justify his longing!

He remembered, too, just in this connection, that a very considerable degree of friendship had flourished during the past year between Mary Trost and the young girl who had found a home under his roof, and was to him almost as a daughter.

Edna had indeed sought out Mary, who was nearer her own age than Rosa, and whose much wider experience of

life had proved to her great attraction. Her travels and adventures in the far West, her life among the Indians, the actual dangers she had passed through, and the courage thus developed, made her, as a character, and as a teller of strange tales, a delightful companion to the girl, a portion of whose inheritance was a courageous love of adventure. Edna had the spirit that had taken her father to the ends of the earth before he was twenty-one.

While Mr. Holcombe goes on his way, we may consider for a moment this friendship. With the growth of it no one interfered. As Delia perceived in its first stages, it was encouraged by Father Trost. She only tried to keep pace with Mary in sharing the confidences of her daughter. It was quite clear to her that no interference would have been tolerated by Edna, had she attempted any. If there was no roof under which the girl could meet her friend, there was the highway, with the heavens for a roof; all out-doors.

In this vast apartment of nature the girls were promenading one fine afternoon; Mary had been telling adventures as usual, and Edna listening as usual, when the former said: "How long are you going to keep on asking and taking? It is time you gave a little to me. Don't you know it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

"What will you have?" asked Edna. "I would like to give something to somebody."

"I will have—let me see—your history."

Father Trost had dropped a remark about Edna one day that led Mary to promise herself she would some time ask this, as she had now suddenly remembered.

"There is precious little to tell," said Edna, "but such as I have I'll give. Do you remember Annie Gell? No; I dare say you never heard of her either. There was once a girl who lived away off with that old woman. The house was very small, but there was land enough around; they were swallowed up in land. The old woman

had cultivated it some seasons without help of mankind. She was really a good farmer. Do you want to see the house, dear?"

There Edna paused, and, with animated face turned towards her companion, waited an answer. Her ambition, it was evident, was to make an interesting story for that tale-teller to whom she was indebted for many a pleasant hour.

"I want to see the house, and the old woman, and the girl,—everything. The clearer the better," said Mary. And Edna, well pleased, proceeded.

"It was an old brown house, and had no up stairs. There was a door in the middle, and a room on each side. The rooms were a keeping-room and a bedroom and a kitchen. It had a good dry cellar, dry enough to keep the milk in. The woman kept pigs and a cow. But when she wanted her land ploughed or broken in—do you know what I mean?"

"O yes; cultivated, of course."

"I thought you would say so; it is n't what I meant. She cut down a great many trees herself, and after that the land was ploughed, and she planted and sowed, and had good crops almost always. The house had a hop-vine growing over the door; it was a very large old vine, for it ran around both the windows and along the edge of the roof up nearly to the top of the chimney. She and the girl used to gather the hops,—there were bushels sometimes. They sold them and made quite a large sum of money. The windows had white curtains onto them. The door of the house was red. There was a well with a long pole near the house in the front yard. The house stood on the ground, only one step to go up. There was a little grove of pine-trees not far off, and the ground was covered with moss. Do you see the place?"

"As plain as I ever saw anything. Go on."

"The old woman had a hump on her poor back." Edna said this with a feeling, and a resolution, which could not have escaped notice. She men-

tioned the fact only that her picture might be more pointed in detail. "The hump came from a fall when she was young. I can't tell you what a worker she might have been if that had n't happened. She was a little woman, not near as tall as Mrs. Holcombe. Not as large as you are even, but so different! She wore poor clothes, and kept herself close in everything. She had gray hair, nearly white, and the dearest eyes you ever saw. Her face had a great many wrinkles. She did n't smile very often, but she never frowned on the girl. The girl was a child of her sister's; when the mother died she was taken up to the poor little farm, and the poor old aunty; and at first how dull it was! but she liked it better at last than any other place." The significance with which these last words were spoken made it impossible for Mary to doubt their meaning. But Edna did not dwell upon that point.

"One day when she went into the room with some eggs she had found in the bushes,—for the old speckled hen they were sure had stolen her nest, and she had hunted everywhere for it, and found it at last,—she felt as if she could not stay there, could not breathe, the old aunty looked so awfully. She was sitting by the window, and when she saw the girl she said, 'So you found the nest?' That girl will never forget how the voice sounded. She had to go in then with her basket and show the eggs. 'Sit down,' said aunty, 'for I want to say something particular to you.' Whenever she spoke that way, the poor thing had to obey. So she went and sat down and said, 'What do you want?' Just then there came a bee in at the window, and that seemed to turn her thoughts off from what she had been seeing and hearing. 'We are going to have folks come,' she said; and then she leaned across old aunty, and let the prisoner out.

"I have been waiting to tell you what the doctor said, and something more'; that came next in a very low voice, but it did n't shake any. 'When was he here?' said the girl, and then

she went nearer to the old woman and smoothed her gray hair and held her hand;—there were only those two, and they loved each other.

"'Not to-day,' said she. 'You remember it was last week, was n't it?' but it was only the day before! 'He told me,' she said, 'that there was n't any use doctoring me any more.' 'He did n't say that!' said the girl, firing up. 'Well, it was near like it. Why, child, I should owe him a pretty bill if he was like other folks. But he is n't, and I've settled with him; so don't worry about that. He has been kind to me, and he'll be kind to you.'"

Edna's eyes had been fixed steadily on her listener while she went on, but as if conscious of the pain that must be visible in them she now looked away, but still went on.

"The girl said, 'Don't talk so, aunty; I don't know what has got into you. The doctor talked like a fool; I expect he would n't have said it if I had been by, I can tell you. The roads are getting bad, and it's out of his way to come here.' You may know how she felt by that; she would n't have said it about the doctor, if she had n't been so desperate. But when the old woman heard her going on that way, she smiled almost. 'You're mistook there,' said she. 'Michael Detwiler don't grudge going.' You must n't talk so, my gal, or what will they think of you down there?'"

"When the girl heard her say that,* she guessed what she meant, and felt as if she must die. She could n't answer a word. 'You are going to have a new home, and the bestest home that gal ever had. You'll forget old aunty before those maple leaves turn red. I planted them about the door myself,' she said. Then it was dreadful to hear her say to that poor girl: 'I have n't done right things by you, child, I'm afeared. Not always. But now you'll have a better chance than you've ever had to do right by yourself. Be as good as you know how to be, and there is n't any one living can beat you at that, you dear child.'"

"O, that was sweet to hear," said Mary.

"Yes; but once she said to me, 'You devil!' that was a great while ago. It comes back,—for perhaps I was one. . . . Then I—the girl, I mean—asked her, 'Where am I going?—when am I going?'"

"'To-morrow, maybe,' said she. 'I may be called for any day now. There's nobody I dast leave you with on this earth but one, and she'll be to you more'n I ever could be. And do it for your mother's sake. The Lord above forgive me where I have come short. You have had a hard, hard time up here with the old woman.' 'No, I have not,' the girl said. 'I have had as good a time as anybody ever had. There could n't be a better. Handed about so from one to the other! I am not going away. I am going to stay here, and keep you with me.' But the old woman said, 'We must go, both of us, you your way and I mine. You are young, and I am old. It ain't for either of us to say we will or we won't. It is going to be managed for us. Your things are all ready. You have only got to put 'em in the blue chest. You must wear your best frock down,' she said. 'You'll have all the money the old place will bring. I have told the doctor about it. Yes, things come about,' she said, 'if you just give 'em time enough. Neighbor Faulkner'll get my land that he's wanted for years. The old house'll go down. He won't fill the well up, I reckon. I dug that well myself. Never mind; but don't let 'em bury the old woman so deep you'll never be able to draw up a thought of her. And mind, everything is yours.'"

The face of Edna had grown pale while she told this tale. "That is about all," she said, after a pause. "Nobody ever heard this story before. The minister's wife had said she would take the girl; and so when all was over, the doctor took her down to live in a house full of people, where she knew she could not suit anybody, though they were all kind to her; it was a long time before

she could make up her mind to stay there; and now she feels all the time that something will happen to take her away. She did go back to the old place once; but it was terrible up there. The hop-vine had grown over the door, and there was only the crickets to make a noise. She had to get in at the window, for the door was fastened. She stayed there all night, but she could not sleep; and if they had n't come for her she would have gone away—somewhere, for the old house was n't home to her any longer. . . . So now she is staying on; but Mary has come, and she knows all about it; that makes a difference!"

"But I should think," said Mary, "that the girl you have been telling about would almost worship the minister's wife."

"I would not like to have her know all I think," Edna answered; and her answer expressed exactly her feeling,—a want of confidence in Mrs. Holcombe that would command her love.

The next time Father Trost had anything to say about the Holcombes to Mary, she told him Edna's story, and said: "Poor child! she don't feel at home there; she is n't a bit like their people; but I don't see how she can help liking them. I'm sure there could n't kinder folks be found."

"That's natur'," answered the old man; "she's cut on another bias."

And this antagonism he considered a judgment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE business that took Mr. Holcombe to Guildersleeve's was pressing heaviest on his mind as he approached the farm-house that stood at some distance from the high road in a field unshadowed by a solitary tree,—as bare and bleak a place to dwell in as the old man's heart had made for himself and others on the earth.

Old, hoary, and dying, he lay on his bed, past help of any power that he could command. He was waiting with the impatience of a man who had never known what patience was, moment af-

ter moment waiting for the arrival of Preacher Holcombe.

For twenty years, ever since Bishop Rose's time, he had lived under ban, indifferent all these years to the sentence of his brethren, able to live without their friendship, and able also to maintain himself without dealings with them. His business relations had been with men of other denominations. But neither his pride, nor the defiance with which he had withstood those who had tried and excommunicated him for his contumacious behavior, nor the spirit of revenge with which he had in personal combat proved his rights, refusing, when the brethren called him before them, to recognize their privilege of interference, and to submit to their reproof,—nothing of all this had tempted him to unite himself with any other religious body. Father Trost had not yet abandoned his hope of numbering the old man among his converts; but it was sufficiently manifest that Guildersleeve was not the stuff of which a convert could be made. The stamp of the Mennonite was as deeply impressed upon him as his own nature. He could live independent of all outside shows, he said; and he had given some evidence that it was possible for a man to become a heathen, and go on from year to year prospering and laying up treasure on earth. Guildersleeve had long been accounted the richest farmer of the district, and so he was a sad stumbling-block in the way of those who had been trained in the belief that the face of Providence was against the ungodly. More than one young man, contemplating the career of Guildersleeve, had found himself doubting whether the old Scripture would admit of modern application,—“though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.”

After a brief illness, it had become evident to this stalwart offender that he could not possibly recover, and now he remembered death and judgment, and began to exhibit those dastardly symptoms which in a moment can destroy the significance of a lifetime. All his

boasted strength, then, was but a weakness! If we could imagine a devil, and a devil repenting, what more pitiable object! He told the doctor he wanted to see Friend Holcombe. At that moment when he made the request all his defences fell. His will once shaken, no more rallying for him. There stood the discovered and ashamed spirit which had intrenched itself in solitude so long!

He had given no hint to his family, when the doctor had gone, that he expected another guest that day. He only lay and waited, and to those outraged women, his mother and his wife, who had been tossed for sleepless days and nights on the rack of his agony, the state of his mind seemed auspicious.

As to the preacher, though so long a resident in Swatara, known far and near for zeal, efficiency, and the widest sympathy, it had never been his fortune to come into real contact with Guildersleeve.

During her early widowhood, and indeed for years, until infirmity and broken-heartedness, and her son's direct interference prevented, Mrs. Guildersleeve had held a prominent place in the church. But she had lived too long, she deemed. Ten years ago, when the sad conviction fastened upon the white-haired woman, her son kissed her, and said they were cruel words to hear. But not for that she lingered; she seemed to be only waiting until her prayers should be answered.

Standing by the window at nightfall, she saw Mr. Holcombe approach. He rode down the lane adjoining the field in which the house stood, dismounted, and tied his horse to the cedar post under the willow which she herself planted when a girl; and never was a truer saying, she was wont to think, than that with the willow the planter plants his sorrow.

Friend Holcombe was not a stranger to old Dame Guildersleeve. Now and then at a neighbor's funeral, or in some chance way, she had met him, and in his face she had seen that which gave

her confidence in him. Had the doctor sent him here? The face of her son was turned toward the wall; what should she do? Perhaps he slept. Then it would be best that he should waken and see for himself that Mr. Holcombe was there. She dared not even open the door until the preacher knocked, so in bondage was she yet, though the man who had shut her life up in this prison was lying on his bed as helpless as a worm.

It was impossible that she should suspect the real fact that her son was listening all the while with an intentness which nothing could escape, first for the clatter of horse-hoofs on the stones in the lane, then for the sound of the gate swinging on its rusty hinges, then for approaching footsteps. "Come in," he said, in a way that startled the old woman, when the preacher knocked. His voice had n't sounded strong like that in many a day. Would he get up next, and order her out of the room? it would not have surprised her.

What did Moses Guildersleeve want at this time of day? An assurance which no man could give. A witness no pleader could produce. He had wakened to find that upon him an eye was fixed which must have been always observing, that towards him an ear was bent which had heard all! He had been living in frightful intimacy with a power which could crush him in a moment!

But now that Mr. Holcombe was here, it seemed as if he had nothing to say to him. Had it been possible for the minister to have mistaken the meaning of the doctor, he would have supposed that his presence was tolerated merely because the sick man had not force enough to resent it.

He made no allusion to the message Detwiler had brought him, choosing that Guildersleeve should acknowledge that he had sent for him; so he inquired about his sickness, until at last, as if ashamed of his faltering, the old man said: "There's no use talking about what laid me here on this bed; one can't do the work of ten, and keep on

that way more than seventy year. I'm a dead man, as I expect Detwiler told you."

"He said you were a very sick man, Mr. Guildersleeve."

A pause followed, broken by, "Did you walk up here?"

"No; the doctor's Lightfoot brought me."

"My Sorrel in the stable is worth a dozen of him. You may have him. I've made my will, but he's yours! Sorrel's for the preacher. Lightfoot's a pretty fair traveller, but not the creetur Detwiler thinks. What's the odds, though? Michael is a good fellow; I've always liked him since he first came into this country."

Anything to delay the moment when something very different from this must be said. In three days he had not spoken as many words; but now, as if angry with himself, he broke out: "I did n't expect you would come! what do you want?"

Mr. Holcombe could easily answer that question. "I want to hear from you, sir, the words I must wish to hear from any man in your case. I want to feel sure that when you quit this comfortable home, which you have made for yourself here, you will go to another, where you will find a love which will go beyond that of a mother."

As if the steady, mild composure of the preacher's voice had soothed him, Guildersleeve answered with a softening voice, "Nothing could go beyond that."

Low as the words were spoken, the old woman sitting by the fireplace heard them, and wistfully turned toward the bed; but he did not call her to him, and she sat still in her place.

Then followed a long, pitiful talk between Fear, that was inquiring a safe path out of life, and Faith, who saw the way so bright and clear. Mr. Holcombe tried to show the old man that an angel of light was waiting to conduct him; but he saw only angry brethren, and the averted faces of old Ahern and Eby, who came into the country with him, and between whom and himself

were ties of relationship which he had refused to recognize these many years. It was the preacher's duty to show the sinner that these men would be among the first to welcome him back to the church if he would but return, that they expected him! Guildersleeve doubted this; but there was August Ent, what did *he* say? Would August be glad to have him back, did he expect him? The minister could not doubt it; but might he bring August with him in the morning to see Mr. Guildersleeve? then he could hear with his own ears what the deacon would say. No! no! but there was n't a man, he owned, for whose good opinion he would give so much. If Ent actually expected him back, he'd go, if he died trying. "Then," said Mr. Holcombe, "shall I tell the brethren tomorrow that it is your wish to return to them, and that, if God spares your life, you will?"

The mother of Guildersleeve at that question knocked the ashes out of her pipe and laid it on the shelf, and waited her son's answer.

"They would n't believe it."

"Not if I tell them! O yes. They will believe it when I tell them you acknowledge that you sinned when you undertook to right yourself by going to law, and resorted to blows when you had been injured; and that if it were possible you would gladly give them all manner of evidence of your penitence."

Guildersleeve hesitated, but nothing short of such confession, he perceived, could now bring him out of the place in which he found himself. At last he said:—

"It's true. I was wrong. I have been paying for my pride interest and principal. I've had a dreadful hard row to hoe, Hulcum, I tell you."

"Shall I say it to the brethren or to the congregation? It shall be as you wish." These words covered much ground, and they made an impression.

"It would put them women of mine in everybody's mouth," said he.

Low as he spoke, his mother heard.

"Son, if it's me you mean, or Ruth, let it be afore them all. It's for the glory of God."

"A debt," he muttered. "I've always paid my honest debts, Mr. Hulcum. A man's a mean cuss that won't pay his debts. But this seems to be outlawed."

"It could not be if you lived forever. Come, brother, show your hope that your Maker has forgiven you, by asking the brethren to forgive you to-morrow. They will do it with joy."

"They'll say the old bear's afeared at dying." The man's face took the hue of tawny marble as he spoke. It was the nearest approach to pallor that could be produced upon it.

"Why should you not fear? You are going into the presence of a just God and holy. But if fear is reasonable, so is trust. You reproach yourself about these women; that gives me something to hope by, for they, I know, forgive you."

"Mother, come here."

She came at that call. She had borne the huge sinner on her bosom in his sleek infancy, on her heart in his rough manhood. He took her hand and held it fast in his. At last he pressed it to his lips, and his eyes, which had been closed, opened upon her.

"Will He do like you?" he said.

"What was you thinking when you married Ruth?"

She did well to remind him of those, his best days. He thought of them and did not answer.

"You believed He gave her to you."

"Your memory is a first best one, mother!"

"If I have n't forgotten that, He has n't. If you look to Him now, when you're low down and far gone, as you did when you was young and nothing could stand afore you, son! He is n't deaf. He does n't grow hard of hearing and old like us."

"Ruth!" he shouted, in a voice that seemed to fill the house; then he turned to Mr. Holcombe, "Tell 'em all, children and all," he said; "they all know

Guildersleeve; tell 'em it was devil's pride, and I've been a devil's angel to the church. The Methodists courted me for that; I knew it, but I never shook hands with 'em on't. Ruthy—"

While he spoke a woman had entered the room, — a gray-haired, bowed, and wrinkled woman, the kind of creature a man can crush to the dust and no one be the wiser for it, if the knowledge depends on her complaint. Patience and loyalty in their inferior forms were her virtues. She had never expected an hour like this. Out of the lips which had not opened in speech to her for years she never expected to hear words of self-reproach, or pleading for pardon. What words that this dying wretch could say would restore anything like joy to the cowed, frightened thing who had given herself to him to labor in his fields and in his house, to endure privations and hardships, to pass through experiences which the heart can indeed make light of when it discerns love in the eyes of him for whom it endures them!

It seemed now as if she never could have left the corner into which she had crept, and approached near to his bed, had not Mr. Holcombe taken her hand, and in a gentle manner constrained her.

"Don't look at me that way, Ruth," said her husband, in his turn apparently alarmed at her presence. "Are you afeared of me? You did n't look that way once. Mother remembers I was glad when you said you'd have me. . . . You can tell by a woman's looks what the matter is. She looks as if I had scared her."

"Don't talk so, Moses. The minister will think you've gone crazy."

"What's that to me! You can think of it when I'm gone. It was n't right, Ruthy; 't was hellish in me to take what I found, and do what I did with it. But the folks are all going to know I owned it at last."

Again he closed his eyes and drew his hand from hers, and again it sought his mother's; he held to the hope that between them at least no separation was possible. Her enduring mother-

love gave him all the hope he had for the dark future towards which he was hurrying.

His wife sat down on the bedside, and waited there till he looked up again, then she smiled and kissed him. She too had forgiven all. Henceforth she would always believe that a sort of craziness had made her husband what he was so many years, but by the mercy of God he had come out of it before he died.

Friend Holcombe might now depart. But would he come again to-morrow? Yes, surely. After he had spoken with the congregation and the brethren? Yes.

He had not passed from the lane to the highway, before he began to think of the argument to faithfulness which he should have to lay before August in this respect and confidence which his conduct had inspired in a man like Guildersleeve. And while he thought of this, lo on the highway August stood before him!

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Deacon Ent knocked that evening at the door of Father Trost's house, he was in no enviable state of mind.

An hour before, when he met Mr. Holcombe on the road, the minister had stopped to acquaint him with Guildersleeve's words and wish concerning him. The words made an impression. The old man's testimony to the deacon's influence, his Christian influence, his influence as a Mennonite, had an importance which, surely, the future of the living man, as well as his past, must justify.

Instead of proceeding directly to the house of his neighbor, as he had purposed to do when startled by the sudden and unwelcome appearance of Mr. Holcombe, August went back to his own house and walked about in the moonlight, wondering whether he had been hindered from going over to Mr. Trost's house for an hour only that he might meet the minister and receive that message, and be told again that he had the

reputation of a saint to sustain before the people. Ought he not then to keep out of the way of temptation? But temptation! That word aroused his indignation, and he arose and looked at the bright moon, and the paler stars, as if he would defy the very heavens to show a better girl than Mary Trost. And she loved him!

If he would only compel himself to look steadily back on what had happened, he could not help seeing that there was a time when he held all this business in his own hands; and whether he would continue to do so was a matter of choice with him. He must remember that the first time he said anything to Mary that would have made Mr. Holcombe open his eyes with wonder could he have overheard it, she had not understood him. He might have retreated then, and no soul would have been the wiser, but, on the contrary, he had gone far out of his usual course and practice, in the hope of kindling in her heart a little spark of interest in himself.

At last love had surprised her, and involuntarily she had confessed it. All this was his own work. And he had promised Mary that he would come to her this evening, knowing that she was alone, for her father was away on his circuit.

But since making that engagement, he had talked with the preacher in the meeting-house, and the preacher had now, as it were, risen out of the ground to talk to him.

The question simply was, whether he would go over to Trost's or not. He went.

He was able to meet and to bear his own responsibilities.

But it is written, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

Twice already, since the moon rose, Mary had gone to the door to look for the deacon. When she had assured herself that no figure walked along the road or across the fields, she still stood there and noticed how all things brightened in the moonlight, and listened to the sounds proceeding at intervals from barn and shed where the living crea-

tures were gathered; and while she stood she sang:—

"Once on the raging sea I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark."

But she did not go far in that hymn. She remembered what had taken her to the door, and resumed the work which she would not drop again, she promised herself, till August came. Nothing, she felt persuaded, would prevent his coming.

When he knocked, she said, "Come in," but without rising from her chair; and when he entered she still sat, quiet, and collected, as if she were not to be disturbed by his coming or his going. Mary was a conspicuously fine-looking girl; it was easy to determine into what kind of flower this pink bud would expand. Besides good looks she had good traits,—candor, good temper, steadfastness. She was what is called "well informed," moreover, for she had been a year at a Wesleyan school, and had made good use of her advantages; her composed face and neat attire made her an attractive beauty to the eyes of August Ent.

In the perfect order and bright aspect of the kitchen in which she sat, in the polish of the oaken floor, the cleanliness of the walls, the orderly array of tin and delft-ware on the shelves, which each had its ornamental border of paper fringe, Ent had come to take a pride similar to that of ownership. Ever since this establishment was set up, he had been filled with admiration by the perfection of housekeeping which was exhibited therein.

Some Dutch blood flowed in his Mary's veins. To the honest Hollanders of a far-off town the faces of her ancestors were familiar. There toiled her sturdy progenitors, scrubbing with Dutch ardor the fences round their dwellings, yea, even the very trunks of trees in whose shadows the honest fathers sat and smoked. They gave their lives to scrubbing-brush and sand, and went down to dust at last abhorring it. Mary's love of cleanliness, however,

was not exaggerated into sin or slavery. August knew whose steady oversight ruled here, turning all things to the best account, whose patience and content were constant. But out of the combination of the very qualities he prized he might have perceived the difficulties he must meet in attempting to persuade the girl to accept with him his faith. To her mind it would be but a little thing for August to leave the strait-laced sect to which he belonged for that of which her father was so notable a member. She did not, perhaps, wish to convert the deacon out of his religion into hers, but she had still less intention of being drawn out of her own religious body into his.

The relation between them had not yet assumed the shape in her mind that necessarily one must make a proselyte of the other. She was merely persuaded that she had no call to join herself to a denomination so despised by her people as that in which Deacon Ent had grown up. He must of necessity be a conspicuous member of whatever body he identified himself with, and would it not be a great thing if he would prove himself capable of a more liberal Christianity? Father Trost had been asking the same question.

Among August's thoughts as he came hither had been this, that he would attempt some treatment of the vexed subject this night. It might be that when it was required, he should find himself furnished with an irresistible argument. But when he had entered the kitchen, argument was the last style of conversation he felt desirous to attempt. Still, in the midst of their talk, he did ask Mary if, provided the day were pleasant, she would walk down with him to the meeting-house, and hear Mr. Holcombe preach in the morning. He wanted her to see with her own eyes the impression made by Guildersleeve's confession.

Mary considered, and said that she would; she had never heard Mr. Holcombe preach, and she liked his wife, she liked them all. She heard he did n't put out his doctrines very often, and

hoped he would let 'em alone to-morrow, for if there was anything she disliked it was to have doctrines put at her the minute she went into a congregation where she did n't belong.

"It seems to me," said the deacon, thoughtfully, "it gets clearer and clearer, that there's one truth that covers all the others, and takes 'em all in. That's the reason that I wonder more and more at this narrow, persecuting spirit which some good people have. If there was more of the great truth understood, there would n't be so much show of holding by the little ones."

He spoke with a solemnity and tenderness that made an impression on Mary, so that she asked, with utmost deference: "What do you mean by the great truth, August? Some will have it's one thing, and some another."

He answered with a single word. It rolled out of him like a cannon-ball, — "Love."

After a moment's reflection, she responded, "That may be."

When she answered so, and he saw that they were of one mind on the most important point, August seemed to become possessed of a new power of speech; he forgot the church, his influence, his obligations, Mr. Holcombe, Mr. Guildersleeve. "Let all other questions go," he exclaimed. "I did n't come here to talk about doctrines. It was thinking of you that brought me. I never shall rest, Mary, till I see you in my own house. That is your place. Would n't our house be equal to any meeting-house in the land? Would n't we be worth a good price to each other?"

He himself broke the silence which followed his question: "Did n't you promise, Mary, that nothing should stand between us?"

"Yes, August, but —"

"Yes is yes!" said he, impetuously, taking up her hesitating speech.

"Yes is yes," she answered in a lower voice, but now not hesitating, equal to the demand of the moment.

"Give me your hand, then, for a token."

She gave it to him, and it did not tremble in his strong grasp. "I would like to see the thing, the man, or the church that could separate us," he said, with a short, triumphant laugh. Then he arose and lifted the little table, covered so neatly with its white cloth, and furnished so prettily with the candles of Mary's own making, in their bright brass candlesticks. "That shall be done with whatever interferes," he said, moving it one side. "It shall be put out of the way as so much rubbish; Mary agrees to that?"

Beyond imagination he had spoken, — inconsequential, impotent seemed all argument that would oppose him. He was to be governed by no authority except the authority of the love he had declared. He did not seem to notice even that Mary did not answer his last question; it was in fact hardly a question, but rather an assertion of fact; and indeed, he did read agreement in her face. Looking around he saw Trost's Bible lying on a shelf. He arose and brought it to the table. "We cannot see the end," he said; "we don't know how it will be brought about; but if we belong to each other, nothing shall interfere between us, — we know that. We don't bind ourselves by oaths as some might. I could live a long time on your promise, Mary, but this word of God is precious to us; lay your hand on the book, and let us promise before God to be true to each other."

Mary shrunk back a moment, as though this were some unholy rite he was proposing; but she could not withstand the appeal of his solemn, yet glowing face; she came forward and laid her hand upon the book; he closed his own broad palms over it, and bowed his head as if in silent benediction, and then aloud called on God to witness that he gave himself to love, protect, and serve her.

He had but ceased speaking, when Father Trost opened the door, and advanced into the room. "Well, well, young people," said he, not unpleasantly, "are you holding Quaker meeting?"

OUR INEBRIATES, CLASSIFIED AND CLARIFIED.

BY AN INMATE OF THE NEW YORK STATE ASYLUM.

I HAVE the honor to be a part of the object of a grand experiment in Social Science,—an experiment to restore to the status of prudent and faithful householders and worthy citizens, productive and honorable, a most interesting class of men, in whose fate is presented the impressive spectacle of powers, often noble, paralyzed, and affections and impulses, often pure and generous, perverted, by a prostrate weakness within and a potent and subtle enemy without.

In thus coming to the rescue of a Soul, fallen unarmed and wounded in the thick of its basest foes, at once real and intangible, let us hope that the State brings to the charge not merely the resources of Science, and the results of experience, but the patience of a genuine philanthropy, the magnetism of an active and concentrated sympathy, the kind devices of a practised tact, apt to seize the salient points and master the peculiar puzzle of each individual case; and most, and first, and last of all, the special blessing of God.

For myself, I have the good fortune to be free from the necessity of reproducing materials already well mixed and kneaded,—of displaying old theories in lights neither new nor strong,—of demonstrating self-evident propositions by the aid of familiar illustrations,—of dressing a weary, despairing enthusiasm, fagged out with vain appeals on the one hand, and vainer protests on the other, in the faded artificial flowers of a sentimental rhetoric. Therefore I shall venture to get away from theories and analyses, and well-meant social conundrums, and come home to the "business and the bosoms" of the State's anxious, patient clients,—parents and wives and children and friends,—between whom and these inebriates

she stands in trust, with a plain and unreserved, and I hope a cheering, view of the interior aspects of this House: *the Inebriate at Home*, from the moment when we welcome the coming guest, prostrated in body and soul, to that in which we bid God-speed to his parting,—set up again in his own self-respect, and fortified with a recovered will; and I shall endeavor to show how all this can be done—*is* done here—by the aid of no machinery more complicated than that with which the Creator has provided us from the beginning, in the kindly impulses and grateful aspirations of our own hearts, all ticking in tune together.

To appreciate justly the clarifying processes through which this muddled and disordered trouble must pass, on his way to physical and moral reconstruction, it will be necessary to classify the demoralized community of which he is a member: first, by those well-recognized phenomena which are, in some cases, the painful fate of inheritance, in others the pernicious fruit of circumstance,—in the one instance, a question of temperament, congenital taint, inoculation, propensity; in the other, of accident, adverse fortune, the conspiracy of temptation with opportunity, resulting in a dominant vicious self-indulgence, and that prolonged abuse which revenges itself in the establishment of organic disease,—the former appealing to the sympathy and the concern of the moralist and social reformer, the latter demanding the relief of Medicine or the restraints of Law. And of these two classes it is hard to decide which is the more numerous, since experience and philosophic observation are forced to conclude that the drunkard is quite as often "born" as "made"; "the child is father of the man" as commonly as

the man is of the child; and on this point it may be affirmed, with more of dreadful certainty than figurative extravagance, that *many a baby is born drunk*.

Again, we have that simplest and most positive, as it is also the most familiar, of such classifications, — the Periodical and the Constant Inebriate: a natural division, as it were, and most easy to define, because that by which the man himself falls into line and “dresses” for inspection. Whatever of complexity or confusion we may encounter in our efforts to fix his place in the ranks of any other division, we are sure of his position here; he is either (to borrow Mr. Parton’s definition) one who drinks a certain enormous quantity with daily regularity, or one who consumes an uncertain enormous quantity at irregular intervals.

Between these two classes and those other two, which we have already distinguished by their characteristics of Congenital Taint or Acquired Habit, there seems to be an appreciable, though not an invariable, connection and dependence: we are apt to find the periodical debauch inherited and the steady “soak” acquired. And just as a constitutional diathesis is more difficult of scientific control than an accidental disorder, so the inherited propensity is more treacherous, rebellious, and obstinate than the acquired appetite. In the latter the depths of ruin and wretchedness, out of which the cry for help comes up, have often been reached by gradual steps of descent, which may be, and not rarely are, retraced, by an ascent as gradual, into heights of security and happiness; but in the former there is the mad, defiant plunge, again and again, into the abyss, even from the top and crowning height of rescue; it is the very convulsion of fate and of despair, the moral epilepsy of generations.

And these two kindred classifications, which are essentially physiological, naturally lead us to yet another, which is as positively moral, — that which, in dealing with those who fly in their extremity

to the haven and the help of such an asylum as this, thoughtfully separates them by their diverse moods and spiritual conditions into the audaciously Confident, the timidly Hopeful, and the profoundly Despondent. And this is, after all, the difference most essential to be perused and watched by all who would direct the groping steps of these benighted and bewildered wanderers from the right way, along the path that leads to refuge and rest. For whether for the Inherited Propensity or the Acquired Habit, the occasional debauch or the continual saturation, the counsel is clear, and the remedy single and simple, — Total Abstinence, first, last, and all the time. But how the advice will be received, or the remedy applied, must depend absolutely on the place which the probationary occupies in this classification: the whole study becomes narrowed down to a question of mood and temper; and to know how much to promise for your patient you will have first to ascertain how much or how little he *promises* for himself. The conductors of this experiment would, indeed, have reason to congratulate themselves if, in their pursuit of this subtle and perplexing theory, their researches had been rewarded, in every branch of it, with results as positive and as valuable as those which they termed the Psychology of Drunkenness, — conclusions which help them at once to a rational and methodical course of treatment; for here they find a clear and invariable truth, guiding and cheering them by its own light, — that a humble, timid, self-mistrustful hopefulness is a condition eminently favorable, an audacious confidence to be promptly and firmly rebuked, and a morbid despondency to be secretly feared and cunningly combated. And here, too, we discern, with lively satisfaction and encouragement, the salutary working of that co-operative social plan which constitutes the all of *system* that we claim, and whereby each patient is made the skilful though unconscious physician (unconsciously to himself as to his fel-

low) of another's cure; for the dangerous confidence is rebuked and subdued by contact with the more dangerous despondency; the despondency is cheered by the contemplation of a hope so strong; and both are tempered to a rational and healthy sense of their true situation by the safe humility and cheerful vigilance of that inspiring earnestness of purpose which is the condition most to be desired. And so it happens that to all of these alike comes that common consent of wish and hope in which the seeds of an abiding reformation can alone strike root, to bear precious fruit at last. All are thrown together into a sort of moral hopper, as it were, and submitted to a process of mutual attrition, as marble polishes marble, and diamond grinds diamond, until all have received a surface which reflects the light of heaven.

If, in his capacity of director of this experiment in philanthropy, Dr. Day were asked, What is your "system"? he would have to answer only this: "To coax patiently into life again the moribund conscience and will of each individual *protégé* and ward of ours, and then endow him with power to complete his own cure, by making him an eager, potent agent, with experience and opportunity, in the cure of others. It is the system of a common motive, applied with means in common, to the attainment of a common end."

Thus far, a sufficiently cheering prospect has invited us and led us on. But just here it terminates in a class, happily by far the least in numbers, that we can but contemplate with wonder and chagrin, presenting, as it does, a spectacle of dreary discomfiture and hopelessness, — the hopelessness of stupidity, conjoined with moral insensibility, and the very conceit of selfishness. These are they whom no pride on the one hand, nor shame or alarm on the other, can inspire with a manly self-assertion, — with that longing and reaching after better things which is the last hold of a prostrate character upon its nobler recollections. Incapable of intelligent fear or an honorable blush,

deadly cruel to themselves and others in their egotism, and exulting in ingratitude and deceit, they submit to no argument but coercion, break through all safeguards save bolts and bars, and betray the most honorable trust for a sip of their darling sin. Too base to receive an ennobling aspiration, too lazy to conceive an obligation of duty, too vain for the lessons of experience, too cowardly for the tasks of fortitude, too stupid for any use on earth, they are the glory of the rum-hole and the shame of the asylum — whither they suffer themselves to be dragged to escape the just alternative of a jail. They are its nuisances so long as they remain, and its failures when they leave, — the argument of its enemies, the confession of its friends. But their case presents this consoling anomaly, that the very condition which renders them presently incorrigible is precisely that which affords the only ground of hope, — I mean their youth. And if yet more conclusive proof and clearer illustration of the harmonious machinery of our household were demanded of us, we should have but to point to the sympathy, the patience, the invariable good-humor extended to this incorrigible and disturbing little squad by their more earnest and honorable fellows, to whom they are usually a provocation and a grievance, and who often suffer by their fault, in the curtailment of privileges which they have abused, and the imposition of measures of discipline which their rebellious folly has demanded.

To support the philosophy, and point the moral, of these remarks, I will venture to introduce two or three individual inebriates, who shall serve as types and representatives of their respective classes; and, having received them at the door, we will follow them as they pass, in their sojourn with us, through the moral tonics of those social processes I have endeavored to portray, and take leave of them as they pass out, reconstructed and reanimated, to resume in society the places of honor and usefulness to which they were by nature appointed, and in their families

those sacred duties of love which are the glory and the grace of every true life. All save the barren class last described, which must be grafted and absorbed among the worthier kinds, before it can produce any fruit save that which is bitter and noxious.

As the Regular and the Periodical Inebriate leave behind them their distinctive characteristics when they enter our doors, it will be no part of our purpose to typify in this connection the respective classes to which they belong. Whatever of diversity may appear in their interchange of experiences and hopes, they become identical under the rule of Total Abstinence which is applied to their cure.

In a quaint little poem by that scientific wit, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, we are told that one of the things "We all think" is, —

"Whene'er we groan with ache or pain,
Some common ailment of the race,
Though doctors think the matter plain, —
That ours is a 'peculiar case.'"

"That when, like babes with fingers burned,
We count one bitter maxim more,
Our lesson all the world has learned,
And men are wiser than before."

This is a form of morbid egotism to which the Inebriate, fresh — or, for an apter adjective, foul — from a debauch, with nerves unstrung, remorse keen and cruel, and sensibilities excruciated, is peculiarly prone; and parents, wives, and friends notably partake of his delusion. "Ah, sir, this is an exceptional case! It is impossible that you can ever have known its parallel. No ordinary measures of tact and kindness can reach it. We have studied it with all the patience and anxiety that pain and trouble can prompt; and all we can make of it at last is, a subtle, almost supernatural, mystery of contradictions and confusions, defying diagnosis, and resenting treatment."

And all that is true of many of the most hopeful subjects, and will continue to be true just so long as the man is allowed, or allows himself, to go at large, from bar to bar, from bottle to bottle, — and no longer; for all the "peculiarity" of the "case," all its

subtlety and supernatural mystery, all its contradictions and confusions, are simply *Rum*. Drive that out, and Reason, rejoicing, returns and claims her place. The house of the Man's Soul has been swept and garnished, and it has become a simple question of responsibility on his part, and common sense on the part of his family and friends, whether she shall permanently fix her abode there, or be ejected to make room again for his old devil, bringing seven others with him. Meantime it has been our province to apply to his temper the touchstone of sympathy and tact. We have waited patiently to know him, and we have not had to wait long. In the freedom of a new phase of social intercourse, which presents *confession* as its central interest and attraction, he has no appearances to keep up, no disguises to cling to, no covert motive to conceal. Emancipated from the hypocrisies of a fictitious respectability, the expediences of business, and the polite lies of caste, his weakness and his strength come out frankly, hand in hand, to meet us, and the Man confesses or asserts himself.

But all this while the first of our representative inebriates — the type of one of the three great classes — has been waiting to be introduced. He is of the order of merchants, and his caste-marks are as plain upon him as if he were a Hindoo; what the French term a "man of affairs," — dealer on an imposing scale, banker or broker, speculator, contractor, director of a joint-stock company; in other words, that sum of all shrewdness, foresight, *sang-froid*, and self-possession, oddly, even contradictorily, combined with the enthusiasm and eagerness which are his *esprit de corps*, — the American business-man, of the most generous type. Among his wares or his books cool and unsympathetic even to hard selfishness, wary and keen, sometimes to unscrupulousness, — among the decanters and the cigars he is the freest and heartiest of good-fellows, large-hearted, open-handed, robust in his convivialities, and yet never quite losing sight of the

main chance,—the inspiring vanity of his conscious smartness steadily holding his imprudence in check. In fact, it is the ardor of his calling, more than all other causes, which has brought him here. He was born to be sober and self-possessed; but in an unguarded hour he invoked the services of those most seductive of salesmen and *commissionnaires*, Champagne and Cognac, and they have become the head of the house; and every night, when the safe is locked, he hands over to them his prudence and his self-respect.

Even as he enters here, you can perceive that he brings with him the keen wariness of his calling,—that habit of self-indorsement, that assurance of credit at sight, which are the confident credentials of the man who knows a thing or two. Even fresh as he is from a high-priced debauch, he recognizes the *business* part of "this little arrangement," and goes about settling the preliminaries with the same rigor of system that he would apply to a question of "time" or "discount." With the aspects of philanthropy, moral responsibility, animal weakness, and spiritual strength, which present themselves on the surface of the transaction, he does not fash himself. Those may be all very well in their way, but, being sentimental, they are not in his line. Business is business; and this is business. It don't *pay* to get drunk, even to make "a big thing" now and then; so he has concluded to resign that department of "our operations" to heads that have trained for it, and are safe to keep themselves "level" under any pressure of convivial steam. The influence of this direction of thought and habit of life is apparent in the deliberation with which he has cooled himself off, and "shaped himself up," before coming here. His appearance at present is that of a rather florid gentleman of eminent respectability, nice to a fault in his attire, and exact to formality in his propositions. He is especially particular as to terms, accommodations, and privileges; and impresses upon us, with an air of polite superiority, that he

has nothing to learn on those points. Regarded as a man, everything about him is prepossessing; regarded as a patient, he is interesting and even amusing. The history of his case can be clearly read beforehand: as in certain weak novels, it is easy to guess, from the moment the hero is introduced, how the story will end. He will depart gallantly and gayly from the institution, again and again, only to return more and more chapfallen; until at last, dead beat by repeated defeats, and warned by the arguments of timidity addressed to him by others,—arguments more wisely grounded than his own,—his irrepressible common-sense gets the ascendancy, and he acknowledges that Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty, and Total Abstinence the only stock that pays. In conclusion, it is hardly necessary to say that he stands for the class of Confident Inebriates, under favorable conditions.

In retiring to find his social level among the diversified elements which enter into the composition of our complex household, the Confident man makes way for a sadder and more perplexing type,—the profoundly Despondent.

This calls for no elaborate preliminary description. The wreck of a thriving farmer perhaps, or a broken-down gentleman,—an amiable person, of strong home attachments and hereditary ways, who can experience real trouble from the mislaying of his slippers, and miss a familiar arm-chair, or pine for the loss of his spectacles, as sadly as you or I for the clasp of a friendly hand or the light of a loving eye,—a man whose life has run in grooves too smooth, whose pluck has been impaired by too much *accustomedness*, to whom the least change in his familiar places and faces has been a convulsion, a sort of moral First of May to his domestic conservatism. As in his prosperity he was social to excess, so in his adversity he is morbidly solitary,—a man without elasticity or spring, no india-rubber or spiral wire among his moral materials.

His countenance expresses something which is weaker than resignation and nobler than indifference. His self-respect has retreated into self-commiseration, but not deserted in cowardly self-abandonment. His soul is true to its post, though ready to lie down there and die; and all that is left of his courage is "the forlorn hope."

His attire is respectably threadbare and genteelly unfashionable; his form ten, even fifteen years older than himself; his gait that of one who is led, and he has been led hither, by mother, sister, or wife; his glance feeble and inquiring, seeking a resting-place or a friend; his voice timid and deprecatory; his trembling hands feeling wearily for a leaning-place or a chair: he does not wait for an invitation to be seated. Take care how you look at him hard, or he will faint; and take care how you try to cheer him, or he will swear. He is profoundly hypochondriac, and plainly resents a favorable prognosis. He dislikes to speak of his condition; but if you can extract an opinion from him, you will find that he lays all his trouble to his liver, or his kidneys, or his lungs. As for his drinking, that's simply his "necessity," — to remove it you must strike at the root of the matter; and in this he's more than half right. He does not believe in the doctors, — they have never understood his case. He does not believe he can ever stop drinking, and is sure he should die if he did; would rather not drink, of course, but always feels better when he does. Does not believe in the Asylum, — came here merely to please his friends; as to reforming drunkards, that's all humbug; but thinks it must be a good place to rest in, and if you have no objection would like to lie down now.

For this case there is but one plan of treatment which promises happy results: Quarter him near to, or even in the same room with, the Confident Man. They will begin by regarding each other as crazy, and be mutually diverted and interested; and whilst amiably engaged in the interchangea-

ble exercise of patronizing and proselyting, will unconsciously receive, the one his checking, the other his encouraging impression, promoting in both a permanent cure. Relieve the Despondent Incubate of his hypochondria, and he can be intrusted with the keeping of himself more safely than his self-reliant friend; but the process is tedious and uncertain. Both cases are approaching a satisfactory conclusion when Despondency can beat Confidence in the bowling-alley, or "try his wind" on the parallel bars.

We dismiss this weakest but most respectable of our representative incubates to admit one who is plainly the strongest, and (as to his present condition) the least respectable, — the last of our types, and pre-eminently a *periodical* madman.

Lawyer, journalist, author, physician, clergyman perhaps, his professional status is plain at a glance: a man of more or less sedentary habit, spasmodic labor, and resources usually irregular, fallacious, and inadequate, — excruciating concentration to-day, numb collapse to-morrow, — an eternal torture of oscillation between exaltation and prostration, leaden cares and golden dreams, the cravings of a prince and the gratifications of a beggar, triumphs of the brain and defeats of the heart.

Such men fall far and hard. This one has fallen from the rapture of a rainbow to the remorse of a sewer; but, all battered and bedraggled as he is, he has brought down with him a glory-colored remnant of the bow of hope and promise that broke his fall. The light that led him astray was light from heaven, and the ray that glimmers still in the dreary fen of his self-abandonment, growing ever brighter and brighter, as it is fed by love and duty and courage, will lead him back again to the native daylight of his mind. Then nobler inspirations will incite him; like Antæus, renovated by the touch of his mother Earth, he will derive new forces even from his fall; and, though he has gone into the contest naked, he shall come out of it arrayed in the white

armor of self-conquest. He came hither alone, and shorn of his strength; he shall go forth clothed on, and in his right mind, amid the acclamations of his friends.

Of the thousands of spoiled and miserable lives, with all their broken promise and defeated purpose, their abused attributes and incorrigible offence, which these three most tolerable subjects fairly represent, our virtuous friends, who disapprove of the cakes and ale of this wicked world, are accustomed to say "they are their own worst enemies"; and, having said that, they are supposed to have left us nothing to desire, nothing to resent. Like Artemus Ward, when he took leave of his unconsciously erratic mother, they charge us to "Be virtuous, and you'll be happy!" and, like her, we gaze after their retreating forms with mingled mute emotions of admiration and awe, — admiration for the impudence, and awe for the stupidity.

Of such is the affectionate inanity which first tosses a trembling inebriate from post to pillar of Insane Asylums, — a maddening medley of cages for the Maniacal, and Retreats for the Imbecile, and Domiciles for the Idiotic, — where he is expected to apply himself to the delectable and wholesome contemplation of strait-jackets and muffs, bran dolls and jumping-Jacks, screaming delirium and gibbering vacuity; and of such is the affectionate impudence which then despairs of him and devotes him to perdition, because he has just brains enough left to fly from madness to rum. Of such is the tender and pious mercy which forgives the poor devil just seventy times seven by the multiplication-table, and then presents its little bill. Of such is the heroic "Conscience" which is forever cutting off this offending arm, and plucking out that offending eye, and casting them away. Of such is that sagacious pharisaism of the family, which consigns

the poor prodigal heart, that has nothing left but its remnant of imperishable love, to the isolation of a Refuge such as this; and then, maintaining a savage silence, keeps it for weeks on the red-hot gridiron of a longing suspense, in one protracted nightmare and horror of devilish fancies and fears.

We all know that Drunkenness is a sore offence, a stench in the nostrils of Respectability; and the State has done wisely to bottle it here, and apply to it a clarifying process of moral Chloride of Lime. But what is to be done with the Virtue which is too dull, and the Hypocrisy which is too mean, to reflect credit upon Sobriety?

For myself, who write this, an Inebriate at this Asylum, — Congenital, Periodical, anxiously Hopeful, — drinking for three days with the thirst of the throat-parched damned, abstaining for three months with the shuddering horror of a fanatical yogee, I believe that neither God nor the Devil is responsible for my being here; but just that intangible torment known at the Cooper Institute as *nervous fluid*, quadruply distilled through generations of virtuous abuse and unconscious self-indulgence, and then injected into the quivering cords of a new-born man-child, forty-three years ago.

I believe that class of prompt and potent stimulants to which, with a kind of brutal nomenclature, we apply the common term *Rum*, to be among the dearest blessings the All-pitying Healer has conferred upon his sinning and suffering creatures.

I believe I should be the healthier, wealthier, wiser, and more useful, for a homely, hospitable, cheering "toddy" three times a day. And I protest, with a thousand pangs of mind and body, against the pre-natal fiat which has forbidden me, on pain of ruin and death, to taste one. "By the same fate I have inherited the need and the prohibition."

DOORSTEP ACQUAINTANCE.

VAGABONDS the world would no doubt call many of my doorstep acquaintance, and I do not attempt to defend them altogether against the world, which paints but black and white and in general terms. Yet I would fain veil what is only half-truth under another name, for I know that the service of their *Gay Science* is not one of such disgraceful ease as we associate with ideas of vagrancy, though I must own that they lead the life they do because they love it. They always protest that nothing but their ignorance of our tongue prevents them from practising some mechanical trade. "What work could be harder," they ask, "than carrying this organ about all day?" but while I answer with honesty that nothing can be more irksome, I feel that they only pretend a disgust with it, and that they really like organ-grinding if for no other reason than that they are the children of the summer, and it takes them into the beloved open weather. One of my friends, at least, who in the warmer months is to all appearance a blithesome troubadour, living

"A merry life in sun and shade,"

is a coal-heaver in winter; and though this more honorable and useful occupation is doubtless open to him the whole year round, yet he does not devote himself to it, but prefers with the expanding spring to lay aside his grimy basket, and, shouldering his organ, to quit the dismal wharves and carts and cellars, and to wander forth into the suburbs, with his lazy, soft-eyed boy at his heels, who does nothing with his tambourine but take up a collection, and who, meeting me the other day in a chance passage of Ferry Street, knew me, and gave me so much of his father's personal history.

It was winter even there in Ferry Street, in which so many Italians live that one might think to find it under

a softer sky and in a gentler air, and which I had always figured in a wide unlikeness to all other streets in Boston, — with houses stuccoed outside, and with gratings at their ground-floor windows; with mouldering archways between the buildings, and at the corners feeble lamps glimmering before pictures of the Madonna; with weather-beaten shutters flapping overhead, and many balconies from which hung the linen swathings of young infants, and love-making maidens furtively lured the velvet-jacketed, leisurely youth below; — a place haunted by windy voices of blessing and cursing, with the perpetual clack of wooden-heeled shoes upon the stones, and what perfume from the blossom of vines and almond-trees, mingling with less delicate smells, the travelled reader pleases to imagine. I do not say that I found Ferry Street actually different from this vision in most respects; but as for the vines and almond-trees, they were not in bloom at the moment of my encounter with the little tambourine-boy. As we stood and talked, the snow fell as heavily and thickly around us as elsewhere in Boston. With a vague pain, — the envy of a race toward another born to a happier clime, — I heard from him that his whole family was going back to Italy in a month. The father had at last got together money enough, and the mother, who had long been an invalid, must be taken home; and, so far as I know, the population of Ferry Street exists but in the hope of a return, soon or late, to the native or the ancestral land.

More than one of my doorstep acquaintance, in fact, seemed to have no other stock in trade than this fond desire, and to thrive with it in our sympathetic community. It is scarcely possible but the reader has met the widow of Giovanni Cascamatto, a Vesuvian lunatic who has long set fire to

their home on the slopes of the volcano, and perished in the flames. She was our first Italian acquaintance in Charlesbridge, presenting herself with a little subscription-book which she sent in for inspection, with a printed certificate to the facts of her history signed with the somewhat conventionally Saxon names of William Tompkins and John Johnson. These gentlemen set forth, in terms vaguer than can be reproduced, that her object in coming to America was to get money to go back to Italy; and the whole document had so fictitious an air that it made us doubt even the nationality of the bearer; but we were put to shame by the decent joy she manifested in an Italian salutation. There was no longer a question of imposture in anybody's mind; we gladly paid tribute to her poetic fiction, and she thanked us with a tranquil courtesy that placed the obligation where it belonged. As she turned to go with many good wishes, we pressed her to have some dinner, but she answered with a compliment insurpassably flattering. She had just dined — in another palace. The truth is, there is not a single palace on Benicia Street, and our little box of pine and paper would hardly have passed for a palace on the stage, where these things are often contrived with great simplicity; but as we had made a little Italy together, she touched it with the exquisite politeness of her race, and it became for the instant a lordly mansion, standing on the Chiaja, or the Via Nuovissima, or the Canalazzo.

I say this woman seemed glad to be greeted in Italian, but not, so far as I could see, surprised; and altogether the most amazing thing about my doorstep acquaintance of her nation is, that they are never surprised to be spoken to in their own tongue, or, if they are, never show it. A chestnut-roaster, who has sold me twice the chestnuts the same money would have bought of him in English, has not otherwise recognized the fact that Tuscan is not the dialect of Charlesbridge, and the mortifying nonchalance with which the advance has always been received has

long since persuaded me that to the grinder at the gate it is not remarkable that a man should open the door of his wooden house on Benicia Street, and welcome him in his native language. After the first shock of this indifference is past, it is not to be questioned but it flatters with an illusion, which a stare of amazement would forbid, reducing the encounter to a vulgar reality at once, and I could almost believe it in those wily and amiable folk to intend the sweeter effect of their unconcern, which tacitly implies that there is no other tongue in the world but Italian, and which makes all the earth and air Italian for the time. Nothing else could have been the purpose of that image-dealer whom I saw on a summer's day lying at the foot of one of our meeting-houses, and doing his best to make it a cathedral, and really giving a sentiment of mediæval art to the noble sculptures of the façade which the carpenters had just nailed up, freshly painted and newly repaired. This poet was stretched upon his back, eating, in that convenient posture, his dinner out of an earthen pot, plucking the viand from it, whatever it was, with his thumb and forefinger, and dropping it piecemeal into his mouth. When the passer asked him "Where are you from?" he held a morsel in air long enough to answer "Da Lucca, signore," and then let it fall into his throat, and sank deeper into a revery in which that crude accent even must have sounded like a gossip's or a kinsman's voice, but never otherwise moved muscle, nor looked to see who passed or lingered. There could have been little else in his circumstances to remind him of home, and if he was really in the sort of day-dream attributed to him, he was wise not to look about him. I have not myself been in Lucca, but I conceive that its piazza is not like our square, with a pump and horse-trough in the midst, but that it has probably a fountain and statuary, though not possibly so magnificent an elm towering above the bronze or marble groups as spreads its boughs of benison over

our pump and the horse-car switchman, loitering near it to set the switch for the arriving cars, or lift the brimming buckets to the smoking nostrils of the horses, while out from the stable comes clanging and banging with a fresh team that famous African who has turned white, or, if he is off duty, one of his brethren who has not yet begun to turn. Figure, besides, an expressman watering his horse at the trough, a provision-cart backed up against the curb in front of one of the stores, various people looking from the car-office windows, and a conductor appearing at the door long enough to call out, "Ready for Boston!"—and you have a scene of such gayety as Lucca could never have witnessed in her piazza at high noon on a summer's day. Even our Campo Santo, if the Lucchese had cared to look round the corner of the meeting-house at its moss-grown headstones, could have had little to remind him of home, though it has antiquity and a proper quaintness. But not for him, not for them of his clime and faith, is the pathos of those simple memorial slates with their winged skulls, changing upon many later stones, as if by the softening of creeds and customs, to cherubs' heads,—not for him is the pang I feel because of those who died, in our country's youth, exiles or exiles' children, heirs of the wilderness and toil and hardship. Could they rise from their restful beds, and look on this wandering Italian with his plaster statuettes of Apollo, and Canovan dancers and deities, they would hold his wares little better than Romish saints and idolatries, and would scarcely have the sentimental interest in him felt by the modern citizen of Charlesbridge; but I think that even they must have respected that Lombard scissors-grinder who used to come to us, and put an edge to all the cutlery in the house.

He has since gone back to Milan, whence he came eighteen years ago, and whither he has returned,—as he told me one acute day in the fall, when all the winter hinted itself, and the painted leaves shuddered earthward in the

grove across the way,—to enjoy a little climate before he died (*per goder un po' di clima prima di morire*). Our climate was the only thing he had against us; in every other respect he was a New-Englander, even to the early stages of consumption. He told me the story of his whole life, and of how in his adventurous youth he had left Milan and sojourned some years in Naples, vainly seeking his fortune there. Afterwards he went to Greece, and set up his ancestral business of green-grocer in Athens, faring there no better, but rather worse than in Naples, because of the deeper wickedness of the Athenians, who cheated him right and left, and whose laws gave him no redress. The Neapolitans were bad enough, he said, making a wry face, but the Greeks!—and he spat the Greeks out on the grass. At last, after much misfortune in Europe, he bethought him of coming to America, and he had never regretted it, but for the climate. You spent a good deal here,—nearly all you earned,—but then a poor man was a man, and the people were honest. It was wonderful to him that they all knew how to read and write, and he viewed with inexpressible scorn those Irish who came to this country, and were so little sensible of the benefits it conferred upon them. Boston he believed the best city in America, and "Tell me," said he, "is there such a thing anywhere else in the world as that Public Library?" He, a poor man, and almost unknown, had taken books from it to his own room, and was master to do so whenever he liked. He had thus been enabled to read Botta's history of the United States, an enormous compliment both to the country and the work which I doubt ever to have been paid before; and he knew more about Washington than I did, and desired to know more than I could tell him of the financial question among us. So we came to national politics, and then to European affairs. "It appears that Garibaldi will not go to Rome this year," remarks my scissors-grinder, who is very red in his sympa-

thies. "The Emperor forbids! Well, patience! And that blessed Pope, what does he want, that Pope? He will be king and priest both, he will wear two pairs of shoes at once!" I must confess that no other of my doorstep acquaintance had so clear an idea as this one of the difference between things here and at home. To the minds of most we seemed divided here as there into rich and poor, — *signori, persone civili* and *povera gente*, — and their thoughts about us did not go beyond a speculation as to our individual willingness or ability to pay for organ-grinding. But this Lombard was worthy of his adopted country, and I forgive him the frank expression of a doubt that one day occurred to him, when offered a glass of Italian wine. He held it daintily between him and the sun for a smiling moment, and then said, as if our wine must needs be as unguineine as our Italian, — was perhaps some expression from the surrounding currant-bushes, harsh as that from the Northern tongues which could never give his language the true life and tonic charm, — "But I suppose this wine is not made of grapes, signor?" Yet he was a very courteous old man, elaborate in greeting and leave-taking, and with a quicker sense than usual. It was accounted delicacy in him, that, when he had bidden us a final adieu, he should never come near us again, though the date of his departure was postponed some weeks, and we heard him tinkling down the street, and stopping at the neighbors' houses. He was a keen-faced, thoughtful-looking man; and he wore a blouse of blue cotton, from the pocket of which always dangled the leaves of some wild salad culled from our wasteful vacant lots or prodigal waysides.

Altogether different in character was that Triestine, who came one evening to be helped home at the close of a very disastrous career in Mexico. He was a person of innumerable bows, and fluttered his bright-colored compliments about, till it appeared that never before had such amiable people been asked

charity by such a worthy and generous sufferer. In Trieste he had been a journalist, and it was evident enough from his speech that he was of a good education. He was vain of his Italian accent, which was peculiarly good for his heterogeneously peopled native city, and he made a show of that marvellous facility of the Triestines in languages, by taking me down French books, Spanish books, German books, and reading from them all with the properest accent. Yet with this boyish pride and self-satisfaction there was mixed a tone of harsh and worldly cynicism, a belief in fortune as the sole providence. As nearly as I could make out, he was a Johnson man in American politics; upon the Mexican question he was independent, disdaining French and Mexicans alike. He was with the former from the first, and had continued in the service of Maximilian after their withdrawal, till the execution of that prince made Mexico no place for adventurous merit. He was now going back to his native country, an ungrateful land enough, which had ill treated him long ago, but to which he nevertheless returned in a perfect gayety of temper. What a light-hearted rogue he was, — with such merry eyes, and such a pleasant smile shaping his neatly trimmed beard and mustache. After he had supped, and he stood with us at the door taking leave, something happened to be said of Italian songs, whereupon this blithe exile, whom the compassion of strangers was enabling to go home after many years of unprofitable toil and danger to a country that had loved him not, fell to carolling a Venetian barcarole, and went sweetly away in its cadence. I bore him company as far as the gate of another Italian-speaking signor, and was there bidden adieu with great effusion, so that I forgot till he had left me to charge him not to be in fear of the house-dog, which barked but did not bite. In calling this after him I had the misfortune to blunder in my verb. A man of another nation — perhaps another man of his nation would — would have cared rather for

what I said than how I said it, but he, as if too zealous for the honor of his beautiful language to endure a hurt to it even in that moment of grief, lifting his hat, and bowing for the last time, responded with a "Morde, non morsica, signore!" and passed in under the pines, and next day to Italy.

There is a little old Genoese lady comes to sell us pins, needles, thread, tape, and the like *roba*, whom I regard as leading quite an ideal life in some respects. Her traffic is limited to a certain number of families who speak more or less Italian, and her days, so far as they are concerned, must be passed in an atmosphere of sympathy and kindness. The truth is, we Northern and New World folk cannot help but cast a little romance about whoever comes to us from Italy, whether we have actually known the beauty and charm of that land or not. Then this old lady is in herself a very gentle and lovable kind of person, with a tender mother-face, which is also the face of a child. A smile plays always upon her wrinkled visage, and her quick and restless eyes are full of friendliness. There is never much stuff in her basket, however, and it is something of a mystery how she manages to live from it. None but an Italian could, I am sure, and her experience must test the full virtue of the national genius for cheap salads and much-extenuated soup-meat. I do not know whether it is native in her, or whether it is a grace acquired from long dealing with those kindly hearted customers of hers in Charlesbridge, but she is of a most munificent spirit, and returns every smallest benefit with some present from her basket. She makes me ashamed of things I have written about the sordidness of her race, but I shall vainly seek to atone for them by open-handedness to her. She will give favor for favor; she will not even count the money she receives; our bargaining is a contest of the courtliest civilities, ending in many an "Adieu!" "To meet again!" "Remain well!" and "Finally!" not surpassed if rivalled

in any Italian street. In her ineffectual way she brings us news of her different customers, breaking up their stout Saxon names into tinkling polysyllables which suggest them only to the practised sense, and is perfectly patient and contented if we mistake one for another. She loves them all, but she pities them as living in a terrible climate; and doubtless in her heart she purposes one day to go back to Italy, there to die. In the mean time she is very cheerful; she, too, has had her troubles,—what troubles I do not remember, but those that come by sickness and by death, and that really seem no sorrows until they come to us,—yet she never complains. It is hard to make a living, and the house-rent alone is six dollars a month; but still one lives and does not fare so ill either. As it does not seem to be in her to dislike any one, it must be out of a harmless guile, felt to be comforting to servant-ridden householders, that she always speaks of "those Irish," her neighbors, with a bated breath, a shaken head, a hand lifted to the cheek, and an averted countenance.

Swarthiest of the organ-grinding tribe is he who peers up at my window out of infinitesimal black eyes, perceives me, louts low, and for form's sake grinds me out a tune before he begins to talk. As we parley together, say it is eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and a sober tranquillity reigns upon the dust and nodding weeds of Benicia Street. At that hour the organ-grinder and I are the only persons of our sex in the whole suburban population, all other husbands and fathers having eaten their breakfasts at seven o'clock and stood up in the early horse-cars to Boston, whence they will return, with aching backs and quivering calves, half-pendant by leathern straps from the roofs of the same luxurious conveyances, in the evening. The Italian might go and grind his organ upon the front stoop of any one of a hundred French-roof houses around, and there would be no arm within strong enough to thrust him thence; but he is a gentleman in his

way, and, as he prettily explains, he never stops to play except where the window smiles on him,—a frowning lattice he will pass in silence. I behold in him a disappointed man,—a man broken in health and of a liver baked by long sojourn in a tropical clime. In large and dim outline, made all the dimmer by his dialect, he sketches me the story of his life; how in his youth he ran away from the Milanese for love of a girl in France, who, dying, left him with so little purpose in the world that, after working at his trade of plasterer for some years in Lyons, he listened to a certain gentleman going out upon government service to a French colony in South America. This gentleman wanted a man-servant, and he said to my organ-grinder, "Go with me and I make your fortune." So he, who cared not whether he went, went, and found himself in the tropics. It was a hard life he led there, and of the wages that had seemed so great in France, he paid nearly half to his laundress alone, being forced to be neat in his master's house. The service was not so irksome in-doors, but it was the hunting beasts in the forest all day that broke his patience at last.

"Beasts in the forest?" I ask, forgetful of the familiar sense of *bestie*, and figuring cougars at least by the word.

"Yes, those little beasts for the naturalists,—flies, bugs, beetles,—heaven knows what."

"But this brought you money?"

"It brought my master money, but me aches and pains as many as you will, and at last the fever. When that was burnt out, I made up my mind to ask for more pay, and, not getting it, to quit that service. I think the signora would have given it,—but the signora! So I left, empty as I came, and was cook on a vessel to New York."

This was the black and white of the man's story. I lose the color and atmosphere which his manner as well as his words bestowed upon it. He told it in a cheerful, impersonal kind of way as the romance of a poor devil which had interested him, and might possibly

amuse me, leaving out no touch of character in his portrait of the fat, selfish master,—yielding enough, however, but for his grasping wife, who, with all her avarice and greed, he yet confessed to be very handsome. By the wave of a hand he housed them in a tropic residence, dim, cool, close shut, kept by servants in white linen moving with mute slippered feet over stone floors; and by another gesture he indicated the fierce thorny growths of the forest in which he hunted those vivid insects,—the luxuriant savannahs, the gigantic ferns and palms, the hush and shining desolation, the presence of the invisible fever and death. There was a touch, too, of inexpressible sadness in his half-ignorant mention of the exiles at Cayenne, who were forbidden the wide ocean of escape about them by those swift gunboats keeping their coasts and swooping down upon every craft that left the shore. He himself had seen one such capture, and he made me see it, and the mortal despair of the fugitives, standing upright in their boat with the idle oars in their unconscious hands, while the corvette swept toward them.

For all his misfortunes, he was not cast down. He had that lightness of temper which seems proper to most northern Italians, whereas those from the south are usually dark-mooded, sad-faced men. Nothing surpasses for unstudied misanthropy of expression the visages of different Neapolitan harpers who have visited us; but they have some right to their dejected countenances as being of a yet half-civilized stock, and as real artists and men of genius. Nearly all wandering violinists, as well as harpers, are of their race, and they are of every age from that of mere children to men in their prime. They are very rarely old, as many of the organ-grinders are; they are not so handsome as the Italians of the north, though they have invariably fine eyes. They arrive in twos and threes; the violinist briefly tunes his fiddle, and the harper unslings his instrument, and, with faces of profound gloom, they go

through their repertory, — pieces from the great composers, airs from the opera, not unmingled with such efforts of Anglo-Saxon genius as Champagne Charley and Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines, which, like the language of Shakespeare and Milton, hold us and our English cousins in tender bonds of mutual affection. Beyond the fact that they come “dal Basilicat,” or “dal Principat,” one gets very little out of these Neapolitans, though I dare say they are not so surly at heart as they look. Money does not brighten them to the eye, but yet it touches them, and they are good in playing or leaving off to him that pays. Long time two of them stood between the gateway firs on a pleasant summer’s afternoon, and twanged and scraped their harmonious strings, till all the idle boys of the neighborhood gathered about them, listening with a grave and still delight. It was a most serious company: the Neapolitans, with their cloudy brows rapt in their music; and the Yankee children with their impassive faces warily guarding against the faintest expression of enjoyment; and when at last the minstrels played a brisk measure, and the music began to work in the blood of the boys, and one of them shuffling his reluctant feet upon the gravel, broke into a sudden and restless dance, — the spectacle became too sad for contemplation. The boy danced only from the hips down; no muscle of his face gave the levity countenance, nor did any of his comrades: they beheld him with a silent fascination, but none was infected by the solemn indecorum; and when the legs and music ceased their play together, no comment was made, and the dancer turned unheated away. A chance passer asked for what he called the Gearybaldeye Hymn, but the Neapolitans apparently did not know what this was.

My doorstep acquaintance were not all of one race; now and then an alien to the common Italian tribe appeared, — an Irish soldier, on his way to Salem, and willing to show me more of his mutilation than I cared to buy the

sight of for twenty-five cents; and more rarely yet an American, also formerly of the army, but with something besides his wretchedness to sell. On the hottest day of last summer such a one rang the bell, and was discovered on the threshold wiping with his poor sole hand the sweat that stood upon his forehead. There was still enough of the independent citizen in his maimed and emaciated person to inspire him with deliberation and a show of that indifference with which we Americans like to encounter each other; but his voice was rather faint when he asked if I supposed we wanted any starch to-day.

“Yes, certainly,” answered what heart there was within, taking note wilfully, but I hope not wantonly, what an absurdly limp figure he was for a pedler of starch, — “certainly from you, brave fellow”; and the package being taken from his basket, the man turned to go away so very wearily that a cheap philanthropy protested: “For shame! ask him to sit down in-doors and drink a glass of water.”

“No,” answered the poor fellow, when this indignant voice had been obeyed, and he had been taken at a disadvantage, and as it were surprised into the confession, “my family had n’t any breakfast this morning, and I’ve got to hurry back to them.”

“Have n’t *you* had any breakfast?”

“Well, I wa’ n’t rightly hungry when I left the house.”

“Here, now,” popped in the virtue before named, “is an opportunity to discharge the debt we all owe to the brave fellows who gave us back our country. Make it beer.”

So it was made beer and bread and cold meat, and, after a little pressing, the honest soul consented to the refreshment. He sat down in a cool doorway, and began to eat and to tell of the fight before Vicksburg. And if you have never seen a one-armed soldier making a meal, I can assure you the sight is a pathetic one, and is rendered none the cheerfuller by his memories of the fights that mutilated him. This man had no very susceptible audience, but before

he was carried off the field, shot through the body, and in the arm and foot, he had sold every package of starch in his basket. I am ashamed to say this now, for I suspect that a man with one arm, who went about under that broiling sun of last July, peddling starch, was very probably an impostor. He computed a good day's profits at seventy-five cents, and when asked if that was not very little for the support of a sick wife and three children, he answered with a quaint effort at impressiveness, and with a trick, as I imagined, from the manner of the regimental chaplain, "You've done your duty, my friend, and more 'n your duty. If every one did their duty like that, we should get along." So he took leave, and shambled out into the furnace-heat, the sun beating upon his pale face, and his linen coat hugging him close, but with his basket lighter, and I hope his heart also. At any rate, this was the sentiment which cheap philanthropy offered in self-gratulation, as he passed out of sight: "There! you are quits with those maimed soldiers at last, and you have a country which you have paid for with cold victuals as they with blood."

We have been a good deal visited by one disabled volunteer, not to the naked eye maimed, nor apparently suffering from any lingering illness, yet who bears, as he tells me, a secret disabling wound in his side from a spent shell, and who is certainly a prey to the most acute form of shiftlessness. I do not recall with exactness just the date of our acquaintance, but it was one of those pleasant August afternoons when a dinner eaten in peace fills the digester with a millennial tenderness for the race too rarely felt in the nineteenth century. At such a moment it is a more natural action to loosen than to tighten the purse-strings, and when a very neatly dressed young man presented himself at the gate, and, in a note of indescribable plaintiveness, asked if I had any little job for him to do that he might pay for a night's lodging, I looked about the small domain with a vague longing to find some part of it in

disrepair, and experienced a moment's absurd relief when he hinted that he would be willing to accept fifty cents in pledge of future service. Yet this was not the right principle; some work, real or apparent, must be done for the money, and the veteran was told that he might weed the strawberry bed, though, as matters then stood, it was clean enough for a strawberry bed that never bore anything. The veteran was neatly dressed, as I have said: his coat, which was good, was buttoned to the throat for reasons that shall be sacred against curiosity, and he had on a perfectly clean paper collar; he was a handsome young fellow, with regular features, and a solicitously kept imperial and mustache; his hair, when he lifted his hat, appeared elegantly oiled and brushed. I did not hope from this figure that the work done would be worth the money paid, and, as nearly as I can compute, the weeds he took from that bed cost me a cent apiece, to say nothing of a cup of tea given him in grace at the end of his labors.

My acquaintance was, as the reader will be glad to learn, a native American, though it is to be regretted, for the sake of facts which his case went far to establish, that he was not a New-Englander by birth. The most that could be claimed was, that he came to Boston from Delaware when very young, and that there on that brine-washed granite he had grown as perfect a flower of helplessness and indolence, as fine a fruit of maturing civilization, as ever expanded or ripened in Latin lands. He lived, not only a protest in flesh and blood against the tendency of democracy to exclude mere beauty from our system, but a refutation of those Old World observers, who deny to our vulgar and bustling communities the refining and elevating grace of Repose. There was something very curious and original in his character, from which the sentiment of shame was absent, but which was not lacking in the fine instincts of personal cleanliness, of dress, of style. There was nothing of the rowdy in him; he was gentle as an

Italian noble in his manners: what other traits they may have had in common, I do not know; perhaps an amiable habit of illusion. He was always going to bring me his discharge papers, but he never did, though he came often and had many a pleasant night's sleep at my cost. If sometimes he did a little work, he spent great part of the time contracted to me in the kitchen, where it was understood, quite upon his own agency, that his wages included board. At other times, he called for money too late in the evening to work it out that day, and it has happened that a new second girl, deceived by his genteel appearance in the uncertain light, has shown him into the parlor, where I have found him to his and my own great amusement, as the gentleman who wanted to see me. Nothing else seemed to raise his ordinarily dejected spirits so much. We all know how pleasant it is to laugh at people behind their backs; but this veteran afforded me at a very low rate the luxury of a fellow-being whom one might laugh at to his face as much as one liked.

Yet with all his shamelessness, his pensiveness, his elegance, I felt that somehow our national triumph was not complete in him, — that there were yet more finished forms of self-abasement in the Old World, — till one day I looked out of the window and saw at a little distance my veteran digging a cellar for an Irishman. I own that the spectacle gave me a shock of pleasure, and that I ran down to have a nearer view of what human eyes have seldom if ever beheld, — an American, pure blood, handling the pick, the shovel, and the wheelbarrow, while an Irishman directed his labors. Upon inspection, it appeared that none of the trees grew with their roots in the air, in recognition of this great reversal of the natural law; all the French-roof houses stood right side up. The phenomenon may become more common in future, unless the American race accomplishes its destiny of dying out before the more populous foreigner, but as yet it graced the veteran with an exquisite and signal

distinction. He, however, seemed to feel unpleasantly the anomaly of his case, and opened the conversation by saying that he should not work at that job tomorrow, it hurt his side; and went on to complain of the inhumanity of Americans to Americans. "Why," said he, "they'd rather give out their jobs to a nigger than to one of their own kind. I was beatin' carpets for a gentleman on the Avenue, and the first thing I know he give most of 'em to a nigger. I beat seven of 'em in one day, and got two dollars; and the nigger beat 'em by the piece, and he got a dollar an' a half apiece. My luck!"

Here the Irishman glanced at his hireling, and the rueful veteran hastened to pile up another wheelbarrow with earth. If ever we come to reverse positions generally with our Irish brethren, there is no doubt but they will get more work out of us than we do from them at present.

It was shortly after this that the veteran offered to do second girl's work in my house if I would take him. The place was not vacant; and as the summer was now drawing to a close, and I feared to be left with him on my hands for the winter, it seemed well to speak to him upon the subject of economy. The next time he called, I had not about me the exact sum for a night's lodging, — fifty cents, namely, — and asked him if he thought a dollar would do. He smiled sadly, as if he did not like jesting upon such a very serious subject, but said he allowed to work it out, and took it.

"Now, I hope you won't think I am interfering with your affairs," said his benefactor, "but I really think you are a very poor financier. According to your own account, you have been going on from year to year for a long time, trusting to luck for a night's lodging. Sometimes I suppose you have to sleep out of doors."

"No, never!" answered the veteran, with something like scorn. "I never sleep out doors. I would n't do it."

"Well, at any rate, some one has to pay for your lodging. Don't you think

you'd come cheaper to your friends if, instead of going to a hotel every night, you'd take a room somewhere, and pay for it by the month?"

"I've thought of that. If I could get a good bed I'd try it awhile anyhow. You see the hotels have raised. I used to get a lodgin' and a nice breakfast for a half a dollar, but now it is as much as you can do to get a lodgin' for the money, and it's just as dear in the Port as it is in the city. I've tried hotels pretty much everywhere, and one's about as bad as another."

If he had been a travelled Englishman writing a book, he could not have spoken of hotels with greater disdain.

"You see, the trouble with me is, I ain't got any relations around here. Now," he added, with the life and eagerness of an inspiration, "if I had a mother and sisters livin' down at the Port, say, I would n't go hunting about for

these mean little jobs everywhere. I'd just lay round home, and wait till something come up big. What I want is a home."

At the instigation of a malignant spirit I asked the homeless orphan, "Why don't you get married, then?"

He gave me another smile, sadder, fainter, sweeter than before, and said: "When would you like to see me again, so I could work out this dollar?"

A sudden and unreasonable disgust for the character which had given me so much entertainment succeeded to my past delight. I felt, moreover, that I had bought the right to use some frankness with the veteran, and I said to him: "Do you know now, I should n't care if I *never* saw you again?"

I can only conjecture that he took the confidence in good part, for he did not appear again after that.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—OPEN.

HOW TO GO: WHAT TO SEE.

I.

"THIS is Faneuil Hall—open," said Mr. Webster on a memorable occasion in his life. This is the Pacific Railroad—open; and a more memorable event is it for our national life. I often think, with a private chuckle, of the many delightful surprises in store for those of us who go out over it now into our new and unknown West, before the tribe of guide-book makers, newspaper letter-writers, journal-keepers, and photographers have "done it to death" with pen and colodion. Europe long ago became only a familiar panorama, with the ohs and ahs and apt sentimentalism all written in at the proper places, like the "cheers" and "laughter" of a faithfully reported speech.

But thanks to the toughness of day

and night stage travel for a continuous three weeks; thanks to the greed for gold and the high prices of food, leaving no time for those who have gone into this wide new land to look at its scenery, or to study its phenomena, or at least to write about them; thanks, indeed, to the Indians, of whom all sentimental travellers have a holy horror; thanks, finally, to the rapidity with which the railroad has been built,—we have here a world of nature, fresh and tempting for the explorer. The field is too broad, also, the variety of experiences to be had too great, the forms and freaks of nature too strange and too numerous, the whole revelation too unique and too astonishing, to be readily catalogued and put into flexible covers for one's overcoat-pocket. So the pleasure of original discovery—delicious victual for our vanity—may

not unfairly be enjoyed by those who travel within the next year or two by the Pacific Railroad, and are wise enough and have leisure enough to deploy liberally to the right and left at salient points along its track.

Near two thirds of all the land of the United States lies beyond the Mississippi; not counting in the outlying purchase of Alaska, which will doubtless prove a very good thing when we have found out what to do with it. The Pacific Railroad fairly bisects this vast area east and west, as the Rocky Mountains — the backbone and dividing line of the continent — do north and south; the two cutting it up into huge quarters, each of which would overlay all Europe this side of Russia, and flap lustily in the wind all around the edges. It will take us long to learn what there is on and in it; how long, indeed, to subjugate it to use and the ministries of civilization! But with one railroad of two thousand miles built across it in four years, and two others to follow within the present generation, our strides in its conquest are at least on equal scale with its majesty and its mysteries.

Skipping the Mississippi Valley as more or less familiar country to us all, and taking up the New West on the other side of the Missouri, where the Pacific Railroad proper begins, there are four great natural divisions in the country hence to the Pacific. First the Plains, that grandest of all glacial deposits according to Agassiz, five hundred miles wide and one thousand miles long, stretching from river to mountains, from Britain to Mexico; a magnificent earth-ocean, rolling up in beautiful green billows along the shores of the continental streams and continental mountains that border it, but calming down in the vast centre as if the divine voice had here again uttered its "Peace, be still." The ocean does not give deeper sense of illimitable space; never such feeling of endless repose, as inspires the traveller amid this unchanging boundlessness. We used to call it The Great American

Desert; it is really the great natural pasture-ground of the nation; and the Platte will yet prove the northern Nile. The antelope, the buffalo, and the wolf are already disappearing before the horse, the ox, and the sheep, and these, for so far as the waters of the Platte may be spread, — and volume and fall offer wide promise for that, — will give way in time to fields of corn and wheat.

Next the Mountains, — five hundred miles width of mountains, staying the continent at its centre, and feeding the great waters that fertilize two thirds its area, and keep the two oceans alive. The Cordilleras of South America, the Rocky Mountains of North America, are here broken up into a dozen sub-ranges, with vast elevated plains lying among and between; their crests broken down and wasted away for a pathway for the iron track across the continent. This section is full of natural wonder and beauty, of scientific variety and marvel; in its centre, holding the divide of the continent, lies a great barren basin, without living streams, and almost without living springs, — a desert, indeed, which the trains should always manage to pass over in the night; and beyond is the picturesque descent into Salt Lake valley, past majestic ruins of majestic mountains, under towering walls of granite, along banks of snow and beds of flowers, through narrow canyons with frowning sides, down streams whose waters lead the locomotive a losing race, and turn the train from one novelty to another, from one wonder to a greater, — altogether, perhaps, the most interesting and exciting portion of the whole continental ride.

Now a third stretch of five hundred miles through Utah and Nevada, whose united territory takes in little more than the vast interior basin, which, more properly than any other region in our extended territory, merits the name of the American Desert. The Colorado and its tributaries drain much of its eastern and all its southeastern portions; and some of the shorter branch-

es of the Snake or Columbia cross its northern border; but, with these exceptions, all the waters within its six hundred by three hundred miles' area rise and flow and waste within itself. They contribute nothing to the common stock of the ocean. Salt Lake is its chief sheet of water, — fifty by one hundred miles in extent, — and is bountifully fed from the western slopes of the Rocky Mountain ranges, but has no visible outlet. The Humboldt River, lying east and west along its upper line, and marking the track of the railroad for some three hundred miles, though fed from various ranges of mountains, that cut the basin every dozen or twenty miles north and south, yet finally weakens and wastes itself in a huge sink within a hundred miles of the California line. So with the fresh streams that pour down on the western border from the Sierra Nevadas; and those of feeble flow from the winter snows of the interior mountain ranges, — all, so soon as they reach the valleys, begin to be rapidly absorbed by the dry air and the drier elements of the soil, and sooner or later absolutely die away. Yet, where and while they do exist, there are strips of fertile land that yield most abundantly in grass and grain and vegetables; and where, as in the Salt Lake valley on the east, and in the Carson on the west, the mountain streams can be divided and spread about in fertilizing ditches, agriculture wins its greatest triumphs.

As a whole, this is a barren and uninteresting country for the general traveller; sodas and salts and sulphurs taint the waters and the soils; the dust, wherever disturbed, is as searching and poisonous as it is delicate and impalpable; the rare grass is not green, but a sickly yellow or a faint gray; trees and shrubs huddle like starved and frightened sheep into little nooks among the hills, — stunted and peevish in growth and character, with no others near, and often none visible within the horizon's stretch of ten or twenty miles; no flower dreams of life in such uncongeniality; wastes of volcanic rocks

lie along and around rivers that might otherwise be tempted to bless the country they pass through; beds of furious torrents slash the hillsides and mar the valleys; while fields of alkali look in the distance like refreshing banks of snow, and taunt approach with the suffocating reality. Some of the valleys seem indeed to realize the character of the fabled Death's Valley of southern Nevada, within which no vegetable life ever creeps, out of which no human life ever goes; and yet, within this grand area of distance and desert, two States have risen and are prosperous, — one planted by the fanaticism of a religion, and the other by the fanaticism for gold and silver. To these are we indebted for our path across the continent; and in these the traveller finds refreshment for his finer senses in the purity of the air, and the beauty of the rounded hills that, with the winds for architect, present such forms, unbroken by rock or trees, as are a constant exhilaration to the eye.

The final division of the journey begins with the eastern foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and carries us over these, through twice-welcome forests of unaccustomed height and variety; by broad lakes of rare purity and beauty; along rocky precipices unscaled until the engineer for the railroad planted his level on the walls, and the Chinaman followed with his subduing pick; down by fathomless gorges; through long delaying foot-hills, — wasted with the miner's ruthless touch, or green with the vineyards that promise to heal the wounds of nature; out by the muddy Sacramento, and its broad alluvials, golden brown with the summer's decay; over long stretches of the tule marshes; under the shadows of Mount Diablo; finally across the wide inland bay to the sand hills which the Pacific has thrown up as a barrier to its own restless ambition, and over which San Francisco roughly but rapidly creeps into her position as the second great city of America.

This is but a two hundred miles' ride, and should be made from sun to

sun, for it takes the traveller through lands already famed in our history, and introduces him to that region of wonderful wealth, of contradictory and comprehensive nature, of strange scientific revelations, of fascinations unequalled, of repulsions undisputed, — California, the seat of a new empire, the promised creator of a new race. And here the traveller's experiences have but just begun; his curiosity is brought only to its edge. Let us go back and look around, and see where he should linger, on what it should feed itself.

II.

Humboldt, in one of his solemn sentences, prescribes three requisites for travel in new regions: 1. Serenity of mind; 2. Passionate love for some class of scientific labor; 3. A pure feeling for the enjoyment which Nature, in her freedom, is ready to impart. These are all very desirable; at least one is indispensable; but my companions may swap off the other two for a well-filled purse and a good set of flannels. We may be as serene and scientific and sentimental as the old German traveller himself; but without these other possessions, we cannot go far or be very comfortable.

Then we must be liberal as to time, too; the average American can see Europe in thirty days, I know; but this is a bigger job. True, with that limit, he can be carried from Boston to San Francisco in ten days, — allowing for a night or two in bed, and one or two failures to connect at that, — and back in the same time, and have a third ten days to look about him in the mountains, in Utah and in 'Friscoe; and this is better than nothing, of course; but still, comparing what he thinks he knows with what he really does, before and after such a trip, he will be immensely more ignorant when he returns than he was at starting. I cannot tolerate the idea of less than sixty days; and we shall find three months devoted to the journey the busiest and best spent in our lives. That is as little

time as any one proposing really to see our interior and Pacific States should allow himself to take for the purpose. So make a ninety-day note for your expenses, — well, say five hundred dollars a month, — the average Atlantic reader will hardly get off with less, — and leave a good indorser for any little contingency of delay, such as a pressing invitation to visit a "friendly" Indian village, or a long call from those persuasive gentlemen of the interior basin, "the road agents." We may as well count railroad travel at five cents a mile, and stage at twenty cents, and board and lodging, whether with Pullman or at the hotels, at five dollars a day. Extras and contingencies will absorb all these allowances have to spare, — if they have any.

Prejudices against sleeping-cars must be conquered at the start. They are a necessity of our long American travel. There are often no inviting or even tolerable places for stopping over night, and, besides, we cannot afford to lose the time, when so much of beauty and interest lies beyond. But the Pullman saloon, sleeping and restaurant cars of the West, — as yet unknown in the Atlantic States, — make railroad travelling a different thing from what it is in the close, cramped, ill-ventilated, dirty box-cars of common experience. They introduce a comfort, even a luxury, into life on the rail, that European travel has not yet attained to. For the Pacific Railroad excursions these cars will be offered to private parties on special charter; that is, one or two dozen people may club together, and hire one for their home by day and night as they ride through to the Pacific coast, and back, stopping over with them wherever they choose on the route. By day, they are open, roomy, broad-seated cars; by night, they offer equally comfortable beds, with clean linen and thick blankets; with as good toilet accommodations as space will allow, and a servant at command constantly. Those with a kitchen furnish a meal to order, equal to that of a first-class restaurant, and with neat and

fresh table appointments. But the eating-stations on the whole route already average respectably; some of them are most excellent; and all will soon be at least good. The modern American mind, especially that of the Western type, gives intelligent thought to the food question; and one of the surprises before us is the excellent victual they will give us on the Pacific coast.

The Pullman cars go along with all through trains, and the independent traveller can make such use of them, day or night, as he chooses to pay for. Those for sleeping only are attached to the trains as night approaches, and dropped in the morning, while the traveller resumes his place in the regular cars of the road. But travellers who can afford the extra expense will choose either to share in a special charter of one for the round trip, or engage a particular seat and berth in a regular one for so far as they may be going without stopping. To understand their advantages, and learn how best to make use of them, is a part of the education of the traveller in New America. Their introduction and development and popular use mark an era in the history of railroad travel; and place America at the head of nations in its convenience and comfort.

Though Pullman promises to back one of these cars to order up at our very doors in Boston or New York, we shall naturally take up our grand journey at Chicago. This is just one third the way across the continent, and the beginning of the New West, whose spirit is nowhere else so proudly rampant, in whose growth no other city is so intimately concerned. The pulse of the Pacific beats with electric sympathy on the southern shore of Lake Michigan; and if Chicago does not hear every blow of the pick in the depths of the gold-mines of Colorado and Montana, she at least has made sure to furnish the pick, and to have a claim on the gold it brings to light.

One now, two next month, three in the fall, and another year four roads invite us across Illinois and Iowa to

the junction of the Pacific road proper on the Missouri River. This five-hundred-mile ride is through the best of the rich prairie country of the Mississippi Valley. If it is stranger to us, it will arouse our enthusiasm by its wide-reaching openness, the evidences of its fertility, and the signs of its civilization and prosperity; if we have been introduced before, we shall even the more wonder at the rapidity of its growth and the wealth of its accumulating harvests. It is quite worth while to stop a day either on the Mississippi River at Clinton or Davenport or Burlington, or at some such town as Geneva or Dixon in Illinois, or Grinnell or Des Moines in Iowa, and see more closely than the cars permit the character and culture of this most interesting region and its population. Last year, before the Pacific Railroad was open, it was the New West; now it is the Old; but it will always be the garden and granary of the continent. It is our new New England; here the Yankee has broadened and softened; and what he can do, what he has done, with a richer soil, a broader area, a larger hope, and a surer realization, is worth the scrutiny of every American and every student of America. Those who would understand the sources of American wealth, and the courses of American politics and religion, must understand Illinois and Iowa. New England is, indeed, dwarfed in the larger life of the mellower regions of the Republic,—it may be the taunt of her enemies that hers is a departed sceptre is substantially true; but she has a resurrection here, and her sons and daughters have come to a new glory in these prairies, heavenly by comparison with her sterile hillsides. Stop and see if you recognize them in their new robes.

Council Bluffs, the depot of the gathering lines of the East, and Omaha, opposite, the starting-point of the grand continental line, challenge attention for the striking diversity and yet striking similarity of their locations on the bottoms and bluffs of the Missouri River, as well as for the wonderful rapidity of

their growth and their large future promise. Four railroads come in already from the East at Council Bluffs; very soon the number will be doubled; and with these and the swift and strong Missouri rolling between, and carrying steamboats two thousand miles north to the very line of British America and the Rocky Mountains, and two thousand miles south to the Gulf of Mexico, the two towns are surely to be one of the largest centres of traffic and travel on the continent.

We shall not need to stop for the next five hundred miles. The first hundred and fifty are a repetition of the Iowa we have left behind,—rich rolling prairies, already broken by plough, or smoothed with the track of the mower,—beyond, the grand Plains proper, cut by the Platte, with wood-houses and water-spouts every twelve or fifteen miles, and workshops and eating-houses every seventy-five or one hundred; the road straight as an arrow across the whole region, and apparently as level as the floor, though actually rising steadily at the rate of ten feet to the mile for the entire five hundred miles;—there is enough of the journey to satisfy curiosity and exhaust novelty; there is none too much to absorb the grand impressions of vastness, and majesty of area, and take in the glory of sunset and sunrise along the unending horizon. The Plains introduce us, also, to that dry, pure atmosphere—that cloudless sky and far-reaching vision—which is the great and growing charm of the whole region from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Moving westward from New England, there is a constantly increasing dryness of atmosphere, with a broadening sweep and power for the eye; but, after getting fairly outside Eastern influences upon the Plains, it takes on a positive character, and the traveller feels it as a beauty, as an exhilaration, an inspiration to every sense. It surrounds him with a new world; it fills him with a new spirit; and it gives delight and loveliness to experiences and forms, that would never have pleased under

different skies and in a denser atmosphere. The nights become cold also. Glaring as may have been the day's sun, and searching its heat, the evening brings refreshing coolness, and the night need of blankets. This phenomenon, too, will attend him through all the new countries he is now entering upon.

At Cheyenne the Plains end and the Mountains begin,—in the eye of faith and the figures of railroad subsidies. The hills at least come into sight; and though the track goes forward through an open country, the shadows of the great Rocky Mountain belt fall faintly around us. Cheyenne wondered and waited long, but finally determined to be a town. Colorado makes its connection here with the continental road; it is as high up—near six thousand feet above the sea level—as that road will care to have the winter quarters of its supplies and machinery; it is far enough away to be out of the shadow of Omaha; and Denver lies one hundred miles to the south, and is off the main route. So the town has several thousand settled population, and is steadily growing. Here I make a personal point of our switching off. We must see Denver, the real Rocky Mountains, which the railroad cheats us of,—their grand snow peaks and their wonderful wide parks, the scene and the source of the central life of the continent, before we shall talk with the Mormons, hear the sigh of the Sierra Nevada pines, or listen to the roll of the Pacific waters.

III.

Though Colorado lies below the line of our first Pacific Railroad, and above the second,—which I take it will be the Southern,—she cannot be refused a first place among their revelations. Because of her mountains, which turn the tracks north and south, she allures the lovers of the grand and the picturesque in scenery; because of her mines of gold and silver, she seduces the greedy for gain; because of the agricultural resources of her plains and her

valleys, she will have steady growth, permanent prosperity, and moral rectitude,—for these are the gifts of a recompensing soil; because of her many and various mineral springs, soda, sulphur, and iron, and of her wonderfully clear, dry, and pure atmosphere, she will be the resort of the health-seeking. Within her borders, the great continental mountains display their most magnificent proportions, the great continental rivers spring from melting snows, the plains invite the farmer and the husbandman, and the best population, between the Missouri River and California, has organized itself into a State. Fifty thousand people here have more than become self-supporting; they are already wealth-producing; and social order and its institutions of education and religion are established. The main Pacific Railroad wisely hastens to connect itself with them by a branch from Cheyenne to Denver; and St. Louis "built better than she knew" after all, when, in the apparent spirit of a blind rivalry, she pushed her Eastern Division Pacific Road straight towards their centre. Failing to go through the mountains, this road will yet find recompense in furnishing the most direct communication between Colorado and the East, and in throwing out branches from its terminus here, through the best agricultural sections of Colorado, to the main continental lines, above and below.

If the branch track is not laid to Denver when we leave Cheyenne, so much the better. The stage ride of this one hundred miles is an experience that I welcome the stranger to. It is the best representation of that sort of travel which the rapid progress of our railway system has left us. Fine Concord coaches, six sleek and gay horses in every team, changed each ten miles, good meals on the way, the road itself generally smooth and hard over the open rolling prairie, the sky clear, the air an inspiration, the open ocean of the plains on one side, the long and high mountain battlements shadowing us on the other,—altogether this is as

fine a bit of out-door life by day as will come within the range of all our summer's journey. By night, for the ride occupies the night as well, there are other incidents which I forbear to mention in detail; but if my companions served in the war, or have tended sick and cross babies through a winter's night, when they had the toothache themselves, I am sure they will survive it.

We shall like Denver, spread out upon the rising plain, with the Platte River flowing through and around it, with broad streets and fine blocks of stores, and a panoramic mountain view before it, such as rises before no other town in all the circle of modern travel. For one hundred miles, buttressed on the north by Long's Peak and on the south by Pike's Peak, each 14,000 feet high, its line of majestic rock and snow peaks stretches before the eye, ever a surprise by its variety, ever a beauty by its form and color, ever an inspiration in its grandeur. The Alps from Berne do not compare with the Rocky Mountains from Denver; in nearness, in variety, in clearness of atmosphere, in grand sweep of distance, in majestic uplifting of height, these are vastly the superior. Any man with a susceptibility to God's presence in nature must find it very easy to be good in Denver. Certainly, to watch these mountains, through the changes of light and cloud of a summer's day and evening, is a joyful experience worth coming from a long distance to Denver to share.

The mining centres of Colorado are up among its mountains, twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five miles from Denver, which is but the political and business capital, and thus facilities exist for travel into the regions whither we would go for knowledge and enjoyment of nature. Ten hours of staging take us through Central City, the chief gold-mining centre, at a height of seven thousand feet above the sea, with a population of several thousands, on to Georgetown, two thousand feet higher, the centre of the silver production, with nearly three thousand inhabitants. The way

is full of mountain and valley scenery of freshest interest and startling beauty. At Idaho and Fall River, little villages in the South Clear Creek valley, on the route, are accommodations for summer visitors, with cold and warm soda springs at the former place, furnishing most luxurious bathing. And at Georgetown, with larger and better hotels, we are in the very heart of the highest and finest mountain life of the State.

Gray's Peaks, the highest explored summits of Colorado (14,500 feet), and named for the distinguished Cambridge botanist, lie just beyond and above the town, and the excursion to and from their tops may easily be made in a day with guide and horses from Georgetown. The working of mines up as high as twelve thousand feet has secured a wagon-road two thirds the way, and a trail for horses goes to either of the two summits of the mountain. The view from either, of a clear morning, is the most commanding and impressive, I truly believe, within the range of all ordinary American or European travel. Nothing in the Alps takes you so high, reaches so wide. There we overlook a petty province; here the broad American Continent spreads itself around us as a centre, and stretches out its illimitable lengths before the eye. The rain-drops falling on one coat-sleeve flow off to the Pacific; on the other, to the Atlantic; we are at the very apex, the absolute physical centre of the North American Continent; the scene assures the thought, and is worthy of the fact. Fold on fold of snow-slashed and rock-ribbed mountains lie all around, — west, east, north, and south; they riot in luxuriant multiplicity; for this is the fastness, the gathering and distributing point of the grand continental range; while away to the east lies the gray-green sea of the Plains, and distributed among the snow folds of the mountains are miniature copies of the same, which look like patches of prairie amid the continent of mountains, yet are, in fact, great Central Parks, from ten to thirty miles wide and forty to seventy miles long. North,

Middle, South, and San Luis Parks, — they lie along through the whole line of Central Colorado, — great elevated basins or plains, directly under the highest mountains, — soft and smooth ways upon the very backbone of the continent. Some lie on the Atlantic side, others on the Pacific side of the divide; and their height above the sea level ranges from seven thousand to ten thousand feet. In Europe or in New England this height in this latitude would be perpetual barrenness, if not perpetual ice and snow; but here in Western America, grains and vegetables are successfully cultivated and cattle graze the year round at seven thousand feet, while between that and ten thousand feet there is rich summer pasturage and often great crops of natural grass are cured for hay.

These great fertile areas among the high mountains of Colorado — this wedding of majestic hill and majestic plain, of summer and winter, of fecund life and barren rock — present abundant attractions for a full summer's travel. For the lover of the grand and the novel in nature, or the weary seeking rest from toil and excitement, our country offers nothing so richly recompensing as a summer among the Parks and Mountains of Colorado. The dryness of the climate inviting to out-door life, is favorable to lung difficulties, though the very thin air of the higher regions must be avoided by those whose lungs are quite weak. Asthma and bronchitis flee before the breath of this dry, pure atmosphere, and it operates as an exhilarating nerve tonic to all. Denver and St. Louis are about in the same latitude, and their thermometers have nearly the same range, though Denver is nearly six thousand feet higher. Its noons are probably warmer, and its nights are certainly cooler, the year round; but the dryer and lighter air, ever in motion from plain and mountain, makes its summer heats always tolerable. Denver is exposed to snow from October to May, but it rarely stays long; sleighing is as much of a novelty as at Wash-

ington or Philadelphia, and its winters are more like a dry, clear New England November than any other season of the East. The valleys and parks of the mountains are similar in climatic character, allowing for the difference of three or four thousand feet in elevation. The principal snows are in early spring, and the rains in late spring and early summer. Midwinter and midsummer are uniformly dry and clear. When clouds and storms do come, they are always brief. The sun soon shines through them to warm and clear the sky.

The saddle and the camp are the true conditions of extended travel or a summer's life in Colorado. A party of four, well mounted on mules or Western ponies, with a guide and servant, and two pack-mules for tents and blankets and food, can gain such experience of rare nature, such gift of health, such endowment of pleasure, in leisurely travel over its mountains and among its parks, lingering by the side of their beautiful lakes and their abundant streams fat with trout, basking in its sunshine, hunting in its woods, and bathing in its mineral springs, as nowhere else that I know of in all America. This is surely destined to be "the correct thing to do," for the pleasure and health seekers of the future America.

Over in Middle Park, two days' horse-back ride from Georgetown, are the famous Hot Sulphur Springs,—a douche-bath and a sitz-bath united, such as only experience of their wondrous tonic can appreciate. The water is of the temperature of 110° Fahrenheit,—as hot as human flesh can bear,—and pours over a ledge of rock ten feet high into a pool below with a stream of four to six inches in diameter. When wagon-roads are made to the spot, as they soon will be, invalids will flock to these springs in July and August from the whole country. Already they are a favorite local resort, despite the hard climb over the mountains into the valley where they lie.

The South Park is the most attractive and most frequented of these elevated areas; and a good wagon-road

from Denver, branching out within the Park to all its various sections, and taverns and mining villages strung freely along one and through the other, invite the traveller to its easy enjoyment. Mount Lincoln, the great parent mountain of the parent range, stands at the northwestern angle of the Park, and may be ascended without too severe labor from the village of Montgomery. It is of the same height as the loftiest of Gray's Peaks, and commands a like view. The connoisseurs in mountain views in Colorado dispute as to which summit offers the wider and grander prospect. Either view is grand enough, and one or other should be enjoyed by every visitor to Colorado. Our ascent of Lincoln was made amid contending torrents of rain, snow, hail, and sunshine; and though the views we obtained were not so complete and satisfactory as those from Gray, the experience was perhaps the grander, because of its variety, and the terrible impressiveness of a storm on the mountaintops, opening and closing long glimpses of ghastly worlds of rocks and snow below and all around us.

The upper mountains of Colorado—at 11,000 and 12,000 feet—hold numerous pools and lakes, and not infrequent waterfalls; a party, that made the ascent of Long's Peak for the first time last season, report nearly forty lakes in view at once; but the parks and lower ranges offer them but rarely. A day's ride, in saddle or wagon, out of South Park over into the valley of the Upper Arkansas, where various new beauties of scenery await the explorer, will carry us into the presence of the Twin Lakes, as beautifully lying sheets of water as mountains ever guarded or sun shone on. They are of kindred character with the Cumberland lakes of England, the Swiss and Italian lakes, and those of Tahoe and Donner in the California Sierra Nevada, which are among the sweet revelations of the Pacific Railroad. The Twin Lakes will be one of the specialties when the world goes to Colorado for its summer vacations.

The tree life of the Rocky Mountains

is meagre; pines and firs and aspens (or cottonwood) make up its catalogue; nor are these so abundant or so rich in size or beauty as to challenge special attention. They grow in greatest luxuriance at elevations of from eight to eleven thousand feet, and the timber line does not cease till nearly twelve thousand feet is reached. A silver-fir or spruce is the one charm among the trees. But the flora is more varied and more beautiful; Dr. Parry reports one hundred and forty-one different species in these higher mountains, eighty-four of which are peculiar to them; and I can report that nowhere else have I gathered such wealth, in glory of color and perfection and numbers, of fringed gentians, harebells, painter's brush, buttercups, larkspurs, child sunflowers, dandelions, and columbines, as on these eight and ten thousand feet high hillsides, or in little nooks of grass and grove still higher. Blue and yellow are the dominant colors; but the reds flame out in the painter's brush and the kernel of the sunflowers, like beacons of light amid darkness. With much lacking in details of beauty and interest, that are found in the country life of New England and the Middle States, as in California, Colorado more than redeems herself by the charm of her atmosphere and the magnificent majesty of her mountains and her plains. These are her title to supremacy,—her claim to be to America what Switzerland is to Europe.

But I cannot hope my Pacific Railroad travellers will give more than seven or ten days to Colorado,—an appetizer for a future summer's feast,—and I rely on the patriotic and thrifty citizens of Denver and Georgetown to perfect some arrangements, by which,

in that time, they may get a fair glimpse of its grand and rare specialties of mountain ranges and enfolded parks, and a share in the enjoyment they offer. A ride up through the mountains by Boulder Creek or South Clear Creek valleys, on to the head of the latter above Empire or at Georgetown; the ascent of Gray or Lincoln; and a peep into and a cut across the South Park, with two or three nights in camp, and a half-day's trout-fishing,—these I consider essential; and under good guidance they may all be had within the time mentioned. Ascending Gray's Peaks from Georgetown, I should recommend going down on the other side, and a night's camp on the Snake River; thence to the junction of the Snake, the Blue, and Ten Mile Creek; up the Blue to Breckinridge; over the Breckinridge Pass into South Park at Hamilton or Fairplay; and thence, if there is not time for Lincoln or the Arkansas Lakes, across the Park and out to Denver by Turkey Creek Canyon and the Plains. All this could be put into seven days from Denver, though ten would be better; but through lack of a wagon-road from Georgetown over to Snake River, it would have to be done in part or altogether in the saddle. Hotels could be reached for all but one or two nights; but these may be made, with fortunate camping-ground, choice companions, and plenty of blankets and firewood, the most memorable and happy of the whole week.

With such experience as this, we go back to the railroad at Cheyenne, with a new sense of the greatness of America, with a curious doubting wonder as to what can lie beyond, and with appetites that we shall probably have to go to Ford's to satisfy, while waiting for our train for Salt Lake City.

A RIDE WITH A MAD HORSE IN A FREIGHT-CAR.

SHOULD the reader ever visit the south inlet of Racquette Lake, — one of the loveliest bits of water in the Adirondack wilderness, — at the lower end of the pool below the falls, on the left-hand side going up, he will see the charred remnants of a camp-fire. It was there that the following story was first told, — told, too, so graphically, with such vividness, that I found little difficulty, when writing it out from memory two months later, in recalling the exact words of the narrator in almost every instance.

It was in the month of July, 1868, that John and I, having located our permanent camp on Constable's Point, were lying off and on, as sailors say, about the lake, pushing our explorations on all sides out of sheer love of novelty and abhorrence of idleness. We were returning, late one afternoon of a hot, sultry day, from a trip to Shedd Lake, — a lonely, out-of-the-way spot which few sportsmen have ever visited, — and had reached the falls on South Inlet just after sunset. As we were getting short of venison, we decided to lie by awhile and float down the river on our way to camp, in hope of meeting a deer. To this end we had gone ashore at this point, and, kindling a small fire, were waiting for denser darkness. We had barely started the blaze, when the tap of a carelessly handled paddle against the side of a boat warned us that we should soon have company, and in a moment two boats glided around the curve below, and were headed directly toward our bivouac. The boats contained two gentlemen and their guides. We gave them a cordial, hunter-like greeting, and, lighting our pipes, were soon engaged in cheerful conversation, spiced with story-telling. It might have been some twenty minutes or more, when another boat, smaller than you ordina-

rily see even on those waters, containing only the paddler, came noiselessly around the bend below, and stood revealed in the reflection of the firelight. I chanced to be sitting in such a position as to command a full view of the curve in the river, or I should not have known of any approach, for the boat was so sharp and light, and he who urged it along so skilled at the paddle, that not a ripple, no, nor the sound of a drop of water falling from blade or shaft, betrayed the paddler's presence. If there is anything over which I become enthusiastic, it is such a boat and such paddling. To see a boat of bark or cedar move through the water noiselessly as a shadow drifts across a meadow, no jar or creak above, no gurgling of displaced water below, no whirling and rippling wake astern, is something bordering so nearly on the weird and ghostly, that custom can never make it seem other than marvellous to me. Thus, as I sat half reclining, and saw that little shell come floating airily out of the darkness into the projection of the firelight, as a feather might come blown by the night-wind, I thought I had never seen a prettier or more fairy-like sight. None of the party save myself were so seated as to look down stream, and I wondered which of the three guides would first discover the presence of the approaching boat. Straight on it came. Light as a piece of finest cork it sat upon and glided over the surface of the river; no dip and roll, no drip of falling water as the paddle-shaft gently rose and sank. The paddler, whoever he might be, knew his art thoroughly. He sat erect and motionless. The turn of the wrists, and the easy elevation of his arms as he feathered his paddle, were the only movements visible. But for these the gazer might deem him a statue carved from the material of the boat, a mere inanimate part of it. I have boated

much in bark canoe and cedar shell alike, and John and I have stolen on many a camp that never knew our coming or our going, with paddles which touched the water as snow-flakes touch the earth; and well I knew, as I sat gazing at this man, that not one boatman, red man or white, in a hundred could handle a paddle like that. The quick ear of John, when the stranger was within thirty feet of the landing, detected the lightest possible touch of a lily-pad against the side of the boat as it just grazed it glancing by, and his "hist" and sudden motion toward the river drew the attention of the whole surprised group thither. The boat glided to the sand so gently as barely to disturb a grain, and the paddler, noiseless in all his movements, stepped ashore and entered our circle.

"Well, stranger," said John, "I don't know how long your fingers have polished a paddle-shaft, but it is n't every man who can push a boat up ten rods of open water within twenty feet of my back without my knowing it."

The stranger laughed pleasantly, and, without making any direct reply, lighted his pipe and joined in the conversation. He was tall in stature, wiry, and bronzed. An ugly cicatrice stretched on the left side of his face from temple almost down to chin. His eyes were dark gray, frank, and genial. I concluded at once that he was a gentleman, and had seen service. Before he joined us, we had been whiling away the time by story-telling, and John was at the very crisis of an adventure with a panther, when his quick ear detected the stranger's approach. Explaining this to him, I told John to resume his story, which he did. Thus half an hour passed quickly, all of us relating some "experience." At last I proposed that Mr. Roberts—for so we will call him—should entertain us; "and," continued I, "if I am right in my surmise that you have seen service and been under fire, give us some adventure or incident which may have befallen you during the war." He complied, and then and there, gen-

tle reader, I heard from his lips the story which, for the entertainment of friends, I afterward wrote out. It left a deep impression upon all who heard it around our camp-fire under the pines that night; and from the mind of one I know has never been erased the impression made by the story which I have named

A RIDE WITH A MAD HORSE IN A FREIGHT-CAR.

"Well," said the stranger, as he loosened his belt and stretched himself in an easy, recumbent position, "it is not more than fair that I should throw something into the stock of common entertainment; but the story I am to tell you is a sad one, and I fear will not add to the pleasure of the evening. As you desire it, however, and it comes in the line of the request that I would narrate some personal episode of the war, I will tell it, and trust the impression will not be altogether unpleasant.

"It was at the battle of Malvern Hill, —a battle where the carnage was more frightful, as it seems to me, than in any this side of the Alleghanies during the whole war,—that my story must begin. I was then serving as Major in the —th Massachusetts Regiment,—the old—th as we used to call it,—and a bloody time the boys had of it too. About 2 P. M. we had been sent out to skirmish along the edge of the wood in which, as our generals suspected, the Rebs lay massing for a charge across the slope, upon the crest of which our army was posted. We had barely entered the underbrush when we met the heavy formations of Magruder in the very act of charging. Of course, our thin line of skirmishers was no impediment to those onrushing masses. They were on us and over us before we could get out of the way. I do not think that half of those running, screaming masses of men ever knew that they had passed over the remnants of as plucky a regiment as ever came out of the old Bay State. But many of the boys had good reason to remember

that afternoon at the base of Malvern Hill, and I among the number; for when the last line of Rebs had passed over me, I was left amid the bushes with the breath nearly trampled out of me, and an ugly bayonet-gash through my thigh; and mighty little consolation was it for me at that moment to see the fellow who run me through lying stark dead at my side, with a bullet-hole in his head, his shock of coarse black hair matted with blood, and his stony eyes looking into mine. Well, I bandaged up my limb the best I might, and started to crawl away, for our batteries had opened, and the grape and canister that came hurtling down the slope passed but a few feet over my head. It was slow and painful work, as you can imagine, but at last, by dint of perseverance, I had dragged myself away to the left of the direct range of the batteries, and, creeping to the verge of the wood, looked off over the green slope. I understood by the crash and roar of the guns, the yells and cheers of the men, and that hoarse murmur which those who have been in battle know, but which I cannot describe in words, that there was hot work going on out there; but never have I seen, no, not in that three days' desperate *mêlée* at the Wilderness, nor at that terrific repulse we had at Cold Harbor, such absolute slaughter as I saw that afternoon on the green slope of Malvern Hill. The guns of the entire army were massed on the crest, and thirty thousand of our infantry lay, musket in hand, in front. For eight hundred yards the hill sank in easy declension to the wood, and across this smooth expanse the Rebs must charge to reach our lines. It was nothing short of downright insanity to order men to charge that hill; and so his generals told Lee, but he would not listen to reason that day, and so he sent regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, and division after division, to certain death. Talk about Grant's disregard of human life, his effort at Cold Harbor—and I ought to know, for I got a minie in my shoulder that day—was hopeful and easy work to what Lee laid on Hill's and Magruder's

divisions at Malvern. It was at the close of the second charge, when the yelling mass reeled back from before the blaze of those sixty guns and thirty thousand rifles, even as they began to break and fly backward toward the woods, that I saw from the spot where I lay a riderless horse break out of the confused and flying mass, and, with mane and tail erect and spreading nostril, come dashing obliquely down the slope. Over fallen steeds and heaps of the dead she leaped with a motion as airy as that of the flying fox when, fresh and unjaded, he leads away from the hounds, whose sudden cry has broken him off from hunting mice amid the bogs of the meadow. So this riderless horse came vaulting along. Now from my earliest boyhood I have had what horsemen call a 'weakness' for horses. Only give me a colt of wild, irregular temper and fierce blood to tame, and I am perfectly happy. Never did lash of mine, singing with cruel sound through the air, fall on such a colt's soft hide. Never did yell or kick send his hot blood from heart to head deluging his sensitive brain with fiery currents, driving him to frenzy or blinding him with fear; but touches, soft and gentle as a woman's, caressing words, and oats given from the open palm, and unflinching kindness, were the means I used to 'subjugate' him. Sweet subjugation, both to him who subdues and to him who yields! The wild, unmannerly, and unmanageable colt, the fear of horsemen the country round, finding in you, not an enemy but a friend, receiving his daily food from you, and all those little 'nothings' which go as far with a horse as a woman, to win and retain affection, grows to look upon you as his protector and friend, and testifies in countless ways his fondness for you. So when I saw this horse, with action so free and motion so graceful, amid that storm of bullets, my heart involuntarily went out to her, and my feelings rose higher and higher at every leap she took from amid the whirlwind of fire and lead. And as she plunged at last over a little

hillock out of range and came careering toward me as only a riderless horse might come, her head flung wildly from side to side, her nostrils widely spread, her flank and shoulders flecked with foam, her eye dilating, I forgot my wound and all the wild roar of battle, and, lifting myself involuntarily to a sitting posture as she swept grandly by, gave her a ringing cheer.

"Perhaps in the sound of a human voice of happy mood amid the awful din she recognized a resemblance to the voice of him whose blood moistened her shoulders and was even yet dripping from saddle and housings. Be that as it may, no sooner had my voice sounded than she flung her head with a proud upward movement into the air, swerved sharply to the left, neighed as she might to a master at morning from her stall, and came trotting directly up to where I lay, and, pausing, looked down upon me as it were in compassion. I spoke again, and stretched out my hand caressingly. She pricked her ears, took a step forward and lowered her nose until it came in contact with my palm. Never did I fondle anything more tenderly, never did I see an animal which seemed to so court and appreciate human tenderness as that beautiful mare. I say 'beautiful.' No other word might describe her. Never will her image fade from my memory while memory lasts.

"In weight she might have turned, when well conditioned, nine hundred and fifty pounds. In color she was a dark chestnut, with a velvety depth and soft look about the hair indescribably rich and elegant. Many a time have I heard ladies dispute the shade and hue of her plush-like coat as they ran their white, jewelled fingers through her silken hair. Her body was round in the barrel, and perfectly symmetrical. She was wide in the haunches, without projection of the hip-bones, upon which the shorter ribs seemed to lap. High in the withers as she was, the line of her back and neck perfectly curved, while her deep, oblique shoulders and long thick fore-arm, ridgy

with swelling sinews, suggesting the perfection of stride and power. Her knees across the pan were wide, the cannon-bone below them short and thin; the pasterns long and sloping; her hoofs round, dark, shiny, and well set on. Her mane was a shade darker than her coat, fine and thin, as a thoroughbred's always is whose blood is without taint or cross. Her ear was thin, sharply pointed, delicately curved, nearly black around the borders, and as tremulous as the leaves of an aspen. Her neck rose from the withers to the head in perfect curvature, hard, devoid of fat, and well cut up under the chops. Her nostrils were full, very full, and thin almost as parchment. The eyes, from which tears might fall or fire flash, were well brought out, soft as a gazelle's, almost human in their intelligence, while over the small bony head, over neck and shoulders, yea, over the whole body and clean down to the hoofs, the veins stood out as if the skin were but tissue-paper against which the warm blood pressed, and which it might at any moment burst asunder. 'A perfect animal,' I said to myself, as I lay looking her over, — 'an animal which might have been born from the wind and the sunshine, so cheerful and so swift she seems; an animal which a man would present as his choicest gift to the woman he loved, and yet one which that woman, wife or lady-love, would give him to ride when honor and life depended on bottom and speed.'

"All that afternoon the beautiful mare stood over me, while away to the right of us the hoarse tide of battle flowed and ebbed. What charm, what delusion of memory, held her there? Was my face to her as the face of her dead master, sleeping a sleep from which not even the wildest roar of battle, no, nor her cheerful neigh at morning, would ever wake him? Or is there in animals some instinct, answering to our intuition, only more potent, which tells them whom to trust and whom to avoid? I know not, and yet some such sense they may have, they

must have; or else why should this mare so fearlessly attach herself to me? By what process of reason or instinct I know not, but there she chose me for her master; for when some of my men at dusk came searching, and found me, and, laying me on a stretcher, started toward our lines, the mare, uncom-pelled, of her own free will, followed at my side; and all through that stormy night of wind and rain, as my men struggled along through the mud and mire toward Harrison's Landing, the mare followed, and ever after, until she died, was with me, and was mine, and I, so far as man might be, was hers. I named her *Gulnare*.

"As quickly as my wound permitted, I was transported to Washington, whither I took the mare with me. Her fondness for me grew daily, and soon became so marked as to cause universal comment. I had her boarded while in Washington at the corner of — Street and — Avenue. The groom had instructions to lead her around to the window against which was my bed, at the hospital, twice every day, so that by opening the sash I might reach out my hand and pet her. But the second day, no sooner had she reached the street, than she broke suddenly from the groom and dashed away at full speed. I was lying, bolstered up in bed, reading, when I heard the rush of flying feet, and in an instant, with a loud, joyful neigh, she checked herself in front of my window. And when the nurse lifted the sash, the beautiful creature thrust her head through the aperture, and rubbed her nose against my shoulder like a dog. I am not ashamed to say that I put both my arms around her neck, and, burying my face in her silken mane, kissed her again and again. Wounded, weak, and away from home, with only strangers to wait upon me, and scant service at that, the affection of this lovely creature for me, so tender and touching, seemed almost human, and my heart went out to her beyond any power of expression, as to the only being, of all the thousands around me, who thought of me and loved me.

Shortly after her appearance at my window, the groom, who had divined where he should find her, came into the yard. But she would not allow him to come near her, much less touch her. If he tried to approach she would lash out at him with her heels most spitefully, and then, laying back her ears and opening her mouth savagely, would make a short dash at him, and, as the terrified African disappeared around the corner of the hospital, she would wheel, and, with a face bright as a happy child's, come trotting to the window for me to pet her. I shouted to the groom to go back to the stable, for I had no doubt but that she would return to her stall when I closed the window. Rejoiced at the permission, he departed. After some thirty minutes, the last ten of which she was standing with her slim, delicate head in my lap, while I braided her foretop and combed out her silken mane, I lifted her head, and, patting her softly on either cheek, told her that she must 'go.' I gently pushed her head out of the window and closed it, and then, holding up my hand, with the palm turned toward her, charged her, making the appropriate motion, to 'go away right straight back to her stable.' For a moment she stood looking steadily at me, with an indescribable expression of hesitation and surprise in her clear, liquid eyes, and then, turning lingeringly, walked slowly out of the yard.

"Twice a day for nearly a month, while I lay in the hospital, did *Gulnare* visit me. At the appointed hour the groom would slip her headstall, and, without a word of command, she would dart out of the stable, and, with her long, leopard-like lope, go sweeping down the street and come dashing into the hospital yard, checking herself with the same glad neigh at my window; nor did she ever once fail, at the closing of the sash, to return directly to her stall. The groom informed me that every morning and evening, when the hour of her visit drew near, she would begin to chafe and worry, and, by pawing and pulling at the halter, advertise him that it was time for her to be released.

"But of all exhibitions of happiness, either by beast or man, hers was the most positive on that afternoon when, racing into the yard, she found me leaning on a crutch outside the hospital building. The whole corps of nurses came to the doors, and all the poor fellows that could move themselves, — for Gulnare had become an universal favorite, and the boys looked for her daily visits nearly, if not quite, as ardently as I did, — crawled to the windows to see her. What gladness was expressed in every movement! She would come prancing toward me, head and tail erect, and, pausing, rub her head against my shoulder, while I patted her glossy neck; then suddenly, with a sidewise spring, she would break away, and with her long tail elevated until her magnificent brush, fine and silken as the golden hair of a blonde, fell in a great spray on either flank, and her head curved to its proudest arch, pace around me with that high action and springing step peculiar to the thoroughbred. Then like a flash, dropping her brush and laying back her ears and stretching her nose straight out, she would speed away with that quick, nervous, low-lying action which marks the rush of racers, when side by side and nose to nose lapping each other, with the roar of cheers on either hand and along the seats above them, they come straining up the home stretch. Returning from one of these arrowy flights, she would come curvetting back, now pacing sidewise as on parade, now dashing her hind feet high into the air, and anon vaulting up and springing through the air, with legs well under her, as if in the act of taking a five-barred gate, and finally would approach and stand happy in her reward, — my caress.

"The war, at last, was over. Gulnare and I were in at the death with Sheridan at the Five Forks. Together we had shared the pageant at Richmond and Washington, and never had I seen her in better spirits than on that day at the capital. It was a sight indeed, to see her as she came down Pennsylvania Avenue. If the trium-

phant procession had been all in her honor and mine, she could not have moved with greater grace and pride. With dilating eye and tremulous ear, ceaselessly champing her bit, her heated blood bringing out the magnificent lace-work of veins over her entire body, now and then pausing, and with a snort gathering herself back upon her haunches as for a mighty leap, while she shook the froth from her bits, she moved with a high, prancing step down the magnificent street, the admired of all beholders. Cheer after cheer was given, huzza after huzza rang out over her head from roofs and balcony, bouquet after bouquet was launched by fair and enthusiastic admirers before her; and yet, amid the crash and swell of music, the cheering and tumult, so gentle and manageable was she, that, though I could feel her frame creep and tremble under me as she moved through that whirlwind of excitement, no check or curb was needed, and the bridelines — the same she wore when she came to me at Malvern Hill — lay unlifted on the pommel of the saddle. Never before had I seen her so grandly herself. Never before had the fire and energy, the grace and gentleness, of her blood so revealed themselves. This was the day and the event she needed. And all the royalty of her ancestral breed, — a race of equine kings, — flowing as without taint or cross from him that was the pride and wealth of the whole tribe of desert rangers, expressed itself in her. I need not say that I shared her mood. I sympathized in her every step. I entered into all her royal humors. I patted her neck and spoke loving and cheerful words to her. I called her my beauty, my pride, my pet. And did she not understand me? Every word! Else why that listening ear turned back to catch my softest whisper; why the responsive quiver through the frame, and the low, happy neigh? 'Well,' I exclaimed, as I leaped from her back at the close of the review, — alas! that words spoken in lightest mood should portend so much! — 'well, Gulnare

if you should die, your life has had its triumph. The nation itself, through its admiring capital, has paid tribute to your beauty, and death can never rob you of your fame.' And I patted her moist neck and foam-flecked shoulders, while the grooms were busy with head and loins.

"That night our brigade made its bivouac just over Long Bridge, almost on the identical spot where four years before I had camped my company of three months' volunteers. With what experiences of march and battle were those four years filled! For three of these years Gulnare had been my constant companion. With me she had shared my tent, and not rarely my rations, for in appetite she was truly human, and my steward always counted her as one of our 'mess.' Twice had she been wounded, — once at Fredericksburg, through the thigh; and once at Cold Harbor, where a piece of shell tore away a part of her scalp. So completely did it stun her, that for some moments I thought her dead, but to my great joy she shortly recovered her senses. I had the wound carefully dressed by our brigade surgeon, from whose care she came in a month with the edges of the wound so nicely united that the eye could with difficulty detect the scar. This night, as usual, she lay at my side, her head almost touching mine. Never before, unless when on a raid and in face of the enemy, had I seen her so uneasy. Her movements during the night compelled wakefulness on my part. The sky was cloudless, and in the dim light I lay and watched her. Now she would stretch herself at full length, and rub her head on the ground. Then she would start up, and, sitting on her haunches, like a dog, lift one fore leg and paw her neck and ears. Anon she would rise to her feet and shake herself, walk off a few rods, return and lie down again by my side. I did not know what to make of it, unless the excitement of the day had been too much for her sensitive nerves. I spoke to her kindly and petted her. In response she would rub her nose

against me, and lick my hand with her tongue — a peculiar habit of hers — like a dog. As I was passing my hand over her head, I discovered that it was hot, and the thought of the old wound flashed into my mind, with a momentary fear that something might be wrong about her brain, but after thinking it over I dismissed it as incredible. Still I was alarmed. I knew that something was amiss, and I rejoiced at the thought that I should soon be at home where she could have quiet, and, if need be, the best of nursing. At length the morning dawned, and the mare and I took our last meal together on Southern soil, — the last we ever took together. The brigade was formed in line for the last time, and as I rode down the front to review the boys, she moved with all her old battle grace and power. Only now and then, by a shake of the head, was I reminded of her actions during the night. I said a few words of farewell to the men whom I had led so often to battle, with whom I had shared perils not a few, and by whom, as I had reason to think, I was loved, and then gave, with a voice slightly unsteady, the last order they would ever receive from me: 'Brigade, Attention, Ready to break ranks, *Break Ranks.*' The order was obeyed. But ere they scattered, moved by a common impulse, they gave first three cheers for me, and then, with the same heartiness and even more power, three cheers for Gulnare. And she, standing there, looking with her bright, cheerful countenance full at the men, pawing with her fore feet, alternately, the ground, seemed to understand the compliment; for no sooner had the cheering died away than she arched her neck to its proudest curve, lifted her thin, delicate head into the air, and gave a short, joyful neigh.

"My arrangements for transporting her had been made by a friend the day before. A large, roomy car had been secured, its floor strewn with bright, clean straw, a bucket and a bag of oats provided, and everything done for her comfort. The car was to be attached to the through express, in con-

sideration of fifty dollars extra, which I gladly paid, because of the greater rapidity with which it enabled me to make my journey. As the brigade broke up into groups, I glanced at my watch and saw that I had barely time to reach the cars before they started. I shook the reins upon her neck, and with a plunge, startled at the energy of my signal, away she flew. What a stride she had! What an elastic spring! She touched and left the earth as if her limbs were of spiral wire. When I reached the car my friend was standing in front of it, the gang-plank was ready, I leaped from the saddle and, running up the plank into the car, whistled to her; and she, timid and hesitating, yet unwilling to be separated from me, crept slowly and cautiously up the steep incline and stood beside me. Inside I found a complete suit of flannel clothes with a blanket and, better than all, a lunch-basket. My friend explained that he had bought the clothes as he came down to the depot, thinking, as he said, 'that they would be much better than your regimentals,' and suggested that I doff the one and don the other. To this I assented the more readily as I reflected that I would have to pass one night at least in the car, with no better bed than the straw under my feet. I had barely time to undress before the cars were coupled and started. I tossed the clothes to my friend with the injunction to pack them in my trunk and express them on to me, and waved him my adieu. I arrayed myself in the nice, cool flannel and looked around. The thoughtfulness of my friend had anticipated every want. An old cane-seated chair stood in one corner. The lunch-basket was large and well supplied. Amid the oats I found a dozen oranges, some bananas, and a package of real Havana cigars. How I called down blessings on his thoughtful head as I took the chair and, lighting one of the fine-flavored *figaros*, gazed out on the fields past which we were gliding, yet wet with morning dew. As I sat dreamily admiring the beauty before me, Gulnare came and, resting her head upon

my shoulder, seemed to share my mood. As I stroked her fine-haired, satinelike nose, recollection quickened and memories of our companionship in perils thronged into my mind. I rode again that midnight ride to Knoxville, when Burnside lay intrenched, desperately holding his own, waiting for news from Chattanooga of which I was the bearer, chosen by Grant himself because of the reputation of my mare. What riding that was! We started, ten riders of us in all, each with the same message. I parted company the first hour out with all save one, an iron-gray stallion of Messenger blood. Jack Murdock rode him, who learned his horsemanship from buffalo and Indian hunting on the Plains,—not a bad school to graduate from. Ten miles out of Knoxville the gray, his flanks dripping with blood, plunged up abreast of the mare's shoulders and fell dead; and Gulnare and I passed through the lines alone. *I had ridden the terrible race without whip or spur.* With what scenes of blood and flight she would ever be associated! And then I thought of home, unvisited for four long years,—that home I left a stripling, but to which I was returning a bronzed and brawny man. I thought of mother and Bob,—how they would admire her!—of old Ben, the family groom, and of that one who shall be nameless, whose picture I had so often shown to Gulnare as the likeness of her future mistress;—had they not all heard of her, my beautiful mare, she who came to me from the smoke and whirlwind, my battle-gift? How they would pat her soft, smooth sides, and tie her mane with ribbons, and feed her with all sweet things from open and caressing palm! And then I thought of one who might come after her to bear her name and repeat at least some portion of her beauty,—a horse honored and renowned the country through, because of the transmission of the mother's fame.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon a change came over Gulnare. I had fallen asleep upon the straw, and she had come and awakened me with a touch

of her nose. The moment I started up I saw that something was the matter. Her eyes were dull and heavy. Never before had I seen the light go out of them. The rocking of the car as it went jumping and vibrating along seemed to irritate her. She began to rub her head against the side of the car. Touching it, I found that the skin over the brain was hot as fire. Her breathing grew rapidly louder and louder. Each breath was drawn with a kind of gasping effort. The lids with their silken fringe drooped wearily over the lustreless eyes. The head sank lower and lower, until the nose almost touched the floor. The ears, naturally so lively and erect, hung limp and widely apart. The body was cold and senseless. A pinch elicited no motion. Even my voice was at last unheeded. To word and touch there came, for the first time in all our intercourse, no response. I knew as the symptoms spread what was the matter. The signs bore all one way. She was in the first stages of phrenitis, or inflammation of the brain. In other words, *my beautiful mare was going mad.*

"I was well versed in the anatomy of the horse. Loving horses from my very childhood, there was little in veterinary practice with which I was not familiar. Instinctively, as soon as the symptoms had developed themselves, and I saw under what frightful disorder Gulnare was laboring, I put my hand into my pocket for my knife, in order to open a vein. *There was no knife there.* Friends, I have met with many surprises. More than once in battle and scout have I been nigh death; but never did my blood desert my veins and settle so around the heart, never did such a sickening sensation possess me, as when, standing in that car with my beautiful mare before me marked with those horrible symptoms, I made that discovery. My knife, my sword, my pistols even, were with my suit in the care of my friend, two hundred miles away. Hastily, and with trembling fingers, I searched my clothes, the lunch-basket, my linen; not even a pin

could I find. I shoved open the sliding door, and swung my hat and shouted, hoping to attract some brakeman's attention. The train was thundering along at full speed, and none saw or heard me. I knew her stupor would not last long. A slight quivering of the lip, an occasional spasm running through the frame, told me too plainly that the stage of frenzy would soon begin. 'My God,' I exclaimed in despair, as I shut the door and turned toward her, 'must I see you die, Gulnare, when the opening of a vein would save you? Have you borne me, my pet, through all these years of peril, the icy chill of winter, the heat and torment of summer, and all the thronging dangers of a hundred bloody battles, only to die torn by fierce agonies, when so near a peaceful home?'

"But little time was given me to mourn. My life was soon to be in peril, and I must summon up the utmost power of eye and limb to escape the violence of my frenzied mare. Did you ever see a mad horse when his madness is on him? Take your stand with me in that car, and you shall see what suffering a dumb creature can endure before it dies. In no malady does a horse suffer more than in phrenitis, or inflammation of the brain. Possibly in severe cases of colic, probably in rabies in its fiercest form, the pain is equally intense. These three are the most agonizing of all the diseases to which the noblest of animals is exposed. Had my pistols been with me, I should then and there, with whatever strength Heaven granted, have taken my companion's life, that she might be spared the suffering which was so soon to rack and wring her sensitive frame. A horse laboring under an attack of phrenitis is as violent as a horse can be. He is not ferocious as is one in a fit of rabies. He may kill his master, but he does it without design. There is in him no desire of mischief for its own sake, no cruel cunning, no stratagem and malice. A rabid horse is conscious in every act and motion. He recognizes the man he destroys. There

is in him an insane *desire to kill*. Not so with the phrenetic horse. He is unconscious in his violence. He sees and recognizes no one. There is no method or purpose in his madness. He kills without knowing it.

"I knew what was coming. I could not jump out, that would be certain death. I must abide in the car, and take my chance of life. The car was fortunately high, long, and roomy. I took my position in front of my horse, watchful, and ready to spring. Suddenly her lids, which had been closed, came open with a snap, as if an electric shock had passed through her, and the eyes, wild in their brightness, stared directly at me. And what eyes they were! The membrane grew red and redder until it was of the color of blood, standing out in frightful contrast with the transparency of the cornea. The pupil gradually dilated until it seemed about to burst out of the socket. The nostrils, which had been sunken and motionless, quivered, swelled, and glowed. The respiration became short, quick, and gasping. The limp and drooping ears stiffened and stood erect, pricked sharply forward, as if to catch the slightest sound. Spasms, as the car swerved and vibrated, ran along her frame. More horrid than all, the lips slowly contracted, and the white, sharp-edged teeth stood uncovered, giving an indescribable look of ferocity to the partially opened mouth. The car suddenly reeled as it dashed around a curve, swaying her almost off her feet, and, as a contortion shook her, she recovered herself, and, rearing upward as high as the car permitted, plunged directly at me. I was expecting the movement, and dodged. Then followed exhibitions of pain which I pray God I may never see again. Time and again did she dash herself upon the floor, and roll over and over, lashing out with her feet in all directions. Pausing a moment, she would stretch her body to its extreme length, and, lying upon her side, pound the floor with her head as if it were a maul. Then like a flash she would leap to her feet, and whirl

round and round until from very giddiness she would stagger and fall. She would lay hold of the straw with her teeth, and shake it as a dog shakes a struggling woodchuck; then dashing it from her mouth, she would seize hold of her own sides, and rend herself. Springing up, she would rush against the end of the car, falling all in a heap from the violence of the concussion. For some fifteen minutes without intermission the frenzy lasted. I was nearly exhausted. My efforts to avoid her mad rushes, the terrible tension of my nervous system produced by the spectacle of such exquisite and prolonged suffering, were weakening me beyond what I should have thought it possible an hour before for anything to weaken me. In fact, I felt my strength leaving me. A terror such as I had never yet felt was taking possession of my mind. I sickened at the sight before me, and at the thought of agonies yet to come. 'My God,' I exclaimed, 'must I be killed by my own horse in this miserable car!' Even as I spoke the end came. The mare raised herself until her shoulders touched the roof, then dashed her body upon the floor with a violence which threatened the stout frame beneath her. I leaned, panting and exhausted, against the side of the car. Guldare did not stir. She lay motionless, her breath coming and going in lessening respirations. I tottered toward her, and, as I stood above her, my ear detected a low gurgling sound. I cannot describe the feeling that followed. Joy and grief contended within me. I knew the meaning of that sound. Guldare, in her frenzied violence, had broken a blood-vessel, and was bleeding internally. Pain and life were passing away together. I knelt down by her side. I laid my head upon her shoulders, and sobbed aloud. Her body moved a little beneath me. I crawled forward, and lifted her beautiful head into my lap. O, for one more sign of recognition before she died! I smoothed the tangled masses of her mane. I wiped, with a fragment of my coat, torn in the struggle, the blood

which oozed from her nostril. I called her by name. My desire was granted. In a moment Gulnare opened her eyes. The redness of frenzy had passed out of them. She saw and recognized me. I spoke again. Her eye lighted a moment with the old and intelligent look of love. Her ear moved. Her nostril quivered slightly as she strove to neigh. The effort was in vain. Her love was greater than her strength. She moved

her head a little, as if she would be nearer me, looked once more with her clear eyes into my face, breathed a long breath, straightened her shapely limbs, and died. And there, holding the head of my dead mare in my lap, while the great warm tears fell one after another down my cheeks, I sat until the sun went down, the shadows darkened in the car, and night drew her mantle, colored like my grief, over the world."

TO-DAY.

AH, real Thing of bloom and breath,
 I cannot love you while you stay.
 Put on the dim, still charm of death,
 Fade to a phantom, float away,
 And let me call you Yesterday!

Let empty flower-dust at my feet
 Remind me of the buds you wear;
 Let the bird's quiet show how sweet
 The far-off singing made the air;
 And let your dew through frost look fair.

In mourning you I shall rejoice.
 Go: for the bitter word may be
 A music—in the vanished voice;
 And on the dead face I may see
 How bright its frown has been to me.

Then in the haunted grass I'll sit,
 Half tearful in your withered place,
 And watch your lovely shadow flit
 Across To-morrow's sunny face,
 And vex her with your perfect grace.

So, real Thing of bloom and breath,
 I weary of you while you stay;
 Put on the dim, still charm of death,
 Fade to a phantom, float away,
 And let me call you Yesterday!

NOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

SIR, — In the Atlantic Monthly for February of the present year, in a paper entitled "The New Education," I find some statements relating to the Lawrence Scientific School which require correction. I have the best authority for saying that it is not true that "the assistants in the Museum of Zoölogy help to swell the number of students enrolled upon the Catalogue." Students of Zoölogy are sometimes also assistants to Professor Agassiz, and their names appear on the Catalogue of right as students. It has *not* been the practice — for the last five years at least — to admit students to the Chemical Department without requiring any previous knowledge of chemistry. On the contrary, no person has been admitted without a knowledge of that science sufficiently thorough to enable him to begin the prescribed laboratory course, and many students have been rejected for want of such preparation. The examinations in mathematics for admission to the Department of Engineering are notoriously rigid. With respect to the "elasticity" of the rule regarding the age of admission, it will be sufficient to state that, of eighty-seven students who have entered the Chemical Department during the past five years, — or, more precisely, from August 15, 1863, to February 10, 1869, — but eight were under eighteen years of age, and all but one of these were in their eighteenth year. In the Department of Engineering one hundred and twenty students have entered during the same interval of time, of whom fifteen were not eighteen years of age. It is *not* true that the degree of Bachelor of Science may be conferred upon a young man who has studied nothing but chemistry or nothing

but engineering. An examination in the French and German languages must be passed before graduation in the Chemical Department, and in the French language before graduation in Engineering. More than this is not necessary to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Berlin. With respect to the alleged "narrowness" of the range of study, it may be answered that all special studies are liable to the same charge. The range of study in the Medical, Law, and Divinity Schools is also narrow, because special. So far as my observation goes, the students who apply for admission to the Lawrence Scientific School are, as a class, better educated than the average law or medical student. In the greater number of cases, students in the Chemical Department pursue also the study of mineralogy, and attend various lectures in the University and undergraduate courses. Perhaps a single statement as to the results of the system adopted at the Lawrence Scientific School will prove the best answer to hostile criticism. Since the foundation of the school, fifty-eight persons, who have for a longer or shorter time pursued their studies in it, have obtained professorships in colleges, or held professorships while students. To this number must be added fifteen assistants virtually, though not nominally, professors. Finally, of the thirteen professors in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in the interest of which the paper on the New Education appears to have been written, nine are graduates of the Lawrence Scientific School.

WOLCOTT GIBBS,

Rumford Professor in Harvard University.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 19, 1869.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoirs of Service afloat during the War between the States. By ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, of the late Confederate States Navy. Baltimore: Kelby, Piet, & Co.

AN ingenious nobleman of La Mancha, whom a low mercenary scribbler of his time attempted to turn into ridicule, had a gift of beholding the encounter of Christian knights and Paynim giants in very ordinary fisticuffs or no fisticuffs at all; and in his mind the opposing forces of life simplified themselves into chivalry and its adversaries. This gave the nobleman the greatest comfort while he lived; and if Admiral Semmes, instead of Cervantes, had had the writing of his history, we should no doubt have been led to believe it was his supreme satisfaction in death. Admiral Semmes we are sure will go down to the grave in a persuasion similar to that of the nobleman of La Mancha; and we suspect that he keeps an epitaph written to the effect that in junketing from port to port, and to and fro about the high seas, burning merchantmen and taking chronometers, he was a Cavalier fighting the Puritans. The idea possesses him throughout the book; the Cavalier and the Puritan cannot live in peace, he tells us; Captain Maury in his treason was a Southern gentleman, and not a Puritan; the Puritan is at last in the city of the Cavalier when the Federal army enters Richmond; Jefferson Davis was "the Cavalier endowed by nature with the instincts and refinements of the gentleman," and his foes "were of the race of the Roundheads, to whom all such instincts and refinements were offensive." In fine, "the New England Puritan, so far as we may judge him by the traits which have been developed in him during and since the war, . . . with all his pretensions to learning, and amid all the appliances of civilization by which he has surrounded himself, is still the same old Plymouth Rock man that his ancestor was, three centuries ago. He is the same gloomy, saturnine fanatic; he has the same impatience of other men's opinions, and he is the same vindictive tyrant that he was when he expelled Roger Williams from his dominions."

This is pretty, it is even flattering, but we fear it is not like; for, without indulging a vain regret, we are persuaded that if the Puritan still lived, our author would scarcely have survived to produce the present history; and upon the same ground we must express a doubt whether Admiral Semmes's adversaries were in any considerable number Saracens or Vandals. We say this without fear of shattering his illusion, which is a fine bit of poetry in itself, and lends its own charm to his pages. An air of romance, caught from Captain Marryat's elegant novels, mingles with his pleasant fallacy, and we have a book often as gallant in sentiment, as patrician and haughty in tone, as a young girl could desire, and as beauteous in diction as an old girl would have made it. The Admiral is a friend to the apostrophic form of narration, and uses it with an effect which can be appreciated only by those who have tried the apostrophe, and learnt from a sad experience how hard it is to manage. "Alas! poor Louisiana," he sighs, in sailing away from her coasts, "once the seat of wealth and of a gay and refined hospitality, thy manorial residences are deserted and in decay, or have been levelled by the torch of the incendiary; thy fruitful fields that were cultivated by the contented laborer, who whistled his merriment to his lazy plough, have been given to the jungle; thy fair daughters have been insulted by the coarse and rude Vandal; and even thy liberties have been given in charge of thy freedmen; and all this because thou wouldst thyself be free!" In a style like this, which is cavalier, and gentlemanly, and everything that is heightened, we see what a blow letters received in the overthrow of the Confederacy. The South has not only a lost cause, but a lost literature to lament; for when Admiral Semmes and his generation have passed away, who will have the daring to present such a picture as that of the fruitful fields cultivated by the lazy plough of the contented laborer, or of a State deprived of her liberties when struggling to be free, and given over to the power of her freedmen? Nothing can compensate for the suppression of this heroic strain, or notes like these in which he hails a famous Spanish city:—

"Fair Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea!" as Byron calls thee, thou art indeed lovely! with thy white Moresque-looking houses, and gayly curtained balconies, thy church domes which carry us back in architecture a thousand years, and thy harbor thronged with shipping. Once the Gades of the Phœnician, now the Cadiz of the nineteenth century, thou art perhaps the only living city that canst run thy record so far back into the past."

It is hard to believe that a city thus handsomely saluted, whose history even is turned into apostrophe, could have it in her to become the scene of so much vexation to Admiral Semmes as Cadiz did. But at Cadiz he was subjected to every annoyance: the authorities were vulgar fellows, trembling for the loss of Yankee trade and favor; and here, as elsewhere, throughout the dominions of warm, romantic Spain, they treated Admiral Semmes with as little courtesy as possible. Here also continued that unchivalrousness with which the American consuls invariably acted towards him. Unchivalrousness may be said to be the chief quality of the consular mind, and it was the more pity Admiral Semmes should have to do with such people, because he was by nature unfitted to bear unchivalrousness in anybody, much less an enemy. To avoid it he always kept out of the way of our coarse naval force with the Sumter; and it was hard that he should have to encounter it in our consuls. At St. Anne's, Curaçoa, the consul prevented him from entering port for some time, and "gave him a foretaste of the trouble which Federal consuls were to make for him in the future"; at Parimaribo, a negro who sold the Sumter coal behaved himself much better than the consul who tried to prevent him, and who finally stole away the Admiral's black cabin-boy and presently enslaved him; (and the author "takes great pleasure in contrasting the coal-dealer's conduct with that of the consul, who appears at a disadvantage every way, for the deluded cabin-boy, escaping to Europe, returns home to "die miserably of the cholera, in some of the negro suburbs of Washington," and bequeaths to the author the fact that the consul at Parimaribo had a mulatto wife and held slaves;) the machinations of the consul at Gibraltar prevented him from getting coal there, and obliged him to lay up and sell the Sumter; the consuls everywhere "descended to bribery, trickery, and fraud, and to all the other arts of petty in-

trigue, so unworthy an honorable enemy"; and at Tangiers the consul even imprisoned his paymaster, and the English consul would not advise the Morocco government to release him, and the other foreign consuls "behaved no better"; at the Cape of Good Hope the low consular person pestered the Alabama with all manner of unchivalrous annoyances as long as she remained in port. In a word, Admiral Semmes gives the best report of the consular force everywhere, and his book is high testimony to the efficiency and zeal of a body of men selected at random from the people, poorly paid, snubbed by the local authorities, and acting half the time in the dark with very limited functions. What may we not expect of the consular system when it is served by a well-trained force, salaried at least above the starvation points, as Mr. Jenckes's bill proposes?

In testifying to the activity of the American consuls, our author bears witness to the fact, which we are likely to forget, that he was the object of English and French courtesies wherever they could be unofficially shown. He is always dining and wining with colonial governors and naval commanders; and where he appears in the ports of those friendly powers, he has little less than an ovation from the citizens. Perhaps these experiences grow vaster as well as brighter in his remembrance; they seem somewhat incredible to us now; but it is certain that we piped for much dancing and gayety, and are still to be paid by England for our piping. The history of the Alabama's cruise is suggestive, if not pleasant reading, at a moment when we are tempted to compromise that little score,

"Across the walnuts and the wine."

Otherwise, we could not allow that Admiral Semmes had written a very useful book, though a big one, and covering the whole period from the beginning of the war till the author's arrest in 1866. Of course, being the man he is, he travels even beyond these comprehensive limits at times, and he introduces the story of his adventures with a discussion of the nature of the compact between the States, and the question whether secession was treason. You turn at first with some curiosity to see what mind a man writes from who pursues in the temper of a knight-errant a career of freebooting unmoled by the slightest danger; but you soon weary of arson and burglary on the seas, described, every case, in as high a strain as

if it involved a perilous combat and victory. When he first fired upon an American vessel, he felt a mingled joy and sadness. "The stars and stripes seemed now to look abashed in the presence of the new banner of the South, pretty much as a burglar might be supposed to look who had been caught in the act of breaking into a gentleman's house; but then the burglar was my relative and had erst been my friend, — how could I fail to feel some pity for him along with the indignation which his crime had excited?" It was in this pathetic humor that Admiral Semmes did us a great deal of damage. It was his business, of course, to destroy our whale-ships and merchantmen, but it is not important to know that he nearly always felt a reluctance to do so, which he could overcome only by reflecting that our soldiers were at the same moment desolating Southern fields and burning Southern homes. Neither is it essential to an understanding of history that he should combat the newspaper attacks upon him in these pages; but he has really very little to tell that is not already known about the Sumter and the Alabama, and a man must fill eight hundred pages with something.

The Admiral develops himself as a type of intellect with which we have been made well acquainted by the Southern press and the Southern stump, and suggests anew the doubt we have often felt whether the Southerner was not created with some important mental difference from other men. No human being, we think, except one who had his nature entirely inverted by the effort to believe right such a wrong as slavery, could argue from such premises to such conclusions as Admiral Semmes does, or, after eight hundred pages narrating the destruction of defenceless merchantmen, could have what we may call the brazen-faced innocence to complain of the unchivalrousness of the Kearsarge for fighting in chain armor against his wooden vessel.

In regard to that famous action itself he does not add much to our information. His account of the fight is contained in the despatch sent two days afterwards from Southampton to Flag-Officer Barron at Paris, and is followed by extended discussion of the question whether he and the others of the Alabama's crew picked up by the Deerhound were properly prisoners of war. This gives him occasion to be very severe upon Mr. Adams, Mr. Seward, and

the American people, and nothing but his unsparing severity upon all other points prevents one from feeling it here with peculiar keenness. As it is, the reader has become so hardened in his unchivalrousness and lowness generally, that he is disposed to smile at the Admiral's heat; and he quite forgives him for getting away. The truth is, our people have not a gift for the disposal of prisoners of state: of all the eminent traitors who fell into our hands at the end of the war, not one has been a source of honor or profit to us. Admiral Semmes is himself an evidence of our national incapacity to deal with offenders. If he had fallen into our power when the Alabama went down, we should have threatened him horribly, and should have furnished him with rations for a considerably longer period than, as it happened, we did.

We will own that we do not feel called on to alarm ourselves much at our author's menaces of another rebellion as an effect of bringing the Puritan and Cavalier elements into too intimate relations under a strong central government. At the same time we think it a pity that the Southern mind should be still further abused by the influence of such books as his. Accounting always for a certain literary vulgarity, the history of the Sumter and Alabama has passages of description and adventure which will attract young readers especially, and it is impossible not to contemplate with sadness the prospect that it may teach many heirs of desolation and misery to cherish themselves as the "gentle" blood of the land in the idle and truculent patricianism of their fathers, instead of learning enterprise and thrift.

We of the North can have no reasonable objection to Admiral Semmes's hating us; he did us a great deal of harm, and we crushed him; but we could conceive of his writing — or rather of some one else's writing — a book upon the episode of the war he has treated, which would be a valued addition to our literature. There is a fine completeness in the passage of history enacted which fits it for graphic and effective treatment. Calmness and clearness of narration would have been quite consistent with the utmost bitterness towards us; Mr. Seward and Mr. Welles could have been used with sufficient cruelty, and yet not been so fatiguingly pursued; the newspapers might have been safely left alone. Obviously, however, Admiral Semmes had no

idea of such a performance as this, and his book, so far as literature is concerned, must pass to the hands of boys. As far as politics are concerned now or hereafter, we cannot believe that the question of the Roundheads and Cavaliers will be brought prominently forward by it.

The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited by MRS. HALE. Revised Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Letters of Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter and Friends. Edited by MRS. HALE. Revised Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"THE last pleasure that fell in my way," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her sister, "was Madame Sévigné's Letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper." After more than a hundred years, we suppose most people find Lady Mary's self-satisfaction a just, if not a modest one, and are glad that the Countess of Mar and her other friends kept her letters. They form her autobiography, and never was woman's story as maiden, wife, and mother more charmingly written. Rarely, moreover, has any character been more worthy the portrayal of so brilliant an historian. Mrs. Hale, indeed, laments her want of religious feeling; but this is an indefinite regret which need not greatly trouble anybody till it is determined what religious feeling may be. She was not given, certainly, to devout expression, but she seems at least to have been a very stanch Protestant, and if the reader will turn to the letter to the Countess of Bute, written from Louvre, October 20, 1752, he will see enough to prove that Lady Mary had thought earnestly and clearly as well as read deeply upon the subject of her religious faith.

But if the editor is not very definite or perfectly fair in regard to Lady Mary, she makes up the deficiency to Madame de Sévigné, whom she praises for religious feeling, and who seems from her own testimony to have had chiefly a pretty piety, which led her to read books of devotion and moral discourses at the proper season, and left her free at other times to write scandal to her invalid daughter. We doubt if Mrs. Hale is quite a safe guide in com-

mending the didactic qualities of a lady who in one breath could tell her daughter that M. de la Rouchefoucault said he would be in love with her if he were twenty years younger, and in the next cry with a sprightly air: "After all, we pity you in not having the word of God preached in a suitable manner. . . . How can one love God if one never hears him properly spoken of?" Madame de Sévigné was a tender and loving mother; but the way in which she speaks of her son's relations with certain "little actresses," is but a worldly way, and that of a Mother of the Period at the best; and her efforts to amuse him and win him away from low company by listening and laughing while he read Rabelais, were not such as to reinforce "every good, just, and noble sentiment" with which she had endeavored to inspire him. She had very probably an "exquisite tenderness of heart," but it is not so much in the tone of a tender-hearted woman as of a sprightly chronicler, willing to turn any event to witty account, that she speaks of the execution of a famous poisoner: "At length it is all over; La Brinvillier's in the air; after her execution, her poor little body was thrown into a large fire and her ashes dispersed by the wind, so that whenever we breathe we shall inhale some small particles of her, and, by the communication of the minute spirits, we may all be infected with the desire of poisoning, to our no small surprise." Madame de Sévigné's "delicate refinement" is not to be found in the gossip of the dissolute court which she recounts, and it must be in the spirit of her time, and not from her own taste, that she repeats such coarse sayings as that of the prince, who "informed the ladies at Chantilly that their transparencies would be a thousand times more beautiful if they would wear them next their skin." Though herself without reproach, she has scarcely a comment upon the profligacy of the society in which she lives, and only a formal sympathy for the truth of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the king's cousin, when Louis withdraws his permission for her marriage with the Duc de Lauzun. Madame de Sévigné speaks of this passage of guiltless and unhappy love, sole in the annals of that shameless reign, "as a fine dream, a glorious subject for a tragedy or romance, but especially talking or reasoning eternally." The princess, she says in another place, with a neat self-possession which suggests how little comfort could have been got

from her, "behaves to me as to a person that sympathizes with her in her distress; in which she is not mistaken, for I really feel sentiments for her that are seldom felt for persons of such superior rank."

"How many readers and admirers has Madame de Sévigné," says Lady Montagu, "who only gives us, in a lively manner and fashionable phrases, mean sentiments, vulgar prejudices, and endless repetitions? Sometimes the tittle-tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of a nurse, always tittle-tattle; yet so well gilt over with airy expressions and a flowing style." This is a little unjust, but it is not so unjust and not so ill-advised as Mrs. Hale's high-flown compliments, and prescription of Madame de Sévigné's life and letters as models for the imitation of young ladies. Her letters are to be read for entertainment and instruction by persons of mature judgment. They are a delightful chronicle of the court gossip, when written from Paris, and a bit dull when written from the author's retirement in Brittany; but they always afford a curious study of character and manners. For this reason, or as a kind of sub-history, they are greatly to be valued; but there is so wide a gulf between the interests and conditions of Madame de Sévigné's time and our own, that we think Mrs. Hale very extraordinary indeed, when she says a life like ours "so vulgarizing alike to the mind and to the style, finds its best antidote in the letters of Madame de Sévigné"; and one might well doubt if she had made a faithful study of her author, when she adds that "the tumult of the outer world is faintly heard" in those echoes of fashion and intrigue.

Madame de Sévigné was, like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a brilliant and cultivated woman, better than the society in which she lived, but vividly reflecting its spirit in thought and expression; but she had not so open or so liberal a mind as the Englishwoman; she had not such wide and varied experience; and her letters are infinitely less instructive and amusing. Neither is to be proposed as a model in everything, we think; but of the two, by all means let Lady Mary form the young-lady mind. In the mean time, those who are not young ladies, or whose minds are formed, will join us in gratitude to the publishers, who give us in this pleasing form selections from authors who can delight so much.

Historic Progress and American Democracy.

An Address delivered before the New York Historical Society at their Sixty-Fourth Anniversary, December 16, 1868. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

THERE is always something invigorating and inspiring in the tone of Mr. Motley's philosophy, and here he utters only a little more directly and explicitly what is to be gathered from any of his histories; he affirms the sufficiency of man to the civil needs and duties of men, and teaches that the hope of the world lies in the Americanization of the world, enforcing all with a fervid faith in democracy, and a patriotism enlightened and confirmed by studies that have made the past of Europe part of his own experience. He warns us that grand destinies are accomplished only with worthy and willing means, but he believes in us, and his tone is exultant. "I have never remarked," he says, "that the nations by whom our tendency to boastfulness is sometimes rebuked, are absolutely overwhelmed with bashfulness themselves, or ready to sink into the earth with shame when alluding to their own advantages or achievements. . . . It is sometimes as well to appreciate as to despise in national self-contemplation. And certainly we are never likely to pine for want of sharp criticism on this or the other side of the water; for if ever nation survived perpetual vivisection, especially during the last half-dozen years, and grew fat and strong upon it, that nation is America. Not a quivering muscle, not a thrilling nerve, even in moments of tension and agony, but has been laid bare before the world, and serenely lectured upon by the learned doctors of Privilege; but when the long sigh of relief has been drawn from the spectators at the demonstrated death of Democracy, behold the monster on its feet again, and very much more alive than ever."

The close alliance which existed in the nature of things between Privilege in Europe and the late proslavery Oligarchy in this country, is a part of his subject which Mr. Motley touches with a scornful lightness and brightness very agreeable to those loving neither; and he ends his passing notice of the war and its immediate effects, in words which the South might take to heart as the clearest and briefest expression of the truth of the whole matter: "Let its 'bruised arms be hung up for mon-

uments,' along with the trophies of the triumphant North; for the valor, the endurance and self-sacrifice were equal on both sides, and the defeated party was vanquished because neither pride of color nor immortal hate can successfully struggle against the inexorable law of Freedom and Progress."

It is a like fatality which has brought about the friendship of the Hungarians and the Germans at last under the Austrian empire, and has carried liberal principles into the stronghold of European despotism. The pages of Mr. Motley's address devoted to the consideration of the great change thus wrought in the polity of Austria have peculiar interest from the fact that he here speaks from his personal knowledge of events. These were indeed more worthy his study than any other recent occurrences in European affairs, and the reader will turn from it with the best conception of the great things which have been peacefully done for the popular cause where so few years since there was no popular cause. The English revolution, still in process of bloodless accomplishment, is noticed as only less remarkable than that of Austria, and even more important and significant to us as the more direct result of the triumph of democracy here, for, "after all," says Mr. Motley, "the English household suffrage bill is the fruit of the Appomattox apple-tree," and to that potent growth is due the reforms effected in the British Parliament, which was but a little while ago merely "the best club in London, exclusive, full of distinguished and eloquent gentlemen; delightfully situated on the Thames, with charming terraces and bay-windows on the river; an excellent library, within five minutes' walk of all the public offices, and with

the privilege of governing a splendid empire into the bargain."

Mr. Motley, more than any other historian, has made the people his hero, and it is the heroic humanity of the past and future that he celebrates in his recognition of our present success and greatness. American democracy, in his view, is not more admirable as chief among the results of progress than as the prime agency of further advance; it is always with some deeper sense, with a warmer homage to man than to country, that he is patriotic. To add that he has handled his theme here with eloquence as little as possible like the eloquence it commonly evokes, that he has treated it with force and clearness and every charm of his picturesque style,—this is only saying that he wrote the present address.

Western Windows, and other Poems. By JOHN JAMES PIATT. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

WHOEVER loves refined sentiment and subtle expression, with so much originality in thought and treatment as rarely appears in young poets of this time, will enjoy Mr. Piatt's poems, which are here collected from several previous volumes. We have spoken of them before, and we can now only testify our pleasure in recurring to them. One is always sensible of singular freshness and purity in them,—some novel grace of diction, some touch of tender feeling or airy fantasy. It is not too much to say—though it is saying a good deal—that it is worth while to read all the poems in the book; they all represent real poetic impulses, and have a pensive and delicate charm which is entirely their own.

